AUGUST, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

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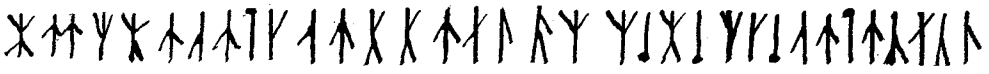

The Return of Sherlock Holmes.

The new series of stories dealing with Sherlock Holmes is to be entitled *The Return of Sherlock Holmes.* It will appear in the *Strand,* in England, and in *Collier's Weekly* in this country. Consequently, the stories will not be included in the American edition of the *Strand.* Four of the stories had already been completed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle when we discussed the matter with him a few weeks ago. The titles of these four are as follows:

I. The Adventure of the Empty House.
II. The Adventure of the Norwood Builder.
III. The Adventure of the Dancing Man.
IV. The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist.

It is not yet decided whether the new series will contain eight or twelve tales. We have had the pleasure of reading some of these stories in manuscript, and the whole subject of the return of Sherlock Holmes is one on which we shall have a good deal more to say in our next issue. Meanwhile we wish to call our readers' attention to the above cryptogram, which is the clue to the mystery of one of the four stories whose titles are given. It is a fac-simile reproduction of the message which Sherlock Holmes found on the window-sill. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle expresses himself as considering it very simple. We submit it to our readers, and should be glad to hear what they make of the message.

It is understood that for the American serial rights alone of these new stories Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is to receive something not far from two dollars a word. This bit of information reached the ears of the Senior Editor's small daughter. Now the Senior Editor's small daughter has qualified. In fact, she belongs to the Innermost Circle of three really, truly Sherlockians, and the information was received by her with huge wonder and delight. A little later she was seen going up and down with eyes very wide open and talking enthusiastically to herself. The curiosity of her elders was aroused, and approaching her quietly they overheard a dialogue which ran something like this: "My dear Holmes, you positively astonish me!" *Fourteen dollars!*" "Quite so," said Sherlock. *"Eight dollars."*

Mr. W. E. Curtis's Luck.

Mr. William Eleroy Curtis has written a great many books in his time, nearly all of them based on his experiences of travel. He has given us books on South America and on Japan and on other places, but surely he never had such luck with any of these as he had with his recent and most interesting volume, entitled *The Turk and His Lost Provinces.* It appeared exactly at the psychological moment. As it issued from the press, both the Turk and most of his lost provinces were threatening each other,

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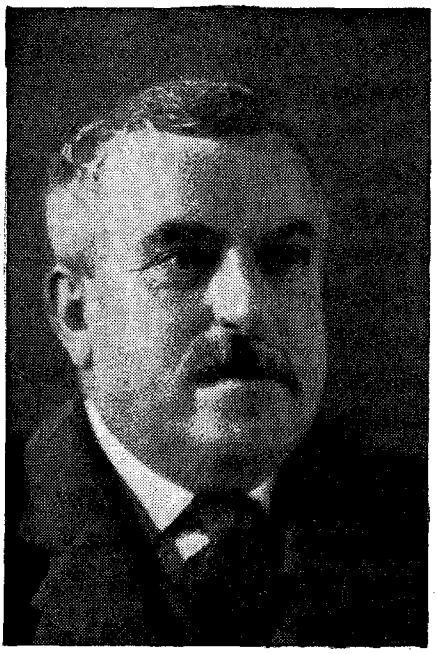

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

and, incidentally, the peace of Europe. Macedonia seemed on the verge of rising. The Albanians were raiding and cutting throats. Russia and Austria were demanding of the Sultan immediate reforms. Roumania was forbidding Russian troops to cross her territory. Bulgaria was mobilising her army to help the Macedonians. Everybody expected a general outbreak, and so everybody seized on Mr. Curtis's book, the more so because it was full of things which conventional travellers would never notice, but which the keen eye of a trained journalist spotted in an instant and transferred to his note-book.

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This was luck enough for one man; yet Mr. Curtis was fortunate enough to get the benefit of still another side-wind. The reading public had barely laid the book down before it had to take it up again because of the dramatic assassination of the King and Queen of Servia. Now Mr. Curtis had made his chapter on Servia particularly interesting. He had got together all the facts and a great deal of the gossip regarding the court life at Belgrade. The story was not a nice one, but it served to explain a great many things which, without this book, the average foreigner would not have known. Alexander of Servia, descended from swineherds, a degenerate from his birth, depraved with that touch of Oriental depravity whereof the Western world knows little, married to an obese, intriguing woman who was ten years his senior, and at last yielding himself utterly to her domination—here is a character concerning whom no dull chapter could possibly be written.

❦

A good many persons have professed themselves shocked because vengeance has not fallen upon the officers and men who forced their way into the palace and slew their King at midnight. All this indignation is very much misplaced. Alexander of Servia deserved to die, if any monarch ever did. If the execution of Charles I. of England can be justified, then the destruction of Alexander can almost be commended. In the first place, as a man he had disgraced his kingdom in the eyes of the world by his hideous life. As a king, he had violated the constitution which he had sworn to support. He had suspended all law and had ruled as a tyrant, being at the same time the mere tool of the doctor's widow whome he had married, and whose brother, Nikodem, he had resolved, in defiance of all reason, to proclaim as his successor. As head of the army, he had planned to have

THE LATE KING ALEXANDER.

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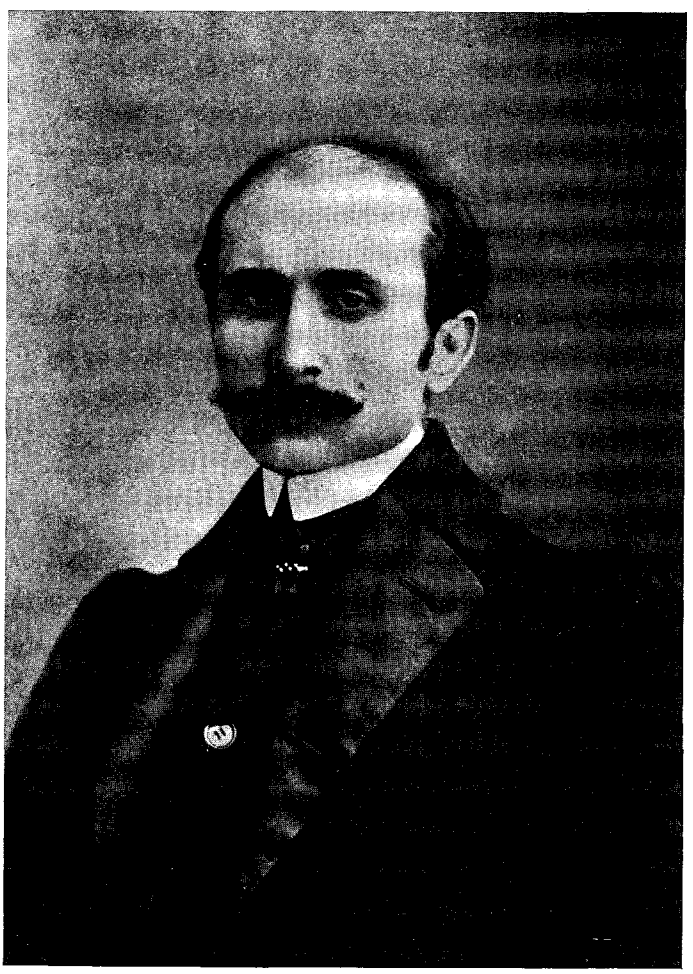
sixty of his officers put to death during the next *coup d'état* which he was meditating. To let him go unchecked would have been to degrade the country below the level of an African despotism. To expel him from the kingdom would have been to light the fires of civil war and to make Servia a prey to intrigue for the next century to come. Hence, to take his life and the life of the dissolute Nikodem, who hoped to succeed him, was in reality the only thing that could assure a return to decent government and an end of a *régime* of lawlessness and filth. To be sure, the King might have been tried by some improvised tribunal and he might have been decorously hanged; but this would not have been one whit more legal than the swifter vengeance of the sword. Servia is still sufficiently Eastern to retain many Oriental ways; and the death scene in the palace was Oriental to a degree. One judges things political mainly from the standpoint of their results. The result in this case has been the extinction of a line of kings whose very names have been as a stench in the nostrils of the nations, and the enthronment of a monarch who is, at any rate, a gentleman, a man of dignified and decorous ways and with no desire to go beyond his constitutional rights.

King Alexander.

The portrait of the late King, which we have herewith reproduced from the book of Mr. Curtis, is an interesting study to the physiognomist. It repels one instantly. It suggests a worm; and somehow,



M. EDMOND ROSTAND, THE NEW ACADEMICIAN.

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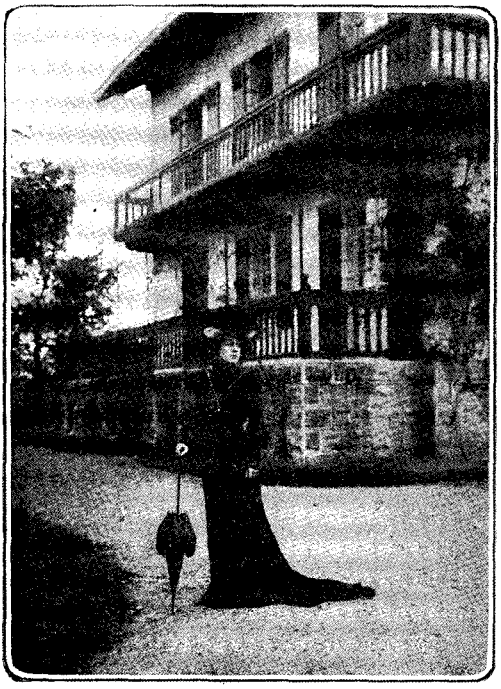

MADAME EDMOND ROSTAND.

very curiously, its repulsiveness is heightened by a superficial student look which it possesses. The face, indeed, is more German than Serb. It is a peculiar type of German—Bavarian rather than Prussian—grossly materialistic, sensual, and yet without the heaviness and stupidity which would make the other qualities quite harmless, or, at any rate, unnoticeable. A thorough beast does not repel us. It is the combination of beast and man that is abhorrent to one's sense of what is normal. In Alexander one sees a dreadful combination of snake and swine and man, with the result that you get involuntarily the impression of a monster.

Gwendolen Overton.

Miss Gwendolen Overton, the author of *Anne Carmel,* has come upon very unusual experiences during more than half of her twenty-nine years. The daughter of Captain Gilbert Overton was born in what on the frontier passed for a fort—an army post in the far West named Fort Hayes, and she began her career of continuous travelling when she was a month or two old. At that time she was taken with the troops, in an ambulance, the long march from Kansas to Arizona. She has lived in nearly all the army posts of Arizona and New Mexico. She took to burro-back in her tenderest years. Soon she was promoted to a mule, and by and bye she became a finished and noted horsewoman. She was on the frontier most of the time, and in the East part of the time, until she was fourteen. Thereafter she and her people lived for a few years in France, where she received much of that part of her education which has come from books. Later the Overtons spent two years in Washington; and when Miss Overton was about twenty-

M. ROSTAND'S RECEPTION IN THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

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one or twenty-two the family went to live in Los Angeles, California. There Miss Overton lives when she is not on one of her long periodical trips to the East, to Mexico, to Canada or elsewhere. She has picked up a good deal of Spanish, as well as an exceptionally fine and accurate knowledge of the French language, of French life and of the best French literature. For the most part she is now a quiet dweller in Los Angeles.

Miss Overton belongs to the real West of the plains and mountains, rather than to modern California. She is often spoken of as a Californian writer; but as a matter of fact her outlook upon life, and to a large extent also her character both as a woman and as a writer, have been formed by the West of the plains and the mountains, where there are no health resorts. The portions of Arizona and New Mexico in which army posts were situated a score of years ago were likely to leave a deep impression on any one who grew up amid them. For this reason the distinction of Miss Overton as a Californian writer is inexact; besides, Miss Overton does not, as it happens, write about California. "If I can claim to be from or of any one place," she says, "I suppose I should say it was of the part of the country I wrote about in my first book. That life influenced me very greatly, and I dare say that no one who does not know it can understand the hold it takes on the affection and imagination of one who was brought up to it." In her choice of reading Miss Overton differs (characteristically) from other present-day novelists. She reads few modern novels, and does not care for the lives of other authors, poets and people of that description. People of action attract her; and it is the lives of these that are especially to her fancy. Modern novels she does not read to any very large extent; probably any one who has been brought up and trained on the better French novelists and the French critics becomes hypercritical. "Personally, I know I have a standard so severe as a consequence of Ste. Beuve and Brunetière that I am foredoomed to dissatisfaction with anything I may do." Miss Overton is at her desk by 8.30 every morning and works until luncheon. She spends her afternoons in recreation. In particular she likes sailing, and much of her leisure is spent on the water in company with her younger brother.

Octave Mirbeau.

Since M. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* no play has caused so great a stir among Parisian theatre-goers and critics as M. Octave Mirbeau's *Les Affaires Sont Les Af-*

MISS GWENDOLEN OVERTON, AUTHOR OF "ANNE CARMEL."

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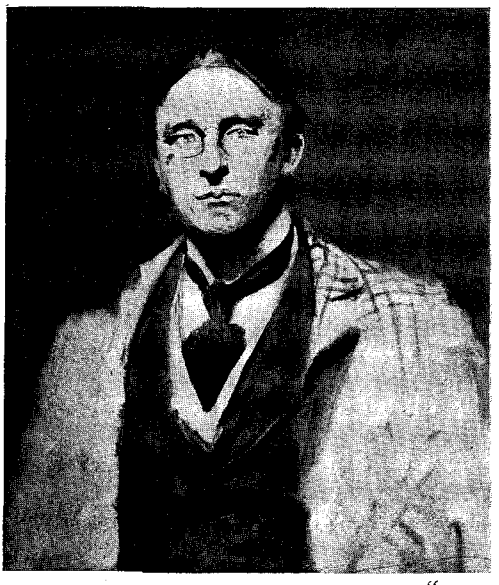
OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

faires, which as a book is reviewed elsewhere in this number. Under the title *Business is Business* this play is to be presented in New York next autumn. We do not, however, think that it will be anything like so successful here as it has been at the Comédie Française. In the first place, the play is essentially French. We have our Lechats undoubtedly; the arrogance of wealth is as obnoxious on this side of the Atlantic as on the other; but it differs entirely in its manifestation. Secondly, we can think of no actor who will do for the character just what De Feraudy did for it in Paris. Although with *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires* M. Mirbeau has for the first time commanded wide recognition outside of France, he has been for some years one of the most important figures of Paris literary life. Among his novels may be mentioned *Le Calvaire, L'Abbé Jules, Sébastien Roch* and the widely discussed *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre.* Among his successes on the stage are *Les Mauvais Bergers, Le Portefeuille, L'Épidémie, Vieux Ménages* and *Scruples,* two pieces in one act.

Bret Harte.

We are very glad to hear that San Francisco is to have a monument to the late Bret Harte. The suggestion was made about two months ago at the Bohemian Club, and the idea quickly became very popular. The work is to be done by Mr. Robert Aitken, the sculptor, who has saturated himself with Bret Harte literature, and is in favor of using "The Luck of Roaring Camp" as the theme upon which to base his design. He thinks, too, that the concluding lines to Harte's poem to San Francisco should be inscribed on the base of the monument. While on this subject we wish to refer to a newspaper paragraph, bearing a San Francisco date line, which conveys the news that J. A. Chaffee, famous as the original of "Tennessee's Pardner," was recently taken to an Oakland sanitarium. Since 1849, Chaffee has lived in a small Tuolumne County mining camp with his partner Chamberlain. In the early days he saved Chamberlain from the vigilance committee when the Vigilantes had a rope around the victim's throat. It was the only case on record in the county where the Vigilantes gave way in such a case. Chamberlain was accused of stealing the miners' gold, but Chaffee cleared him, as every one believed Chaffee. The two men settled down to live, where they have remained ever since, washing out enough placer gold to maintain them. Bret Harte heard of the lynching incident and wove out of it his story, in which Tennessee vainly tried to save his partner's life, although his partner had robbed him of his wife. In Harte's story Tennessee cuts down



EDWARD W. TOWNSEND, WHOSE NOVELS "FORT BIRKETT" AND "A SUMMER IN NEW YORK" ARE REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER.
From a painting by A. Q. Collins.

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his partner's body, loads it into a cart, takes it home and buries it

"Trent's Trust."

Two days after laying aside *Trent's Trust,* the last volume from the pen of the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," we find the seven stories which make up the book have mentally drifted away from us and are lost in the haze of Bret Harte Land. With great admiration for Bret Harte, we are convinced that there are very few readers who could pass any sort of a creditable examination in his stories. Of the forty odd volumes which bear his name, we retain the memory of the atmosphere, and of a certain set of episodes; but just what these episodes have had to do with any particular story is quite gone from us. There were, of course, a few of his characters whom one could not easily forget and whose idiosyncrasies always stand out boldly and distinctly. Perhaps they were exaggerated and their vices and virtues in a measure idealised; nevertheless, Colonel Starbottle and John Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill are types of American character which will live for some years to come. In a minute you can conjure up the pompous figure of Colonel Starbottle; you can see his law office, his mint julep, his fan, and his blue coat with brass buttons; you can catch an echo of his pompous and persuasive eloquence; but try to remember the plot of any particular story in which he took a prominent part, and you will find it quite another matter. As the volume happens to be before us, we can say that in the story in *Trent's Trust* he appears in the rôle of the guardian of a little girl. "A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's" amused us immensely as we read it, but probably by next week we shall have forgotten even the title. In other words, with the exception of some few of the earlier tales, such as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Pardner," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," none of the stories has any distinct individuality; each is simply a part of Bret Harte land, a region which, nevertheless, you can go back to very often with profit and pleasure.

THE BEN-HUR TREE.
The beech at Crawfordsville under which General Lew Wallace wrote *Ben-Hur* was recently destroyed by a storm.

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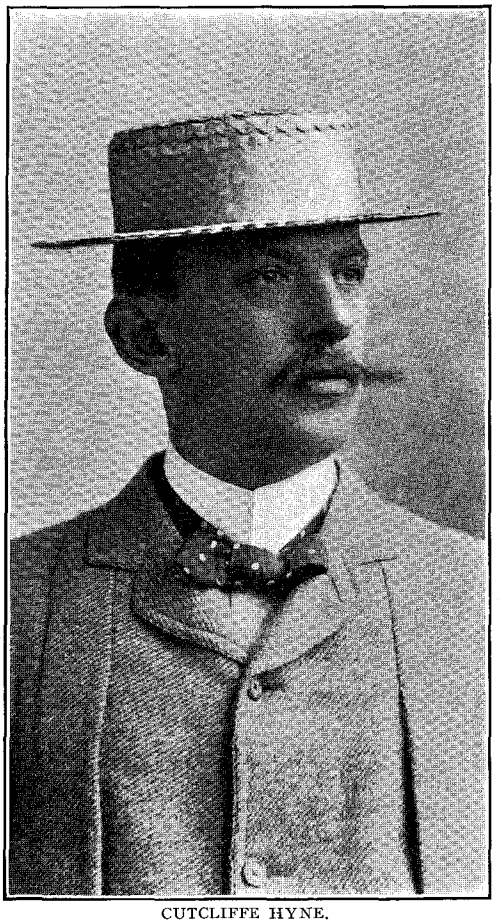
E. Phillips Oppenheim.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest novel, *A Prince of Sinners,* has called attention to this prolific English writer, whose books have been steadily growing in popularity in this country. Mr. Oppenheim had written ten novels previous to *A Prince of Sinners.* He has been best known in this country, previous to the publication of *A Prince of Sinners,* by *The Great Awakening, A Millionaire of Yesterday, The Survivor* and *The Traitors.* In each of these novels his skill as a story-teller was evident. But in *A Prince of Sinners* Mr. Oppenheim was really ahead of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in attempting to show, through the vehicle of fiction, that the salvation of the English workingman is dependent upon the restoration of a protective tariff in his country. Yet in this book the tariff discussion plays but a small part, the real story being the eventful career and love affairs of Kingston Brooks, the hero, and his relations with Lord Arranmore, the "Prince of Sinners." Mr. Oppenheim, although born and educated in England, married in 1892 Miss Elsie Hopkins of Boston, and at present he resides at Ervington, in Leicestershire. He is a member of the Savage and the Authors' Clubs, and his favourite sport is golf.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.



CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Cutcliffe Hyne.

An exceedingly interesting figure, not not only as a literary man, but as a traveller with a fondness for the unbeaten path and the remote corners of the earth, is Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, who is most widely known as the creator of *Captain Kettle.* The love of travel and adventure possessed him even as a boy. With others of his age he always spent his holidays making sailing trips in an open five-tonner around the English and Scotch coasts. Once free of school, he and his companions made straight for the sea. This remarkable life was the best apprenticeship for that later period, when perils by sea and land

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had to be encountered and were braved without flinching. In savage lands Mr. Hyne does not usually go about armed like Captain Kettle. He says that in dealing with wild tribes he has always found "a big, brown, ugly fist" the handiest weapon, and probably the safest which you can carry. Last season he hunted wild boar and shot moufflon on the western spurs of the Atlas Mountains, in Southern Morocco, and ascended higher than had any European before him. His object was to prospect the country, with a view to forming a surveying expedition of greater magnitude before long, should he succeed in obtaining the Sultan's permission. Few men know Africa more extensively or have thought over its political future more earnestly than Mr. Hyne. Most of Africa will, he thinks, become, like India, an integral part of the British Empire.

Since Mr. Hyne married, in 1897, his travels have been more by land than by sea, as his wife is not a good sailor. In her company he has pretty thoroughly "done" the littoral of North Africa from Algiers to Tunis, while he has penetrated to many of the oases considerably south of Biskra. His exploits and journeys have taken him into some of the most interesting portions of the world. One of the most interesting of his experiences, to Americans, is his sojourn in our own Gulf States. He thoroughly explored the intricate group of "keys" clustered around the mouth of the Mississippi, voyaging in his yacht among scenery and verdure of incomparable beauty. It was on his journey home, sailing from New Orleans on a tramp steamer, that he met the redoubtable "Captain Kettle."

Mr. Hyne is a tall, stalwart, athletic-looking man of thirty-six, with a cosmopolitan air about him and the ability to tell capital stories. He is fond of all kinds of outdoor sports, but particularly fishing and bird-shooting. He has a large estate in Yorkshire, some of his acres being devoted to sheep farming; while he holds the rights of salmon-fishing and grouse-shooting over others. Just now he is living at a delightful old shooting-box which he has recently bought, with the date 1660 on its centre gable, close to Kettlewell, at the head of Wharfdale. In spite of having become "gradually tamed," as he remarks of his newly acquired willingness to stay at home, he promises further elaborations of his experience and imagination. Most of the scenes of *Thompson's Progress,* his latest story, are laid in the immediate neighbourhood of the region in which he has spent most of his life.

Sea Stories.

A very curious feature of the contemporary making of books is the comparative excellence of almost all the stories dealing with the sea. If one picks up at random a novel of politics, or of metropolitan life, or of the Middle West, or of the American Revolution, or of some remote historical period in French or English history, one does so at considerable of a venture. But if it happens to be a story of the sea, the chances are very much that it will be found at least worth a reading, for nearly all the men writing to-day about ships and sailors seem to have real stories to tell. First of all, of course, is Mr. Kipling, of whom it is unnecessary to say much. Mr. W. W. Jacobs may paradoxically be said to have won his success as a writer of sea stories because he has wisely confined himself to the shore, being much more at home among the public houses of Wapping and the East India docks than in the forecastles of deep-sea vessels. Mr. Frank T. Bullen was doing admirable work two or three years ago, and is doing fairly good work still; while Joseph Conrad improves with each new volume. The reputation of Clark Russell is well established and does not stand in need of approval, but James B. Connolly is a new and younger man, and so we wish again to call attention to the very excellent volume of short sea tales, *Out of Gloucester,* which was published last year.

We have just been reading a new book by another writer who seems destined to take a place beside those already named. It is *Deep Sea Vagabonds,* by Albert Sonnichsen; a direct, straightforward account of two years' experience on sailing ships on the Pacific, the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans. There is no attempt at a plot of any sort; the writer started out without any definite destina-

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tion in mind, and leaving one ship, embarked on another without much thought as to the port toward which it was bound. In one or two places it seems to us that the author has embellished actual fact by the introduction of a little fiction, but if certain incidents did not really take place they might readily have done so, and throughout the volume you get the smell of the sea and feel the roll and pitch of the ship, and that, after all, is the main thing. In one chapter the author has something to say on the subject of the sailor's appreciation of writers of sea stories. Mr. Sonnichsen found his shipmates sceptical about Clark Russell. "Why can't those blooming literary cranks paint sailors as they are?" asks one old tar. "Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* comes nearest to it I know of, but that's of fifty years ago. He's all right. Here's this Clark Russell, an able seaman, you can see by his writing, but he knows more about seamanship than sailors. He might be able to write a good text-book on ship work, but when he writes novels he paints sea life about as true as dime novels illustrate life in the West—it's all cutlasses and boarding-pikes with him. Shore folks have the idea we're a lot of old water-logged, barnacle-covered shellbacks, always hitching up our trousers and chewing plug tobacco. As a matter of fact, how many of us in this forecastle chew tobacco? Why, none of us. We're pretty weak on the drink, I'll admit; but, good God, think of the many months we go without it! Then we don't 'Shiver our timbers!' or shout 'Ship, ahoy!' when we see a friend coming down the street. Not on your life! We leave that to amateur yachtsmen. Did you ever see a stage sailor? Notice how he comes from behind the wings, rolling like an old hulk in a heavy sea, squirting juice like a clam at low tide, turning his eyes about in their sockets and jerking away at his belt. Why, it is sickening!"

But good as *Deep Sea Vagabonds* is, in the point of artistic workmanship it must be ranked below Joseph Conrad's *Youth*. The first of the three stories which make up the volume, the story from which the book takes its name is the narrative of a single adventurous voyage. There were five of them, men of middle age and prosperity, and they were sitting round a mahogany table on which were the bottle and claret glasses. They had all begun life in the merchant service, and between them there was the strong bond of the sea and the fellowship of the craft. It was Marlow who told the story, the story of the old *Judea,* from London bound for Bankok, and as he talks the English dining-room with its mahogany table fades away and you feel something of the glow and ardour of Marlow's youth and the pathos of the old worn-out ship bearing up under repeated disasters, fighting desperately and almost humanly against death. A strong story.

It is a rather far cry from a book of such pent-up power as Mr. Conrad's *Youth* to the almost burlesque tone of Morgan Robertson's latest volume, *Sinful Peck.* In spite of a wide divergence in style, these two writers had at the start a good deal in common. They had, to begin with, that intimate knowledge of the sea and of seamanship which comes only from personal experience before the mast; and they had also a sympathetic comprehension of the sailor's point of view, his attitude toward life, his primitive desires and aspirations. But they have gradually been parting company. Mr. Conrad has steadily been taking himself and his work and life in general more and more seriously. Mr. Robertson, on the contrary, has never written in a lighter, more irresponsible vein than appears in these *Sinful Peck* stories. It will be remembered that in his first volume, entitled *Spun Yarn,* he told a story of thirteen schooner sailors from the big lakes who were shanghaied on board a merchant ship bound for the East Indies, and who, ignorant of the ways of salt-water sailors, resented the brutality to which they were subjected, refused to be "broken in," and ended by taking possession of the captain's cabin and making the captain and officers do the work of crew throughout the homeward voyage. These men answered to a choice assortment of names which, once heard, refuse to be forgotten, such as Sinful Peck, Seldom Helward, Poop Deck Cahill and Bigpig Monnaghan. Recently Mr. Robertson conceived the idea of giving further instalments of the adventures of this joyous and irrepressible band. Thir-

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ty years are supposed to have elapsed. The erstwhile turbulent sailors have become respectable citizens of Detroit, merchants, lawyers, bank presidents and owners of a successful line of lake steamers. Sinful Peck alone, irrepressible as ever, makes a rash election bet that he will hunt up their old enemy, the sea captain, and sign under him to make a voyage around the world. But having lost his bet, Sinful Peck does not propose to sail alone. He gives a farewell dinner to his twelve friends, and by judiciously tampering with the wine so arranges matters that the following morning twelve highly bewildered and most disreputable-looking old sailors awake to find themselves well started on a voyage around the world. The way in which Sinful Peck succeeds in lugging these twelve men with him from pillar to post, from East to West, through countless hairbreadth escapes, from Chinese pirates and deadly epidemics, forms a narrative which might have served as a text for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. There is only one thing with which it suggests comparison, and that is a grown-up edition of the adventures of Palmer Cox's Brownies.

Another popular writer who knows his ropes almost as well as though he were a sailor born and bred, and who might have made a very creditable reputation as a writer of sea stories, is Mr. Marion Crawford, and yet, unless we are much mistaken, his recent nautical ghost story, entitled *Man Overboard,* is his first venture in this type of fiction. To be quite frank, the nautical side of the story is far better done than the ghostly element. It is curious how few authors in dealing with the supernatural know when to preserve a discreet silence. In this case Mr. Crawford seems just to have missed doing a very clever piece of work. There are two sailors who are brothers, twins bearing such a strong resemblance to each other that the officers and the rest of the crew cannot tell them apart. They are both in love with the same girl back in the town they came from, and the girl loves one of them, Jack, in return. One of them, "Jack, or was it Jim?" can whistle just one tune, "Nancy Lee;" one of them, "Jack, or was it Jim?" is a little more cheerful in disposition than the other. One of them, "Jack, or was it Jim?" is washed overboard one stormy night, and for the remainder of the voyage many weird things are constantly happening; for instance, every night the man at the wheel hears a strange sound just behind him. It may have been only the music of the waves, but every sailor who took his turn at that wheel was willing to swear that it was "Nancy Lee." Every day the cook set forth twelve knives and forks and spoons for each meal, and after every meal there were thirteen knives and forks and spoons waiting to be washed. Every day the surviving brother, who said that he was Jack, threw the dead man's pipe overboard, and on the morrow that pipe, a little more mouldy, a little more waterlogged, but with evidence of having been freshly smoked, was found in its accustomed place. Now all this is rather cleverly managed. The reader's excitement is gradually worked up to just the right pitch. It seems a pity that the artistic finish of the story should have been marred by the introduction of a visible ghost who appears at the wedding of the girl they had left behind them at home and convinces her that she has married the wrong man.

One of the last writers from whom a story of the supernatural or mystical would be expected is Anatole France, and yet this is precisely the sort of thing which he chose to do in his latest volume—a morbid, rather gruesome tale which, with characteristic irony, he chose to entitle *Histoire Comique.* In a general way it may be defined as a study of life in theatrical circles. There is a young actress who is loved desperately, but in vain, by a member of the same company, but who has given her heart to another and more prepossessing actor. The unsuccessful suitor warns her that he will brook no rival, that if he cannot have her no one else shall. And for a time this threat avails to keep her from the man that she loves. But finally she consents to meet him at a little place outside of Paris, one of those places so typically French, with the trim, well-kept gardens and the neat gravel walk leading up to the entrance. It is while there, just as twilight is falling, that she starts nervously away from her lover, convinced that she has heard the gravel of that walk

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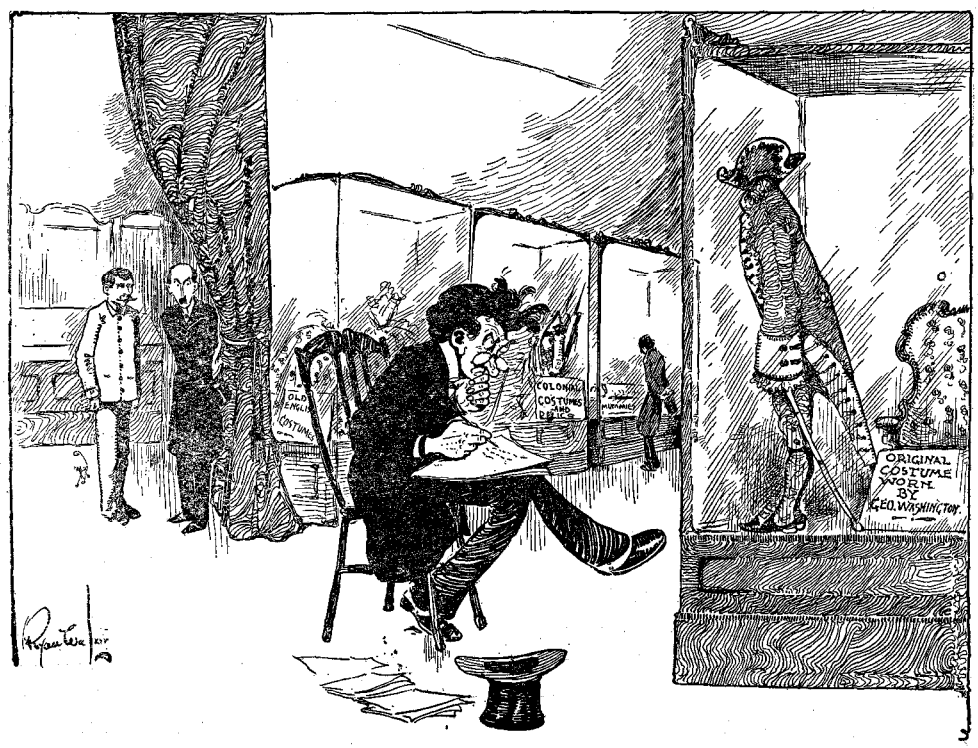
creaking beneath the stealthy footsteps, and when later they start to leave the house they find the other man upon the threshold, who, just as he commits suicide, warns her that by his death he has put an impassable barrier between her and his rival. And in the sequel this proves to be true. Never from that time on can she and the other man draw near to each other without her hearing, like an intolerable echo, the sound of that gravel walk creaking beneath the weight of unseen feet.

Jack London.

To realise that the days of variety and adventure have not entirely passed away, and that the literary man of California of the present time may serve his apprenticeship in as many occupations as Bret Harte did in the mining era fifty years ago, one need only read the record of the career of Jack London, who is still a very young man, and who, consequently, may gratify his desire for change in all kinds of eccentric ways for many years to come. As yet, the list of his different occupations, though a long one, is by no means complete. The nomadic strain in him, nourished by reading and romantic speculation, led him to leave home soon after he was fifteen. In his search for adventures among the scum marine population of San Francisco Bay he soon lost his ideal romance and replaced it with the real romance of things. He became, in turn, a salmon fisher, an oyster pirate, a schooner sailor, a fish patrolman, a longshoreman and a general bayfaring adventurer. When he was seventeen he shipped before the mast as able seaman, going as far as Japan, and spending some time seal-hunting on the Russian side of Bering Sea. He also served at divers times in various forecastles.

Swayed partly by interest in sociology and economics, partly by the fascination of the enterprise, he tramped many thousands of miles over the United States and Canada. "On rods and blind baggages I



VISITOR: Who is that?
MUSEUM ATTENDANT: Oh, that's an historical novelist. He is writing a costume novel, and he has permission to do his work in here, where he can imbibe the atmosphere of the old costumes and give his play the correct historical air.

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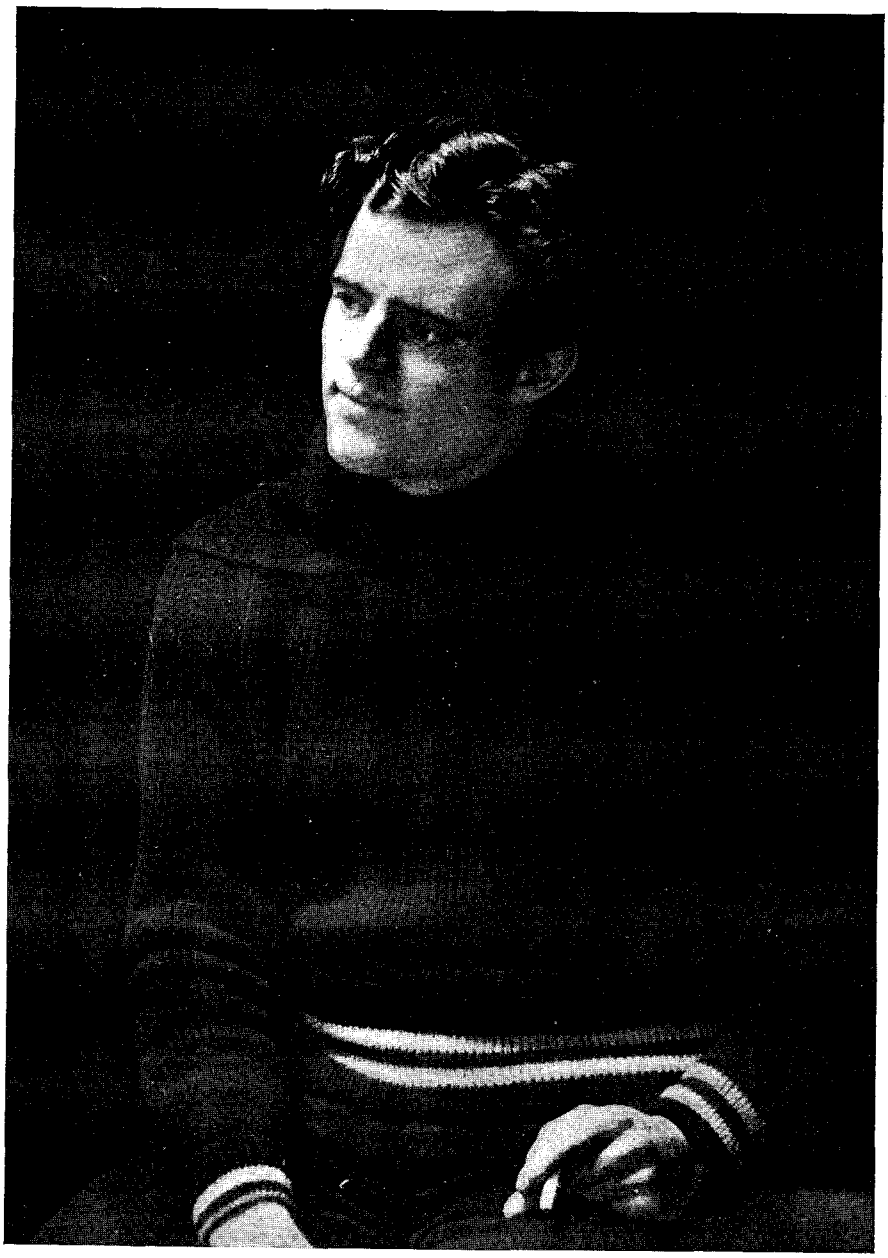
fought my way from the open West, where men bucked big and the job hunted the man, to the congested labour centres of the East, where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth. And I found myself looking upon life from a new and totally different angle. I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the 'submerged tenth,' and I was startled to discover the way in which that submerged tenth was recruited." He had more than one jail experience in the course of several thousand miles of tramping, because he possessed no fixed place of abode and no visible means of support. Later on he repeated his vagabond career in the East End of London,



JACK LONDON.

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the result being his volume on *The People of the Abyss,* which, after its serial run in one of the magazines, is to appear in book form in the autumn. Eventually he decided that tramping was not all beer and skittles and returned to Oakland, where he entered the High School. Breaking off his course in the University of California in the middle of his Freshman year, he went over Chilcoot

MARGARET FULLER.

Pass with the first of the Klondike rush of 1897. It was in the Klondike that he gathered the material for his first books, which brought him before the reading public. His first magazine article was published in *The Overland Monthly* in 1899, and his first book appeared the following year.

He is a Socialist, and takes an active part in the propaganda of the Socialist party. At present he is living on the Piedmont Hills overlooking San Francisco Bay. Among his hobbies, other than Socialism, may be mentioned kite-flying and boat-sailing. Much of his writing is done on his sloop-yacht in San Francisco Bay; at present he is writing a novel of the sea. In appearance Mr. London is a man of medium stature and weight, broad-shouldered, well-muscled, sturdy and of a breezy carriage, in keeping with the delightful shipboard roll of his walk. His smooth, unshaven face, with its square, firm-set chin, is strikingly expressive, the keen, grey-blue eyes are thoughtful and impassioned by turns, the brow and chin indicate strength and purpose, and the handsome, mobile mouth terminates in what some writer felicitously terms "pictured corners." He impresses any one who meets him casually as a sailor or an adventurer, not as a writer.

The Real Margaret Fuller.

We publish in another part of this number a paper by Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer which was suggested by the recent appearance of Margaret Fuller's love-letters to James Nathan. This paper of Mrs. Meyer's represents the view of those who still cherish an enthusiasm for the personality of Margaret Fuller. In this enthusiasm we must confess that we do not share. In her own day her rather scrappy erudition was easily accepted as profound. Her aggressiveness was admired as indicating force of character. Her incoherent talk was thought to contain a subtle philosophy. Her eccentric ways impressed shallow minds as indicative of originality. Emerson was amused by her; but he saw clearly enough that she was in reality a freak, and he said so in his reminiscences. To-day the woman would be regarded with derision, and her performances would be restricted to women's clubs and the Stetsonian Sisterhood. Her plain and almost unpleasant face, her strange, nervous peculiarities, her nasal twang and her arrogant assumption that she was one of the forces of the age would relegate her instantly to the long category of offensive cranks. Her cheap erudition, based upon some reading of German literature and a very shaky knowledge of the classics, would now appear positively ridiculous in the face of her pretensions. All that we can see in these so-called love-letters is an exhibition of egotism, pleased at finding a new field for its exhibition in long monologues addressed to a young Jewish commission merchant who was cad enough to leave the letters behind him so that they might be published, and afford further evidence of the very flimsy foundation on which their writer's reputation rests.

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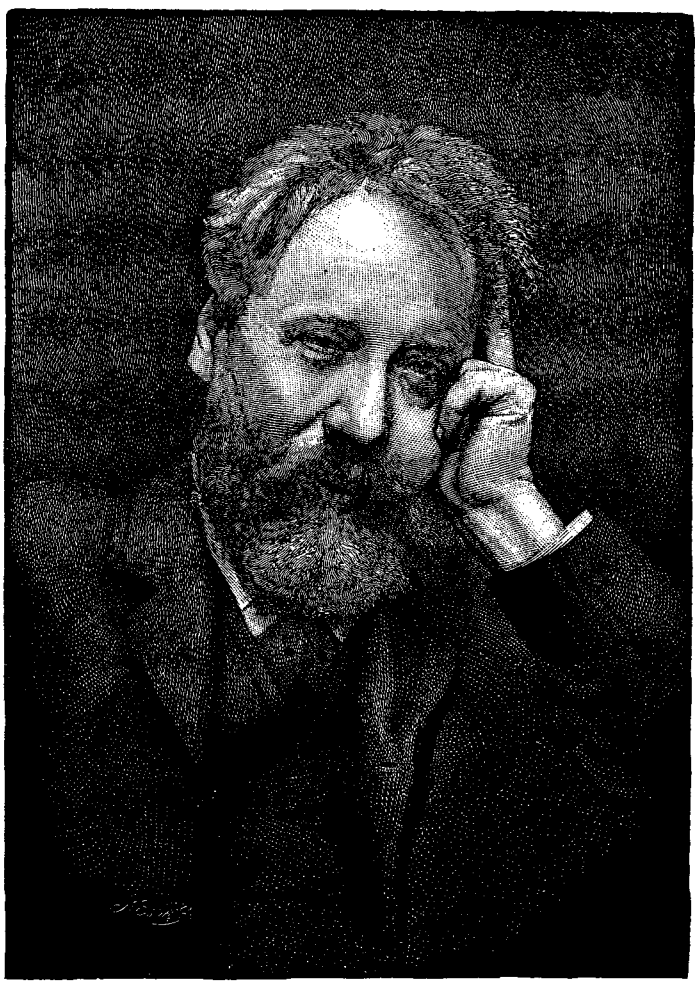
William Ernest Henley.

William Ernest Henley's death inflicts a real loss upon contemporary literature, and also removes a very striking personality. The two things by which he will be longest remembered are his *Hospital Sketches* and his frank revelation of the true Stevenson. In the former we have a sheaf of poems worthy of comparison with those written by that strange French genius Hégésippe Moreau, who, like Henley, wrought out, upon the cot of a hospital, verses which are almost unmatched for poignancy and pathos. Who that has ever read the poem beginning *"Sur ce grabat chaud de mon agonie"* can ever forget it? And who that has read what Henley wrote of his horror while he lay waiting for the moment when he should be summoned to the surgeon's knife can ever lose the impression of sickening dread which these wonderful lines convey? As for Henley's bluntness with regard to Stevenson, the judgment of his contemporaries has dealt harshly with him, not because he spoke that which was untrue, but because it was all so true as to offend those foolish souls who let their admiration for Stevenson the writer perceive a sort of demigod in Stevenson the man. Posterity, however, will be grateful to Mr. Henley for the unflinching courage with which he exposed the egotism, the selfishness and the miserly meanness of a character which was typically Scotch in its blend of sentimentality and slyness. The one poem of all which Henley wrote that has made the deepest impression is the following. It gives a perfect picture of the grimness,



THE LATE WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

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MR WHISTLER

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the audacity and the defiant courage of the mind which conceived it, and of the power with which the writer could use his mother-tongue:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

❧

Mr. Ford's "A Few Remarks."

In publishing Mr. Simeon Ford's speeches in book form, a mistake has been made from every point of view, except, perhaps, the commercial. They may sell; indeed, they are quite likely to; but not having been meant to print, it would have been an accident if they had been worth the printing. As a matter of fact, that accident did not occur. We have read them solemnly through, and tried some of them with a joyous and ingratiating air on other people. We have inquired anxiously of many who have read them; for a conscientious person is always disturbed if he cannot be amused by what is very confidently proclaimed as humorous. It is of no use. Without the dinner and the crowd and the dull speeches that precede, and the lights and the liqueurs and the tobacco, and the competition of Chauncey M. Depew, and other comfortable discouragements of thought, they are not inspiriting. This is not the least reflection on Mr. Ford as an after-dinner speaker. It simply implies that he has not killed two birds with one stone.

❧

A recent newspaper interview quotes that candidate for fistic honours, James J. Corbett, as speaking of "the days of the London Prize Ring rules and that great English pugilist, Rodney Stone." Even from a knight of the squared circle we should have expected something better when talking of his own profession.

❧

Meredith Nicholson.

On another page we are printing a poem by Mr. Meredith Nicholson, whose novel of contemporary life, *The Main Chance,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Although this is his first sustained work of fiction for several years, Mr. Nicholson has been a conspicuous figure in the strenuous literary life of Indianapolis, a city which has been his home since he was five years of age. Although he found the making of verses more congenial, he began by trying the law and was at one time a stenographer and general assistant in the office of William Wallace, where he came to know the lawyer's brother, General Lew Wallace, who had just then returned from Constantinople. General Wallace read his verses, liked them, encouraged his literary ambition, and soon Mr. Nicholson had given up the idea of the law and had become engaged in ac-

M. JULES CLARETIE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE SERVICE DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS IN 1871.

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tive newspaper work. For ten years he followed journalism as reporter, telegraph editor, State editor and literary editor. Then he went to Denver. This change of scene brought new experience. He had undertaken the management of some coal-mining property, and as resident representative of the majority stockholders he learned much of the purely commercial side of life. Then he went to Omaha, where he married. A few years ago he returned to Indianapolis and

MRS. JOHN WESLEY (MRS. VAZEILLE), TO WHOM JOHN WESLEY WAS MARRIED, 1751.

began work on the present novel. Before this he had published a book of verse and a sociological volume entitled *The Hoosiers,* in the series of National Studies of American Letters.

❧

We deplore the publication of any and all books of the nature of Howard Pyle's *Rejected of Men.* We do not see any reason whatever why any one should want to read this book. On the other hand, we see three very distinct reasons why people should wish to avoid doing so. In the first place, it is downright blasphemous; in the second place, it is in the worst possible taste; and in the third place, it is very, very dull.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

The late Richard Henry Stoddard possessed the sort of reputation which has no reference to actual achievement. He began to write verse at a time when our countrymen were still in a very raw state of cultivation, and when to write even fairly well was an exceptional thing. Mr. Stoddard never wrote more than fairly well, but he became known; and during the last twenty years of his life he had a sort of vague, intangible recognition, based upon the general impression that he had done good work in the past. When the news of his death came it was not likely that one person in a hundred thousand of those who read the announcement could have told offhand the title of anything that Mr. Stoddard had ever written, or could have quoted a single line from any of his poems. It may seem rather ungracious to say this now; but, after all, it is strictly true, and it would be hypocrisy to pretend that literature has suffered any loss.

❧

John Wesley.

The two-hundredth anniversary of John Wesley's birth has received somewhat less notice in the secular press than was due to the memory of so great a man. For whatever one may think of Wesley from a theological point of view, there is no doubt that in the annals of Protestantism his influence has been second only to that of Luther and John Calvin. He represents in the English-speaking world a regenerating force whose impulse still endures, and which in Wesley's own time was almost miraculous. Its essence was emotional rather than intellectual, yet this only serves to show how true it is that no religion can exercise an enduring sway unless it appeals strongly to the heart. It was the weakest point in the system of Greek and Roman paganism that while they appealed to the sense of duty and to the imagination, they left the heart untouched; and on the other hand, it has been the strength of historic Christianity that it stirred the very depths of feeling.

❧

Wesley's purely religious achievements are too well known to need recapitulation. Viewed broadly, he revi-

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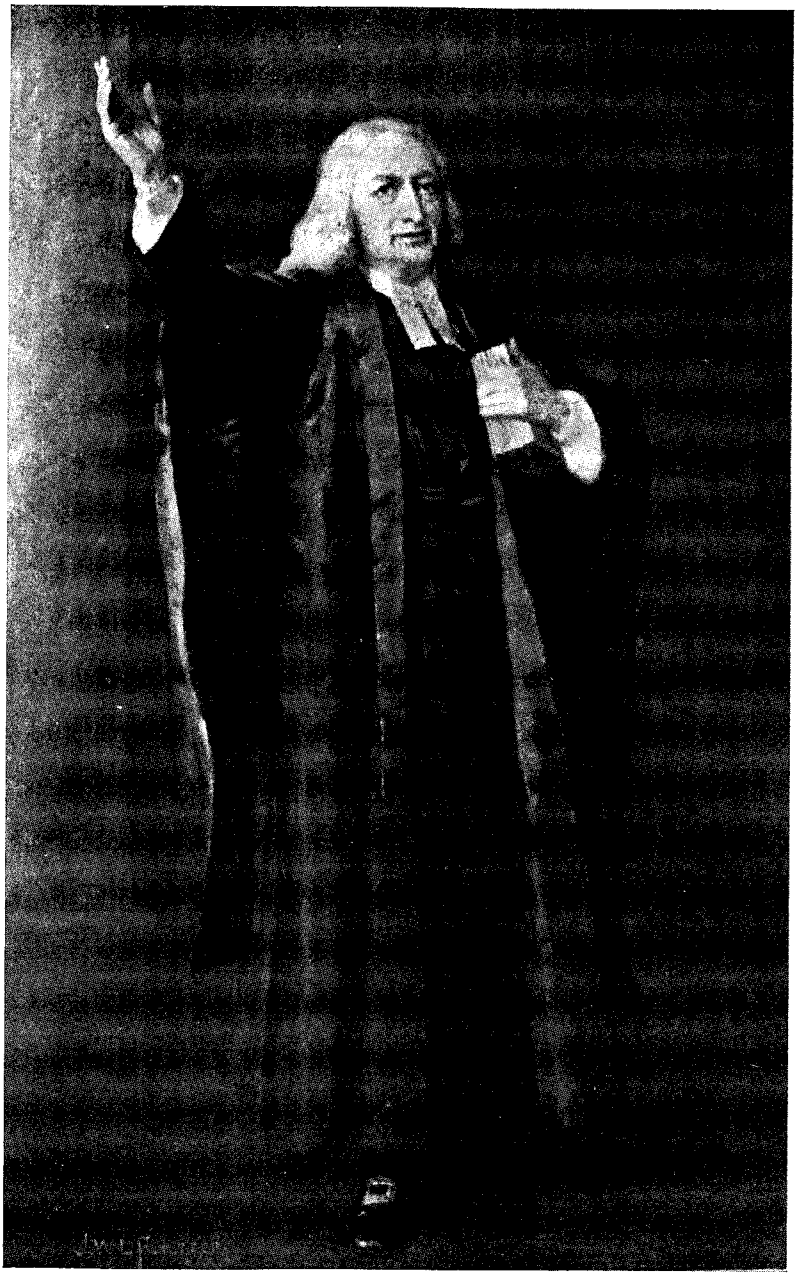

THE REVEREND JOHN WESLEY.

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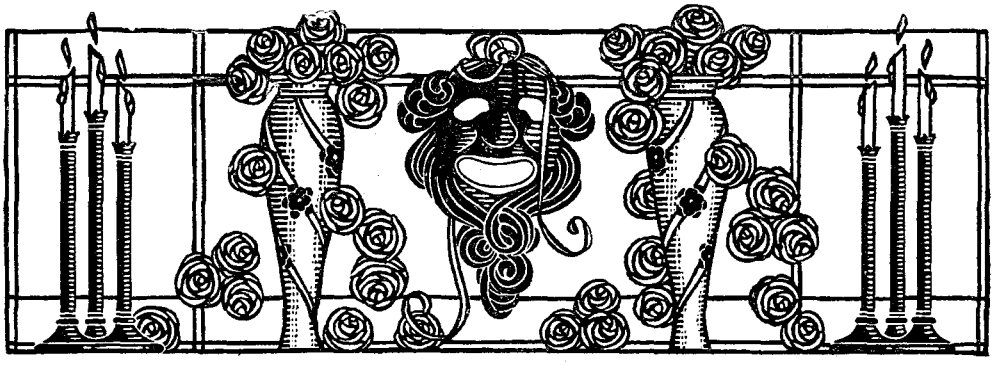
talised the Protestant faith in England and America, and made it once more a living force. The spiritual torpor into which the middle and lower classes had sunk was dispelled by the extraordinary propaganda which he carried on with an energy and an eloquence that have seldom found a parallel. The "blind mouths" of the Church of England, as Milton called them scornfully, the port-wine school of theology, the fox-hunting shepherds of souls, had brutalised or stupefied the people. Wesley hurled himself upon this sodden mass of ignorance and indifference with all the fire of a Tertullian; and when he died every Protestant body had been either nourished or lashed into vigorous life.

Wesley as a man was, in every phase but one, a figure to admire. A scholar of genuine erudition, he used his scholarship for noble ends. A genial, generous spirit, he charmed even those who cared nothing for his public teaching. Even old Dr. Johnson, who detested a dissenter almost as much as he despised a Scotchman, said of Wesley: "The dog is so enchanting that I hate to meet him because he will not let me have my talk out!" Wesley's only weakness was his sentimentality where women were concerned. There was not the slightest harm in it from the point of view of morality; but his mawkish philandering made him only too often an object of contempt. He was always writing or talking to some woman in a nauseous mixture of religious phraseology and falsetto sentiment. His pursuit of Grace Murray is well known, and she seems to have at last been bored by him so that she married another man who knew how to come to the point as a man ought to do. When he visited this country he had another long-protracted, maudlin mooning over a Miss Hopkey in Georgia —an affair which ended in an ecclesiastical and social *esclandre,* and the girl's marriage to some one else. Wesley finally wedded a widow, a Mrs. Vazeille, who was a beauty in her day, but who possessed a frightful temper and a jealousy whose manifestations were those of insanity. This woman made life almost unendurable for Wesley, and even in his old age she is described on more than one occasion as "foaming with fury" and dragging him about the room by the hair.

These personal matters are lightly touched upon by the anonymous author of an excellent life of Wesley lately published by Messrs. Eaton and Mains in a volume that is much to be commended for its profuse and interesting illustrations. The book by Luke Tyerman is still the standard biography for readers who desire to know the whole life of this great revivalist without extenuation. It is written with a curious mixture of religious feeling and worldly cynicism, and it gives details for which one may search in vain elsewhere outside of original documents.



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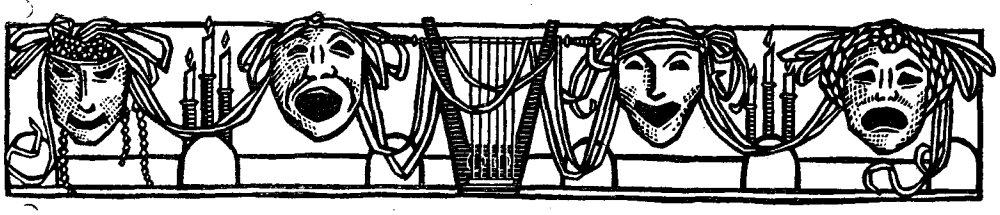

THE INEVITABLE WORD

What finding sense, what instinct sure,
Informed the master sons of rhyme?
What magic made their words endure
Above the noise and dust of time?

Through stately speech and thrilling song
Their words inevitably leap,
As countless springs to one stream throng
And in communion onward sweep.

The bold for long may strive to match
The world's long-tested, singing lines,
And yet a careless tavern catch
Among their best unrivalled shines!

And scholars grave, with studious care,
O'erlook what untaught men have found
Beside the common thoroughfare
In harsh, untilled, forbidding ground.

Alert and strong the martial thought
In marching cadence wheels and climbs,
And hymns of faith, but crudely wrought,
Ring in the heart their deathless chimes.

And whether Chance appoint the way,
Or Skill direct and guide the pen,
The laurel's won if men shall say,
"Thought need not trace this path again!"

Meredith Nicholson.

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IN ARCADY.

By Hamilton W. Mabie.

III.

THE SICKLE OF DEMETER.

In the great, open world of far-spreading fields there was a sense of repose. The tide which had fertilised all things that grow and bloom and bear fruit was beginning to ebb, though there was no sign of vanishing beauty on the face of the landscape. In the riot of midsummer, when the lust of life sometimes rose to a kind of Bacchic fury of delight, there had been no richer bloom of beauty on the surface of Nature than that which lay, half seen and half remembered, on the fields in the ripe autumn afternoon. The rich loveliness that had once spread itself like a soft veil over all things had slowly sunk to their roots, and as it receded, diffused a deeper splendour, a more concentrated and enchanting beauty, over the tranquil fields.

With the ripening of the season had come a stillness in which the voices of reapers and gleaners were heard at a great distance; as if Nature had ceased to work and sat listening to the harvest songs of her children, glad in heart because of her fertility. To the tumult of creative forces vitalising the earth afresh in the early summer had succeeded the deep repose of completed work; the noise and clamour of action had died in the silence of that meditative mood which follows fast upon the finished task and reveals its quality and significance.

The final transfiguration which, like a great torch held aloft by a retreating goddess, was to flash from the heart of things a sudden, brief and ineffable splendour, was still unlighted, and the earth rested in quiet content, ripe with all fruitfulness, laden with the wealth of vine and grain and bending bough. Through long, tranquil days the rhythm of the scythe had beat on the ear, and brought back an ancient music heard in forgotten years when the race was young and played with the gods who still haunted the world they had made. The heavy-laden wain had moved slowly across the fields, like some rude barge overweighted with an opulent cargo, and awkwardly drifting through the long afternoons to its anchorage beside the great, empty barns. A steady heat, not blinding and consuming, but pervasive and penetrating, evoked the sweetness of ripened grain, and mellow fruits seemed to distil and express their sweetness in the air. The fragrance of fruitage, so much richer than that of the budding time, filled the world and made the heart glad with the sense of fulfilment and possession.

To the man who came slowly across the fields the whole world smelled of the ripened summer; of all the rich juices which had mounted out of the soil in a million million spears and stalks and blades and stems; of all the potencies of form and colour and odour, hidden in the darkness, that had escaped to take shape in innumerable grasses, flowers and shrubs with a skill surpassing the thought of man, and had breathed into them a sweetness deep as the fathomless purity of Nature; of the mysterious fountain of life at the heart of things, which so many men have sought but which no man has found, which had silently overflowed and vitalised all things, and was now receding as silently and mysteriously as it had risen.

Life had once more expressed itself and was again silent; the old miracle had

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been performed anew under the eyes of all men, and was as incomprehensible to these latest as it had been to the earliest workers in the fields; the mystery had been revealed afresh and was still impenetrable; the earth had fed her children and filled their storehouses and granaries against the time of need; but no man had seen the lift of her hand or caught the sound of her foot in all those months when the world could hardly contain the manifold and tremendous energies she kept at work.

Time, the ripener, had made friends with the man who meditated in the well-gleaned fields and had enriched him year by year. Far back in boyhood he had heard the pipes of the Faun and followed them, glad and free, into the depths of the wood and lived at ease with the creatures that hide there; the birds paid no more attention to him than to other familiar and friendly things; he had early won the freedom of the fields and been as one of the wild things that have no other roof but the sky, and are fed by the providence of Nature.

And then, in his golden youth, when the imagination kindles and the commonest things are touched with poetry, he had listened like one enchanted to the full, rich tones of Apollo's lyre, vibrating to the touch of the secret forces and revealing the mystery and splendour and sublime order of things in such a swell and sweep of melody as set all the worlds singing together. And in that divine music the world that had lain outspread in his senses in all its varied beauty sank into his imagination and broadened immeasurably into a universe whose loveliness was the bloom of the streaming life at its heart, whose aspects and movements and forces were signs and words of his own inner life, whose vastness and order and variety were a sublime symbol of an intelligence everywhere at work but nowhere revealed, which was at one with his own spirit.

These two great revelations had made his life one long, orderly, quiet unfolding; as the physical characteristics of one age had passed away its spiritual quality had been wrought into him, and he had gone on from one period to another with steadily increasing wealth of impression, knowledge and power. Instead of weakening, the years had enriched him; at the ripe moment in each succeeding period he had transmuted the physical into spiritual strength, and his past lived in his present, unwasted and unforgotten. Old now in years, the joy and freshness of childhood, the ardour and enthusiasm of youth, the organised and tempered strength of maturity, were his in higher measure and finer quality than he had possessed them before. For him the Faun still piped far afield when the tenderest green was on the trees; for him the far-sounding chords of Apollo's lyre were still struck when the beauty of the summer flooded the world; and now, at the summit of the long ascent of the years, he walked with Nature with quick eye, kindling imagination, and a repose in his heart as deep as that which folded the world in a vast peace.

And for him, as for all who live with Nature, the hour of revelation was not ended; upon the later as upon the earlier years there was to come the breath of the divine. As he walked the stillness seemed to deepen; the voices of reapers and gleaners died into silence; the great barges came to anchorage beside the barns. A hush fell upon the world toward sunset, so akin to that which fills the dim arches and deep aisles of cathedrals that the old man paused, looked thoughtfully over the landscape, and seated himself beside a familiar tree. The air was warm, and moved so gently that it seemed like the caress of unseen hand; the western sky turned into gold and the world became a temple the splendour of which had been foreshowed, but never realised before. All things were silent; for it was the vesper hour of the summer and Nature was both shrine and worshipper.

Reverent and worshipful the man sat with uncovered head, and eyes which seemed to see the vision of the years silently passing, laden with gifts. And while he waited and remembered and worshipped, across the level stretches of the fields, far toward the horizon, a golden mist seemed to move toward him, borne lightly forward by an unseen current of air. Slowly it drew nearer, and as it came the silence deepened and a sudden awe ran through the world. The mist grew more dense and

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real, and within it outlines defined and shapes formed themselves, and the heart of the man told him that again the gods were abroad. Faint and far he seemed to hear the clear, shrill notes of the Faun, and nearer and deeper and clearer the music of the lyre breathed through the silence the great song of the creative moment; and then, preluded by the simple melody of childhood and the richer music of youth, the Goddess stood in the fields and he saw her move her divinely moulded arms as if in benediction. The glory of the west shone behind her like burnished gold and wrapped her in a splendour which at once revealed and hid her; her yellow hair was like a nimbus round her benignant face, and she moved as one who possessed the world and enriched it without self-impoverishment. Custodian of the fields, guardian of the sower and the reaper, the mellow air was incense to her and the bursting graneries and barns were her treasure-houses.

Behind her lay the long road of her wanderings, and as it had blossomed before her feet, so now, in the hour of her enthronement, it gathered unto itself, like a robe of cloth of gold, all the rich beauty it had won while the sun had caressed and cherished it. Before the Goddess, like a splendid offering, the richness of the world was spread; and in her its fruitful processes were incarnated and personified. The life that recorded its earliest coming in the most delicate and elusive forms of beauty, and, later, rose into a kind of Bacchic fury of creative energy until the whole world throbbed and pulsed with the divine intoxication of mounting and climbing and blossoming vitality, was hushed and harmonised in a sublime repose; its passion completely expressed, its secret and hidden forces sent to their farthest ends, its mysterious processes accomplished, its work done with divine joy and perfection.

The ancient symbolism had been manifest again in the vision of all who could understand the frozen earth; the slow-moving sun; the hard, black seed sown in darkness; the searching of the light and heat, lovingly caressing the fields; the death of the seed, the birth of the flower and grain; the slender blade creeping up out of the grave of the husk into the world of life; the growing stalk caught in the universal stirring of things; the time of flowering, redolent of fragrance and jubilant with the songs of birds; the ripening in the long, quiet summer days, when all things were glad of life and silently grew in its fulness; and now, at the end, the fruit-bearing and harvesting, the consummation of it all and the crowning of the year.

The Goddess, whose yellow hair was like a nimbus of sunshine about her, brought the fragrance of the early summer in her train, and crocus and hyacinth, narcissus and violet, daffodil, arbutus and hepatica were in the air in delicate suggestion; in her coming the rose, which lies on the heart of nature, the ravishing symbol of her passion, bloomed again in all its deep-dyed loveliness. With her, too, moved the rich, ardent, passionate, stirring and climbing and unfolding of mid-summer, when the earth bares her heart to the sun and gives herself in a great surrender. In the Goddess, moving across the fields with a step so light and buoyant that she seemed a vision floating in air, the full, ripe putting forth of the life of the world, radiant with visible beauty to the eye and fathomlessly significant of the invisible order of things to the imagination, was personified.

And now, in the supreme hour when all the forces of Nature fulfilled themselves in fruitage, the silent watcher of the ancient mystery saw in the coming and presence of the Goddess the symbol of his own life. To him, as to the open fields, there had been the time of the sowing and of the reaping; to him, as to the landscape, there had been the early glow of life, the delicate beauty, the fresh and sweet beginnings of growth; the opening of the spirit through the senses, like a flower unfolding petal after petal to the glance of the sun and the touch of the air. To him, also, had come the effulgence of the young summer when the imagination, kindling a sudden fire and light within, had flooded the senses and streamed out over the world and touched all things with a glory not their own, and the life of the youth had been a rushing tide of joy and strength and exultant energy; deep, tumultuous and passionate with the gladness and the pain of a meaning at the heart too great for any kind of speech. And now had come the broad

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content, the deep serenity, the fathomless repose of powers put forth, energy expressed, functions fulfilled, growth accomplished. In the silence which enfolded the Goddess and brought the sense of infinite peace with it the watcher was aware of the harmony between his life and the life of Nature. The two had moved so long in unison that they had become as one, set to the same music, borne onward to the same ends; each fulfilling itself in obedience to that law of order, of beauty, of fruitfulness, under which the world has bloomed and borne its fruit through uncounted centuries.

And while he watched and meditated, and the meaning of it all grew clear and sank into his soul, the golden west softly veiled itself in the mists that gather at the gates of night, and the vision faded and the man was alone with the earliest stars.

POSTLUDE.

Age had come graciously to the man who sat before the wide hearth. There had been no sudden change, no withering of the affections, no abrupt decline of power; the tide had gone out gently and softly in the hush at the end of the day and left a deep peace behind it. There had been a long ripening, and then a half-realised translation of the physical into spiritual energies; knowledge had deepened into wisdom, and in the cool of the evening there had come that tranquil meditation which distils sweetness out of arduous activities and passionate experiences; the pause which intervenes between successive stages of unfolding; the silence in which one parts from a life ending and greets a life beginning. As the grain ripens for the gleaning and the fruit for the plucking, so the spirit of a man ripens in the quietness of age.

In this deep serenity the man sat by the fire which had become a bed of glowing embers and warmed his soul as well as his body. And there passed before him the vision of the life within and the life without mounting together, season after season, to perfect fruition. He saw the tender twig, green and sensitive, growing shyly in the shadow of great trees. He saw the full, round trunk, with heavy branches dense with foliage, expanding quietly through immemorial years, and assimilating with itself the forces of soil and air and sky until it held the ripe juices of centuries of summers. He saw the tree in its full maturity, standing in the strength of complete growth and ripeness. He heard its crash when the axe of the woodman had done its work; he had watched the earliest flame creeping between the logs, and bursting at length into a blaze in which all the forgotten summers that had given it of their vitality conspired together to recall the splendour of golden hours far down the horizon of the past. And now, its growth completely accomplished, its life completely lived, the tree had become a bed of embers, soon to become a handful of ashes.

This parable, old as the earth and new as the slenderest sapling in the woods, the old man read again with a deep and tranquil joy. There was a true kinship between him and the life going out in light and warmth at his feet, as there was between him and all things that live within the wide empire of Nature. As he sat there, with whitened locks but with the heart of youth, tranquil and expectant, the light shone on the path by which he had come and it lay before him like a road across a rolling country upon which one looks down from some friendly hill. Far off against the horizon he saw the boy, breaking joyfully into the vast playground of childhood, where the mightiest forces sport with children and the most significant and impressive forms become the symbols of their young fancies; and he caught once more the piercing tones of the pipes of the Faun.

And travelling along the road, he overtook the youth, eager, exultant, open-eyed, running with swift feet, his soul kindling into a great flame and the familiar landscape changing into fairyland at the touch of the master magician; and again, as of old, there came the flooding melody, streaming up from the heart of things, which swept from the lyre of the god and ran to the ends of the world.

Once more the road lengthened and passed through fields of ripened grain; and in the mellow silence there rose a mist against the horizon, slowly moving nearer, and out of illusive mystery of light and shadow emerged the goddess of

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the yellow hair, for whom the earth yields up her store of vitality, and in whom all things that fulfil themselves in perfect growth are personified.

Without, the stillness of the winter night filled the wide heavens set with a thousand stars. The earth was hidden out of sight by a great fall of snow, which had wrought magical changes in the familiar landscape. Long ago the last harvest-field had been gleaned, and the latest load safely housed in the great barns. The meadows lay cold and sterile in the fierce winds that swept them; and the shining heavens seemed to be infinitely distant from the earth over which they had brooded in the long summer days.

The old man saw the stainless whiteness on the stretches of meadow and the icy glitter of the wintry stars, but there was no shadow on his face. The fields, like the tree, had lived their life to the end and borne their fruit. The glow was fading among the embers, and he overlaid them with ashes; to-morrow another hand would uncover them, and their last lingering vitality would light another fire. Deep under the snow he heard the stirrings of the life that was making ready for another outpouring of blossom and fruit.

To-night a sinking fire, an ice-bound world, a body smitted with age; to-morrow the glow of another flame, the beauty of another summer, the reach and splendour of a larger life!

THE END.

EASY LESSONS IN FICTION

How to Make a Colonial Novel and a Reputation as a Historian at the Same Time.

The young beginner who wishes to make two hundred and seventy-seven dollars a week at his home by a light and easy fireside occupation will find nothing better suited to his purpose than a novel of Revolutionary days of the kind known to the book trade as a "seller." He should bear in mind, however, that he cannot make as much during the first week of his endeavour, as a great portion of that time should be devoted to a careful study of the period that he desires to treat, and of the most striking figures in the War of Independence. At the same time, he should lay in a supply of the stock phrases that tradition asserts were current in the early days of our national existence. Any old literary hack will gladly give him in return for a few shillings two or three score of serviceable expressions, like "gadzooks," "aye, marry," and "by my halidon."

Thus equipped, and with a handful of well-authenticated historical anecdotes in his pocket, he may begin his story, which must be thoroughly commonplace—nothing, in fact, but a sort of clothes-line on which to string along at convenient intervals the colonial expressions that he has bought from the hack and the historical anecdotes that he has culled from his schoolbooks. The story, when finished, should be called by some name like "Mistress Betty Braxton," or "Ralph Riddlepate," or "To Clutch and to Cling." It will then be found to bear a close resemblance to my great novel, *Dashing Hal Molineux of the Buffs,*" from which the following thrilling chapter has been taken:

Captain Molineux was ushered into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, who sat at the head of the table with his eyes fixed on a man who stood trembling before him. The General had just helped himself to some peas, and a number of these were balanced along the keen blade of his steel knife:

"Shall I eat of these?" he demanded. There was no reply, and he said again: "Shall I eat of these?" at the same time raising his knife as if to trundle the spring delicacies into his mouth.

The pallid wretch lifted his hand, as if to

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prevent him, and a moment later was led away into outer darkness.

"You are just in time!" cried the Commander-in-Chief, as he pushed away the dish of poisoned peas. "There is yet much to be done ere the Colonies can be free from British yoke. There is the battle of Long Island to be fought, the Delaware to be crossed, and there is a cold winter ahead of us at Valley Forge. What say you, Captain, shall we drink a bumper to good Mistress Jane?"

At this moment three patriots entered the room, bringing with them a spy whom they had just captured and in whose boots they had found a letter addressed to General Arnold.

"What is your name?" demanded the General.

"Major Andre," replied the other. "And I have but one request to make, and that is that I may be shot and not hanged."

"I regret," replied the Commander-in-Chief, "that I cannot grant you even this poor boon. I can promise you, however, a handsome monument as soon as the names of these miserable varlets who seized you have been forgotten."

The attractive and gallant young officer was about to thank the General, when Captain Molineux stepped forward with extended hand.

"Aye, marry!" he cried, "but thou canst not have forgotten bluff Harry Molineux, who entertained thee when thou didst come to visit General Tarleton?"

"By my halidon, I remember thee well. But 'twas a sorry feast that thou didst set before me then, brave Captain Hal. Nothing but sweet potatoes. Thou must do better by me now."

And the brave young royalist was led away to his prison cell, while dashing Hal Molineux strolled down to the banks of the Delaware to select a good place for the crossing, and the General summoned the landlady and asked her if she had seen General Benedict Arnold that day.

"Aye, that I have, sir," she replied. "He went spurring by but an hour ago, and 'tis said that 'twas the news of that young officer's capture that set him flying."

"Gone!" cried the General. "Did he leave no word when he would return?"

"His serving man was here in my kitchen but a minute gone, and Priscilla, my daughter, says that he told her that the General declared that he had business of pressing importance in New York."

"If you please, sir," interrupted Priscilla, entering the door, "there's a most agreeable foreign gentleman here would like to see your Excellency at once."

"Let him enter," responded the General. "And do you bide here, too, Mistress Jane, for we seem to have come upon evil days, what with spies and poisoned peas and the treasonable conduct of Benedict Arnold."

The newcomer proved to be a young gentleman of distinguished appearance, courtly manners and ardent temperament, who, addressing the General in French, told him that he had come all the way from Paris for the purpose of offering his aid to the American revolutionists. At the same time he presented credentials signed by his august king, Louis XVI.

"This is indeed very kind of you, noble sir," replied the General, rising and grasping the stranger by the hand. "And may I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"The Marquis de Lafayette," responded the stranger with a low bow. And at this moment Captain Molineux dashed into the room crying: "Eureka! Eureka! The best place for us to cross the river is at the point directly opposite the city of Trenton. Those Hessians are great people to keep Christmas, and this time we'll give 'em a surprise when they wake up."

The young beginner cannot be too careful in regard to the anecdotes that he selects for use in his colonial novel. The better they are known, the greater the delight with which they will be recognised and hailed by name by the eager reader. It is well to bear in mind the fact that those that are taken from the First Reader are superior to those taken from the Fifth Reader, because most of the people who read historical novels did not carry their course of early reading as far as the last-named point.

James L. Ford.

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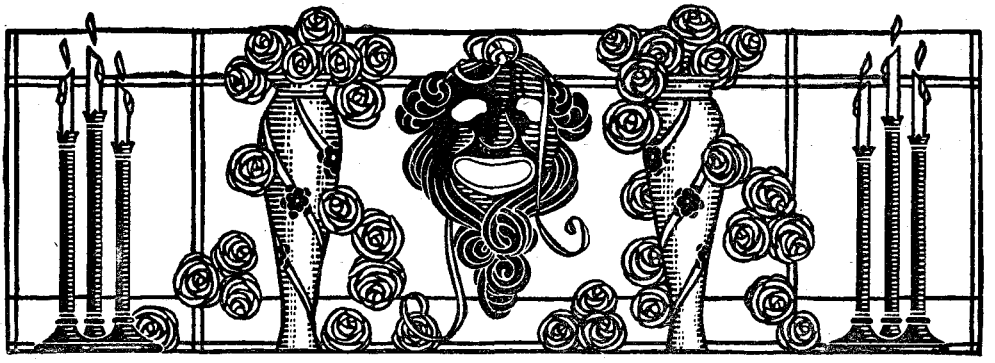

HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Sixth.—1871–1884.

During the period covered by the present article the foundation of the two leading American comic weeklies, *Puck* and *Judge,* the former in 1877 and the latter in 1881, led to a distinct advance in political caricature in this country. It also made it possible for the first time to draw an intelligent comparison between the tendencies of caricature in England and in America. No one can look over the early files of *Puck* and *Judge* and compare them with *Punch* for the corresponding years without being struck with the contrast, not merely in methods of drawing and printing, but in the whole underlying spirit. For the past half century *Punch* has adhered faithfully to its original attitude of neutrality upon questions of party politics. Its aim has been to represent the weight of public opinion in a sober and conservative spirit; to discountenance and rebuke the excesses of whichever party is in power; to commemorate the great national calamities, as well as the occasions of national rejoicings. If it somewhat overstepped its established bounds in its repeated attacks upon Lord Beaconsfield because his foreign policy was regarded with distrust, it made amends with an eloquent tribute at the time of that statesman's death. And if on one occasion it cartooned him in the guise of the melancholy Dane, with broad impartiality it travestied his great rival, Gladstone, a month or two later, in precisely the same character. Taken as a whole, the English cartoons are not so distinctly popular in tone as those in this country. The underlying thought is apt to be more cultured, more bookish, so to speak, to take the form of parodies upon Shakespeare and Dante, Dickens and Scott. And yet, taking them all in all, it would be difficult to point out any parallel series of cartoons which, after the lapse of years, require so little explanation to make them intelligible, or which cover in so comprehensive a manner the current history of the world.

On the other hand, the typical American cartoon of a generation ago concerned itself but little with questions of international interest, while in its treatment of domestic affairs it was largely lacking in the dignity and restraint which characterised the British school. Being founded upon party politics, its purpose was primarily not to reflect public opinion but to mould it; to make political capital; to win votes by fair means, if possible, but to win them. From their very inception *Puck* and *Judge,* as the mouth-

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pieces of their respective parties, have exerted a formidable power, whose far-reaching influence it would be impossible to gauge, especially during the febrile periods of the presidential campaigns. At these times the animosity shown in some of the cartoons seems rather surprising, when looked at from the sober vantage ground of later years. Political mole-hills were exaggerated into mountains, icature of the time. It marked the high-water line of the element of purely personal abuse in comic art. In the end the extreme measures to which each of the rival parties resorted during that year had very beneficial effects, for after the election the nation, in calmer mood, grew ashamed at the thought of its violence and bitterness, and subsequent campaigns have consequently been much more free

"POOR FRANCE! THE BRANCHES ARE BROKEN, BUT THE TRUNK STILL HOLDS."
BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

and even those elements of vulgar vituperation and cheap personal abuse—features of political campaigns which we are happily outgrowing—were eagerly seized upon for the purpose of pictorial satire. The peculiar bitterness which marked the memorable campaign between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine in 1884 was strongly mirrored in the political car- from these objectionable features. Mr. Harrison, Mr. Bryan, Mr. McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt have all been assailed from many different points. But we are no longer in the mood to tolerate attempts to rake up alleged personal scandals and to use them in the pamphlet and the cartoon. Enough of this was done by both parties in 1884 to last us for a generation at least.

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THE NEW YEAR BRINGS NEW HOPE FOR FRANCE. BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

There are cartoons which appeared in *Puck* and *Judge* which even at this late day we should not think of reprinting, and which the publications in which they appeared and the artists who drew them would probably like to forget.

Nevertheless, to the close student of political history there is in the American cartoon of this period, with all its flamboyant colourings, its reckless exaggeration, its puerile animosity, material which the more sober and dignified British cartoon does not offer. It does not sum up so adequately the sober second thought of the nation, but it does keep us in touch with the changing mood of popular opinion, its varying pulse-beat from hour to hour. To glance over the old files throughout any one of the presidential campaigns is the next best thing to living them over again, listening once more to the daily heated arguments, the inflammable stump speeches, the rancorous vituperation which meant so much at the time, and which seemed so idle the day after the election.

It is not strange that during these years American cartoonists concerned themselves but little with matters outside of their own country. For more than a decade after the close of the Franco-Prussian War there were very few episodes which assumed international importance, and still fewer in which the United States had any personal interest. France was amply occupied in recovering from the effects of her exhaustive struggle; United Germany was undergoing the process of crystallising into definite form. Europe, as a whole, had no more energy than was needed to attend to domestic affairs and to keeping a jealous eye upon English ambition in Egypt and Russian aggression in the Balkan States. For some little time after the French Commune echoes of that internecine struggle were still to be found in the work of caricaturists, both in France and Germany. Before taking final leave of that veteran French artist, Honoré Daumier, it seems necessary to allude briefly to a few of the cartoons of that splendidly tragic series of his old age dealing with the France which, having undergone the horrors of the Germanic invasion and of the Commune, is shattered but not broken, and begins to look forward with wistful eyes to a time when she shall have recovered her strength and her prosperity. One of the most striking of these cartoons represents France as a deep-rooted tree which has been bent and rent by the passing whirlwind. "Poor France! The branches are broken, but the trunk holds always." Simple as the design is, the artist by countless touches of light and of shadow has given it a sombre significance which long remains in the memory. It was to Napoleon that Daumier bitterly ascribed the misfortunes of

"You shall stay there, nailed to the cover, a warning to future generations of Frenchmen." By Daumier in *Charivari*.

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The whole spirit of these pictures, which appeared in the *Fliegende Blätter* after the Napoleonic downfall in 1871, is a travesty on the splendid lines of Schiller in the "Maid of Orleans" (Jungfrau von Orleans).

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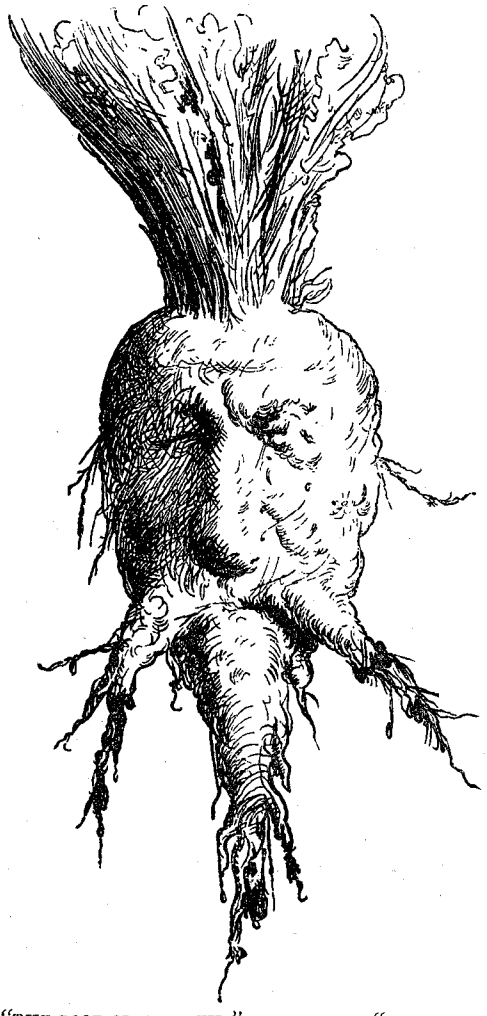
La Patrie, and in these cartoons he lost no opportunity of attacking Napoleonic legend. Stark and dead, nailed to the Book of History is the Imperial eagle. "You will remain outside, nailed fast on the cover," a hideous warning to future generations of Frenchmen, is Daumier's moral. Of brighter nature is the cartoon called "The New Year." It represents



"THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL." FROM THE "FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER" IN 1871.

the dawning of 1872, and portrays France sweeping away the last broken relics of her period of disaster.

In Germany, also, one finds a few tardy cartoons bearing upon Napoleon III. Even in the *Fliegende Blätter,* a periodical which throughout its history has confined itself, with few exceptions, to social satire, perennial skits upon the dignified Herr Professor, the self-important young lieutenant, the punctilious university student, one famous cartoon appeared late in the year 1871, entitled "The Root of All Evil." It portrayed Napoleon III. as a gigantic, distorted vegetable of the carrot or turnip order, his flabby features distended into tuberous rotundity, the familiar hall-mark of his sweeping moustache and imperial lengthened grotesquely into the semblance of a three-fold root. Still better known is a series of cartoons which ran through half-a-dozen numbers of the *Fliegende Blätter,* entitled "The Franco-Prussian War: A Tragedy in Five Acts," in which the captions are all clever applications of lines from Schiller's *Maid of Orleans.* As compared with the work of really great cartoonists, this series has little to make it memorable. But as an expression of a victorious nation's good-natured contempt, its tendency to view the whole fierce struggle of 1870-71 as an amusing farce enacted by a company of grotesque marionettes, it is not without significance and interest.

Punch, however, is really the most satisfactory and comprehensive source for the history of political caricature during the years following the siege of Paris down to 1886. From the indefatigable pencil of Tenniel and Sambourne we get an exhaustive and pungent record of the whole period of Disraeli's ascendancy, the fruits of his much-criticised foreign policy, England's attitude regarding the Suez Canal, her share in the Turco-Russian conflict, her acquisition of the island of Cyprus, the fall of Khartoum, the Fenian difficulties of 1885 and the history of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy.

Throughout the cartoons of this period there is no one figure which appears with more persistent regularity than that of Lord Beaconsfield, and with scarcely an exception he is uniformly treated with the same unmistakable air of indulgent contempt. Of course, his strongly marked features, the unmistakably Semitic cast of nose and lips, the closely curled black ringlets clustering above his ears, all offered irresistible temptation to the cartoonist, with the result that throughout the entire series, in whatever guise he is portrayed, the suggestion of charlatan, of necromancer, of mountebank, of one kind or another of the endless genus "fake," is

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ÆOLUS—RULER OF THE STORMS. THE EASTERLY WIND TOO MUCH FOR BISMARCK.

never wholly absent. Even in Tenniel's cartoon, "New Crowns for Old Ones," which commemorates the passage of the Royal Titles Bill, conferring upon the Queen the title of Empress of India, the scene is confessedly adapted from Aladdin, and "Dizzy" is portrayed as a slippery Oriental with an oily smile, in the act of trading a gaudy-looking piece of tinsel headgear for the more modest, but genuine, regal crown topped with the cross of Malta. The bestowal of the title of Earl of Beaconsfield upon Mr. Disraeli, which followed within a very few weeks, was too good a chance for satire for Mr. Tenniel to let pass, and he hit it off in a page entitled "One Good Turn Deserves Another," in which Victoria, with the Imperial crown of India upon her head, is conferring a coronet upon "Dizzy," kneeling obsequiously at her feet.

At this time the one international question which bade fair to assume any considerable importance was that of Russia's attitude in the Balkan peninsula. Already in June, 1886, we find *Punch* portraying the Czar of Russia as a master of the hounds, just ready to let slip the leash from his "dogs of war," Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Herzegovina, in pursuit of the unsuspecting Sultan of Turkey, while John Bull, in the guise of a policeman, is cautiously peering from behind a fence, evidently wondering whether this is a case which calls for active interference. It is only a few days later that the outbreak of an insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina hastens a decision on the part of Europe to "keep the Ring" and let the Sultan ward off the "dogs of war" single-handed—an incident duly commemorated in *Punch* on June 19. The Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, however, aroused public sentiment throughout the Continent to such a degree that the Powers united in demanding an armistice. Tenniel's interpretation of this incident takes the form of a sick-chamber, in which the Sick Man of Europe is surrounded by a corps of illustrious physicians, Drs. Bull, William I., Francis Joseph and Company, who are firmly insisting that their patient shall swallow a huge pill labelled "Armistice"—"or else there's no knowing what might happen!" The protocol on Turkish affairs which soon after this was proposed by Russia and supported by Disraeli, forms the subject of two suggestive cartoons in *Punch*. The first, entitled "Pons Asinorum," depicts the protocol as a make-shift bridge supported on the docile shoulders of John Bull and the other European Powers, and opening a lagoon entitled "Eastern Question." Over this bridge the Russian bear is stealthily crawling to his desired goal, his eye half closed in a sly wink, his sides bristling like a veritable arsenal with weapons. The second cartoon, alluding to the Porte's rejection of the protocol, represents Disraeli

"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD."

Disraeli offering Victoria the Imperial crown of India.

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looking disconsolately upon a smouldering pile of powder kegs and ammunition, over which he has placed the protocol, twisted into the shape of a candle-snuffer. "Confound the thing! It is all ablaze!" he ejaculates, while Lord Hartington reminds him, "Ah, my dear D., paper will burn, you know!"

The next significant caricature which is reproduced in these pages belongs to the period of actual hostilities between Turkey and Russia, after Plevna had been completely invested and the Turks were at all points being steadily beaten back. This caricature, entitled "Tightening the Grip," showing the struggling Turk slowly being crushed to death in the relentless hug of a gigantic bear, may safely be left to speak for itself without further description. Meanwhile, England was watching with growing disquiet Russia's actions in the Balkan. In one cartoon of this period, Mr. Bull is bluntly refusing to be drawn into a game of "Blind Hookey" with the other European Powers. "Now then, Mr. Bull, we're only waiting for you," says Russia; and John Bull rejoins: "Thank you, I don't like the game. I like to see the cards!" Prince Bismarck at this time was doing his best to bring about an understanding between England and Russia, but the difficulties of the situation threatened to prove too much even for that veteran diplomat. *Punch* cleverly hit off the situation by representing Bismarck as Æolus, the wind-god, struggling desperately with an unmanageable wind-bag, which is swelling threateningly in the direction of the East and assuming the form of a dangerous war-cloud. Eventually all misunderstandings were peacefully smoothed away at the Berlin Congress, which Tenniel commemorates with a cartoon showing "Dizzy" in the guise of a tight-rope performer triumphantly carrying the Sultan on his shoulders along a rope labelled "Congress," his inherent double-dealing being suggested by his balancing pole, which he sways back and forth indifferently, and the opposite ends of which are labelled "peace" and "war."

"TIGHTENING THE GRIP."

Comparatively few cartoons of this period touch upon American matters. All the more noteworthy is the one which Mr. Tenniel dedicated to the memory of President Garfield at the time of the latter's assassination. It bears the inscription, "A Common Sorrow," and shows a weeping Columbia clasped closely in the arms of a sorrowing and sympathetic Britannia.

M. Gambetta seldom received attention at the hands of English caricaturists; but in 1881, when the resignation of Jules Ferry and his colleagues resulted in the formation of a new ministry with Gambetta at the head, and both English and German newspapers were sarcastically saying that "the Gambetta Cabinet represented only himself," *Punch* had to have his little fling at the French statesman, portraying him as beaming with self-complacence, and striking an attitude in front of a statue of Louis XIV., while he echoes the latter's famous dictum, *"L'État c'est moi!"*

Two cartoons which tell their own story are devoted to Fenianism. The first commemorates the Phœnix Park outrage in which Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly appointed Chief Secretary, lost his life. The cartoon is called "The Irish Frankenstein," and is certainly baleful enough to do full justice to the hideousness of the crime it is intended to symbolise. The second cartoon, entitled "The Hidden Hand," shows the Fenian monster receiving a bag of gold from a mysterious hand stretched from behind a cur-

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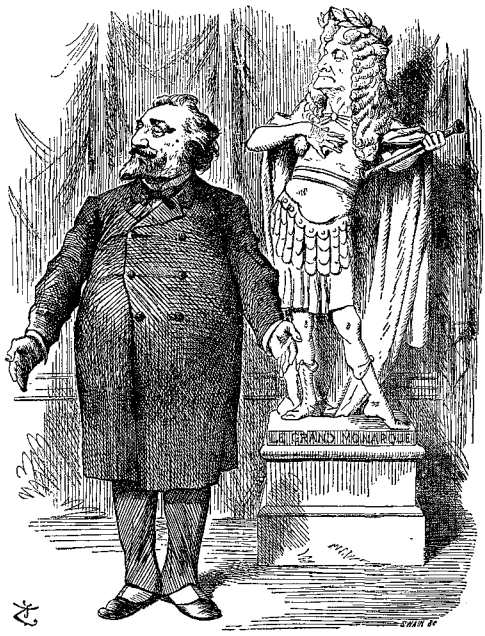
A COMMON SORROW.



"L'ÉTAT C'EST MOI!"

THE HIDDEN HAND.

THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN.

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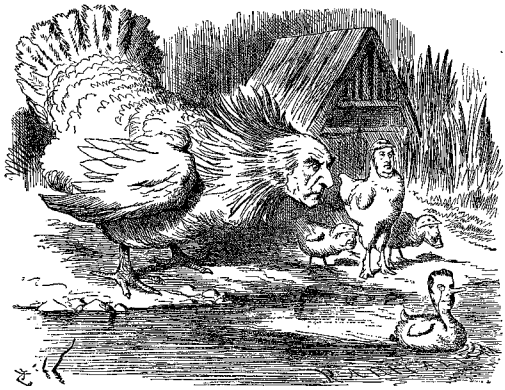


THE DARING DUCKLING. JUNE, 1883.

An early appearance of Mr. Chamberlain in caricature.

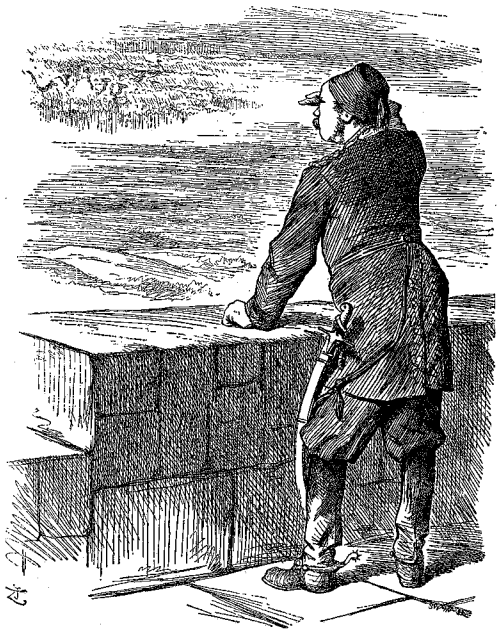
tain. The reference is to a supposed inner circle of assassins, directed and paid by greater villains who kept themselves carefully behind the scenes.

The tragedy of Khartoum formed the subject of several grim and forceful pages. "Mirage" was almost prophetic in its conception, representing General Gordon gazing across the desert, where, by the tantalising refraction of the air, he can plainly see the advancing British hosts, who in reality are destined to arrive too late. "Too Late," in fact, are the very words which serve as a caption of the next cartoon, Khartoum has fallen, and Britannia, having come upon a fruitless mission, stands a picture of despair, her face buried upon her arm, her useless shield lying neglected upon the ground.

II.

It was not until late in the '60's, when Thomas Nast began his pictorial campaign in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* against the Ring which held New York in its clutches, that American caricature could claim a pencil which entitled it to any sort of consideration from the artistic point of view. Some of the cartoons which have been reproduced in earlier papers of this series have possessed unquestionable cleverness of invention and idea; for instance, many of those dealing with President Jackson's administration and his relations with the United States Bank, and some of the purely allegorical cartoons treating of slavery and of the Civil War. But in all these there was so much lacking; so many artistic shortcomings were covered up by the convenient loops. The artists felt themselves free from any obligation to give expression to the countenances of their subjects so long as the fundamental idea was there, and the loops offered an easy vehicle for the utterance of the fitting sentence. It was a thoroughly wooden school of caricature, in which one can find

SETTLING THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.



GORDON WAITING AT KHARTOUM.

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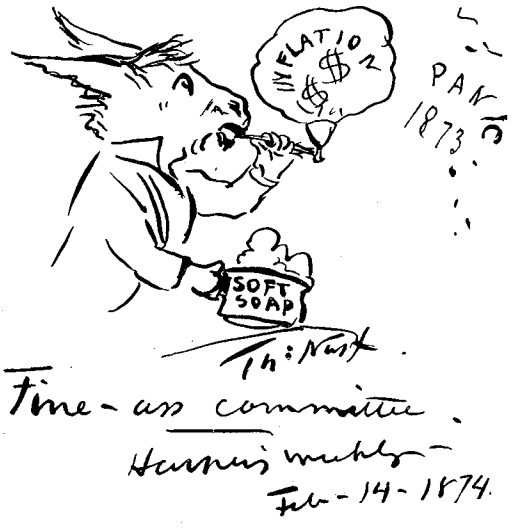
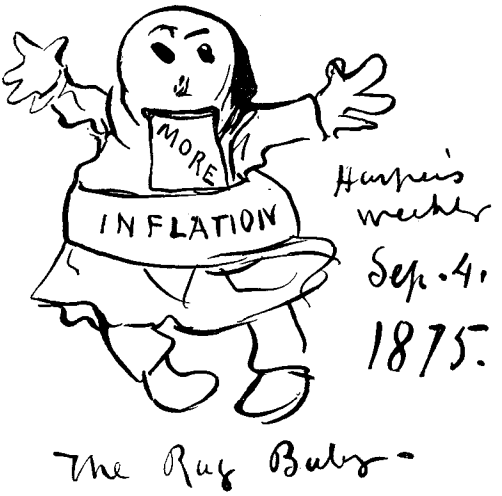
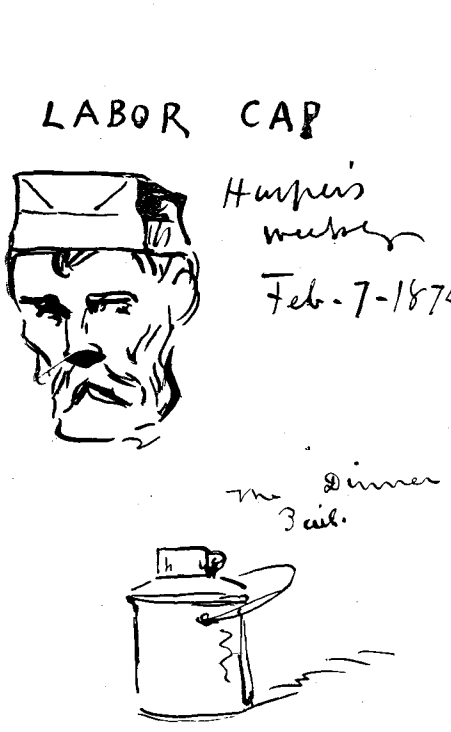


THE DONKEY: FIRST USED TO RIDICULE THE INFLATION TENDENCY.



THE FIRST "RAG BABY."



FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE CAP AND DINNER PAIL AS EMBLEMATIC OF LABOUR.

THE GRATZ BROWN TAG TO GREELEY'S COAT.

SOME CAMPAIGN EMBLEMS. BY THOMAS NAST.

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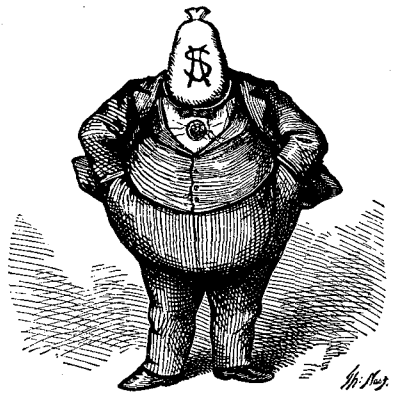
no trace of the splendid suggestion which the caricaturists should have been drawing from contemporary masters of the art in France and England.

Although during the years of his fecundity Thomas Nast drew many cartoons bearing on events of international importance, his name will always be remembered, first of all, in connection with the series through which he held up the extravagances and iniquities of the Tweed Ring in the pillory of public opinion. He had decided convictions on other subjects. To the end of his life it was his nature to feel intensely, even in small matters, but his scorn and hatred of the corrupt organisation that was looting New York became a positive mania, which was reflected in the cartoons which he literally



THE BRAINS OF TAMMANY.

hurled week after week against Tweed and his satellites. "I don't care what they write about me," said Tweed, "but can't you stop those terrible cartoons?" and in the end they, more than anything else, led to his downfall, his flight and his capture in Spain, where he was recognised by the police through the likeness Nast had drawn of him as a kidnapper. But in recognising Nast's services in behalf of New York City it is not fair to overlook his work as a political caricaturist on broader issues. To him we owe also the Gratz Brown tag to Greeley's coat in the campaign of 1872, the "Rag Baby of Inflation," the Jackass as emblamatic of the Democratic Party, the Labour Cap and the Full Dinner Pail, which in later years were so much developed by the cartoonists of *Judge*. To-day, at the beginning of the twentieth century, we have a caricature which for scope and craftsmanship is equal, if not superior, to that of any nation of Europe. It was Thomas Nast who first gave American caricature a dignity and a meaning.

The earliest Presidential election which falls within the scope of the present article, that of 1872, antedates the establishment of American comic weeklies. The central figure in the few caricatures which have survived from that year was, of course, Horace Greeley, whose candidacy at one time was thought seriously to threaten the fortunes of the Republican Party. The caricatures themselves, with the exception of those drawn by Thomas Nast, show little improvement over the caricatures which were executed during the Civil War. The artists relied entirely upon the traditional loops to make them intelligible to the public, and the features of the political characters portrayed were expressionless and wooden. One of the best of this series was drawn in support of the Horace Greeley candidacy. Uncle Sam is represented as a landlord and President Grant as his tenant, a shiftless widow with a dog at her heels and a bottle of rum in the basket on her arm. The Widow Grant has come to ask for a new lease. "Well, Uncle Sam," she says, "I've called to see if you will let me have the White House for four years longer, as I find the place suits me very well." "No, Marm Grant," retorts Uncle Sam, shaking his head, "I reckon I'll do no such thing. I've had too many complaints about you from the neighbours during the last four years. I'm just sick of you and your tobacco smoke and bull pups, so I've given the lease to Honest Horace Greeley, who will take better care of the place than you have."

In another of this series Horace Greeley is represented as the entering wedge to split the rock of the Republican Party. Greeley, with a paper bearing the words "Free Trade" in one hand and one bearing "Protection" on the other, is represented as being hammered into the aperture by a huge mallet—Democratic Nomination—wielded by Carl Schurz. "This is rather a novel position for a staunch old Republican like me," he says. "I begin to feel as if I was in a tight place." President Grant, with a cigar in his hand, is looking on complacently.

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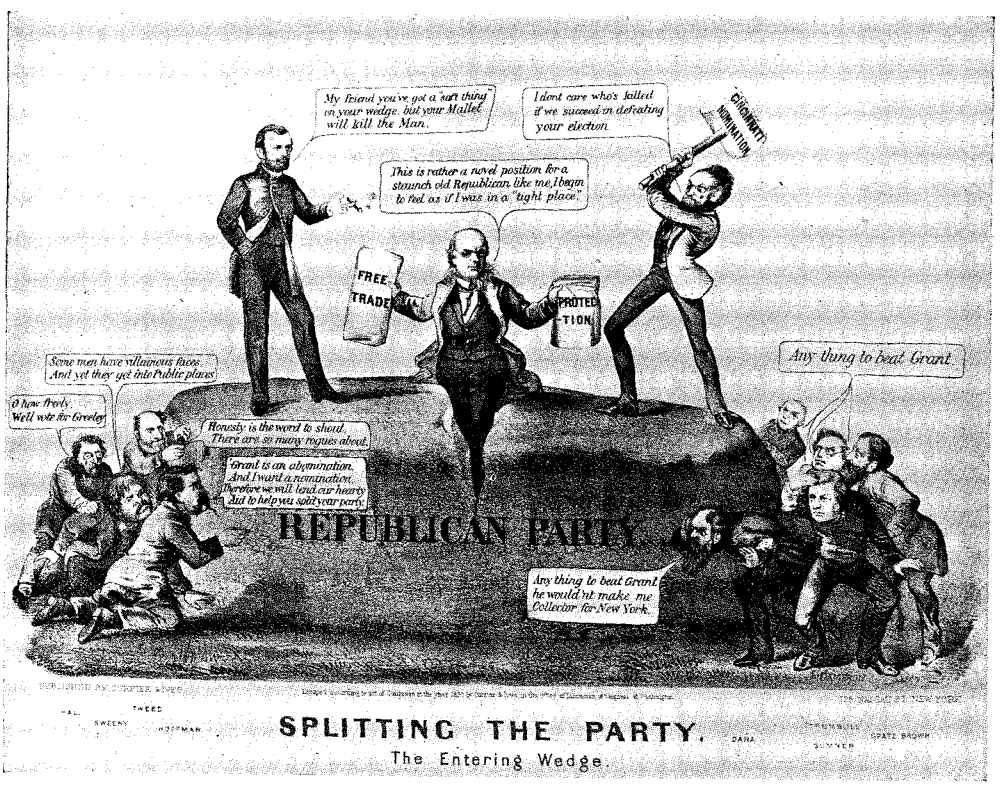
"A POPULAR VERDICT."

TAYLOR & CO PUBLISHERS NEW YORK



SPLITTING THE PARTY.

The Entering Wedge.

From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

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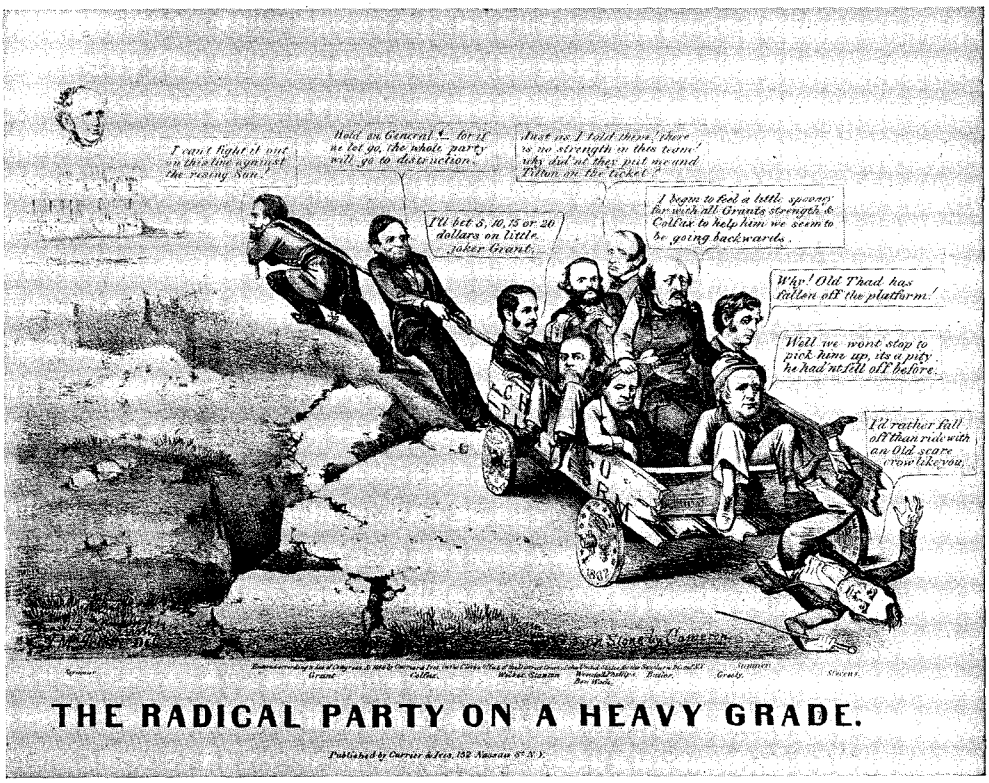
"My friend," he calls out to Schurz, "you've got a soft thing on your wedge, but your mallet will kill the man." To which Schurz replies: "I don't care who's killed, if we succeed in defeating your election." Below, creeping furtively about the rock, are the figures of Dana, Sumner, Gratz Brown, Trumbull, Hall, Sweeny, Hall and Hoffman of the Ring. "Anything to beat Grant!" is the cry of these conspirators. "Honesty is the word to shout, there are so many



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

rogues about," mutters Tweed. "Oh, how freely we'll win with Greeley," says Hall. "Anything to beat Grant. He wouldn't make me Collector for New York," are the words of Dana. The cartoon belongs to the school of American caricature which was in vogue in the days of President Jackson.

As has already been stated, *Puck* was not founded until 1877, too late to take part in the Tilden-Hayes campaign. When we speak of *Puck*, however, we refer, of course, to the English edition, for as a matter of fact, twenty-four numbers of a German *Puck* were published during the year 1876.

As that year was an important one in American history, these numbers can by no means be ignored, and despite their crude appearance when contrasted with the *Puck* of later days, they contain some of Keppler's most admirable work. For instance, there is the figure of the tattooed Columbia, the precursor of Gillam's famous Tattooed Man. This figure appeared in November, 1876, and was the idea of Charles Hauser, *Puck's* first editor. The artist's idea of the unhappy condition of our nation is shown in the hideous tattooed designs with which Columbia's body is scarred from head to foot. We can read "Whiskey Ring," "Black Friday," "Secession," "Tammany," "Election Frauds," "Corruption," "Civil War," "Credit Mobilier" and "Taxes." The figure is as repulsive

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THE TATTOOED COLUMBIA.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

as that which eight years later drove Mr. Blaine to frenzy.

A familiar device in the caricature of the later '70's was that of representing political figures as being headless and placing their heads in another part of the picture, so that you might adjust them to suit yourself. In this way the artist did not commit himself to prophecy and was enabled to please both parties. For instance, an excellent example of this is shown in the cartoon called "You Pays Your Money and You Takes Your Choice," drawn by Keppler during the campaign of 1876. Of the two headless figures one is seated in the window of the White House gesticulating derisively at his beaten opponent. The other, thoroughly crushed and with a nose of frightfully exaggerated length—both Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hayes were rather large-nosed men—is leaning helplessly against the wall of the cold outside. At the bottom of the picture are the heads of the two candidates, which one might cut out and adjust as pleased himself.

Probably no cartoon dealing with the Garfield-Hancock campaign of 1880 was more widely discussed than that called "Forbidding the Banns," drawn for *Puck* by Keppler. "Forbidding the Bans" shows a political wedding party at the altar with Uncle Sam as the reluctant and uncomfortable groom, General Garfield as the eager bride, and the figure of the ballot box as the officiating clergyman. The bridesmaids are Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, with Colonel Henry Watterson bringing up the rear. The ceremony is well along and the contracting parties are about to be united when W. H. Barnum, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, rushes in shouting, "I forbid the bans!" and waving frantically the figure of a little baby marked "Credit Mobilier." The faces of all the bridal party show consternation at the unexpected interruption, while the bride protests coyly: "But it was such a little one."

The defeat of General Hancock in 1880 was commemorated by Keppler in *Puck*

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

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"FORBIDDING THE BANNS." A FAMOUS CARTOON OF THE GARFIELD-HANCOCK CAMPAIGN.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

with the cartoon called "The Wake Over the Remains of the Democratic Party." The ludicrous corpse of the defunct is stretched on a rough board and covered with a loose sheet. The lighted candles at the four corners protrude from the necks of bottles, and the mourners are indulging in a protracted carouse which seems destined to end in a free fight. In the centre of the picture Kelly, with Ben Butler as a partner, is doing a dance in the most approved manner of Donnybrook Fair. All about there is the general atmosphere of turmoil and unnatural excite-

THE WAKE OVER THE REMAINS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AFTER THE ELECTION OF 1880.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

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WHY THEY DISLIKE HIM.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

3d Edition. 4 A. M.

The World.

3d Edition. 4 A. M.

VOL. XXV., NO. 8,479. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1884. PRICE TWO CENTS.

CLEVELAND.

He will Surely be the Next President.

New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut.

They Stand Solidly and Squarely in the Democratic Column.

Michigan Probably Carried for Blaine.

Wisconsin No Longer Claimed by the Democrats.

Democratic Gains in Illinois, but the State Republican.

A Rotten Scheme to Steal the Two Virginias and Florida.

California, Nevada and Oregon Counted in the Republican

Mr. Cleveland has 219 Electoral Votes and will be President.

INDIANA.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW JERSEY.

Florida.

Maryland.

THE MAN FOR THE HOUR AND THE OCCASION.

The New National Sexton---"He Gathers Them In."

THE EMPIRE STATE.

It Is Democratic and Will So Remain.

Gov. Cleveland's Plurality Between 1,000 and 5,000.

The Congressional Delegation Will Be 17 to 17.

The Republicans Still Retain the Assembly.

Decided Democratic Gains Reported From Republican Strongholds.

THE STATE CONCEDED.

BLAINE VERY ILL.

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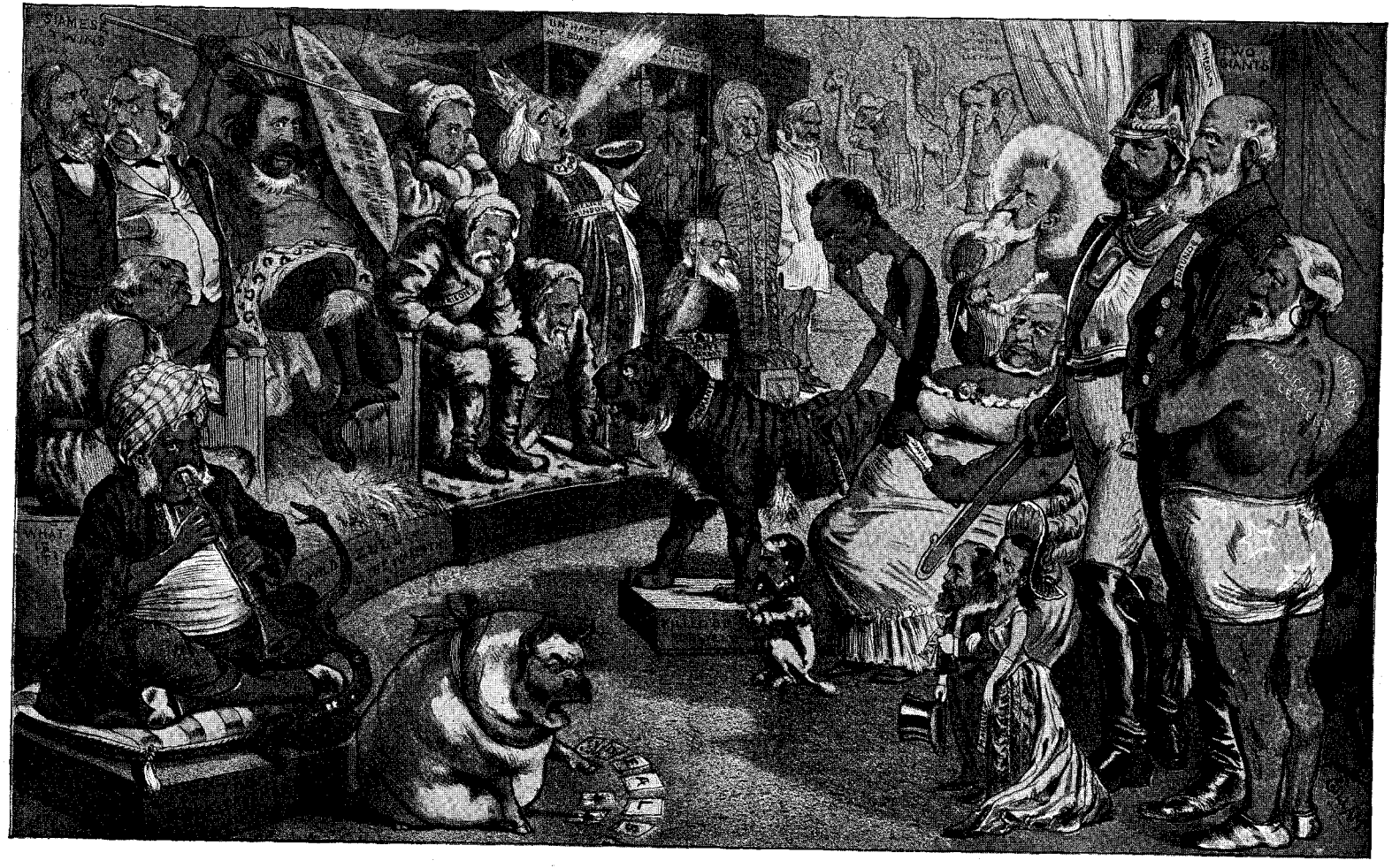

THE FIRST "TATTOOED MAN" CARTOON.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

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ment, but the figures of Hewitt, Davis, Belmont and English are stretched out in a manner indicating that the festivities of the night have proved too much for them.

As has already been pointed out, the political caricature commemorating the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884 was chiefly remarkable for its extraordinary rancour. There was little, if any, really good-natured satire underlying these cartoons; they were designed and executed vindictively, and their main object was to hurt. Mr. Cleveland's official record in Buffalo and as Governor of New York had been such as to cause many of the more liberal Republicans to support his candidacy and offered little to the political cartoonist, so the exponents of Republican caricature found it expedient to base their attacks on matters of purely personal nature.

Even in later years the cartoonist did not entirely refrain from this method of belittling his capabilities. It was sneeringly said that much of the success of his administration was due to the charm, the tact and the personal magnetism of Mrs. Cleveland, and this idea was the inspiration of a number of cartoons which were far from being in the best of taste. One of these which was not particularly offensive was that entitled "Mr. Cleveland's Best Card." It was simply a huge playing card bearing the picture of Mrs. Cleveland. Another much more obnoxious was a curious imitation of the famous French cartoon *"Partant pour la Syrie,"* which was published in Paris after the flight of the Empress Eugénie.

The Democratic cartoonists, besides their use of the Tattooed Man idea and the alleged scandals in Mr. Blaine's political career, made a strong point of the soundness and cleanness of Mr. Cleveland's official record. A typical caricature of this nature was that drawn by Gillam called "Why They Dislike Him." It represents Mr. Cleveland as a lion lying on the rock of Civil Service Reform. Perched on the limb of a tree overhead are a group of chattering monkeys, his political enemies, who are hurling at him implications and abuse because he will not consent to serve as the catspaw to pluck for them the chestnuts out of the political fire. Familiar faces among the group of noisy bandar-log are those of Croker, Butler and Dana. Prostrate and helpless under the paw of the lion is a monkey with the face of Grady.

The most terrible and effective series of cartoons published during the Cleveland-Blaine campaign was that in which the Republican candidate appeared as the Tattooed Man in the political show. For many weeks during the summer and autumn of 1884, Mr. Blaine was assailed through this figure in the pages of *Puck*. The story of the origin of this historic cartoon is as follows: Mr. Bernard Gillam, the artist, had conceived the idea of a cartoon in which each of the presidential possibilities should appear as some sort of freak in a political side-show. One of these freaks was to be the Tattooed Man, but Mr. Gillam at first hit upon David Davis as the person to be so represented. He was describing the proposed cartoon one day in the office of *Puck* when Mr. Bunner, who was at that time the editor, turned suddenly and said: "David Davis? Nonsense! Blaine is the man for that." The cartoon so conceived was splendidly executed, and became one of the great pictorial factors in turning the scale of the election. It stirred Mr. Blaine himself to a point where he resolved to prosecute the publishers of *Puck*, and was persuaded from this course only by the very strongest pressure. The tattoo marks which were most obnoxious to him were those which spelled out the word "Bribery." A curious feature of this series was that Mr. Bernard Gillam was an ardent Republican, voting for Mr. Blaine on election day, and at the same time that he was executing the Tattooed Man cartoon in *Puck* was drawing equally vindictive caricatures of Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party in the rival pages of *Judge*.

(*To be concluded.*)

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THE FONT IN THE FOREST

There's a prim little pond
At the Back of Beyond,
  And its waters are over your ears;
It's a sort of a tarn
Behind Robin Hood's Barn,
  Where the fish live a million years.

And the Mortals who drink
At its pebbly brink
  Are immediately changed into mullets,
Whose heads grow immense
At their bodies' expense,
  And whose eyes become bulbous as bullets.

But they willingly stay
Who have once found the way,
  And they crave neither credit nor blame;
For to wiggle their tails
And to practise their scales
  Is enough in the Fountain of Fame.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

THE REAL MARGARET FULLER*

Eighteen years ago I read for the first time *The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller.* Since then I have frequently asked myself how can the world still continue to misunderstand! Notwithstanding the large circle of friends who adored her when once upon terms of intimacy, on mere superficial impression she was fated to antagonise. Emerson has confessed to his deep-seated prejudice, and how magnificently at last she swept it aside. James Freeman Clarke tells of the lady who fled from her for several years, only at the last to become most deeply attached to her. It was the same with many of her friends; some had a horror of "blue stockings," others had dreaded her power of satire, others had thought her affected and overpoweringly conceited, and others again had felt a personal dislike that amounted to a physical aversion—yet in the end all succumbed to her powerful magnetism. Once conquered, these reluctant friends perhaps understood

*Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller, 1845-1846, with an Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. To which are added The Reminiscences of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley and Charles T. Congdon. New York: Appleton and Company, 1903.

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her, loved her best. This is certainly true of William H. Channing, whose portion of the *Memoirs* is peculiarly illuminating. And yet even he read into her tale of the Cactus a meaning quite other than the one Margaret Fuller intended. Here it is:

> There is a species of cactus from whose outer bark, if torn by an ignorant person, there exudes a poisonous liquid; but the natives, who know the plant, strike to the core, and there find a sweet, refreshing juice that renews their strength.

The *Memoirs* have been before the world nearly a quarter of a century, and yet no one seems to have struck to the core and revealed the marvellously passionate soul, the warmly throbbing heart therein. If, as Mrs. Howe claims, the name of Margaret Fuller is still one to conjure with, it would conjure up a woman of powerful intellect and brilliant conversation, who stood for Woman and her advancement long before she recognised herself as a Cause, who was the intellectual equal of the strongest minds of her day, whose name comes down to us linked in companionship with the names of those men most dear to American bookmen. It would conjure up to few, if any, one of the most pathetic figures of all time—a woman of immense emotional capacity, yet always weighed by the intellectual scale; a woman of passionate heart, of sudden impulse, yet prized for the acuteness of her critical judgment; a woman exquisitely responsive to all manifestations of physical beauty, yet painfully aware of possessing none; a woman of important mental gifts, yet knowingly squandering them on a *milieu* not worth while; a woman of active sympathies and executive ability, yet without a really noble field of service—all these limitations felt keenly, and yet lived through with rare sweetness and grace and courage; and, finally, a woman to whom at the age of thirty-eight there came at the same moment both perfect fulfilment of the emotional life and a career at once eminently worthy, and an opportunity for complete self-expression that is granted to few of us, a respite far too brief, and then the tragic end!

Almost at random one may mine in the two volumes of the *Memoirs* and bring up nuggets that surely have not been assayed at their true worth:

> With the intellect I always have, always shall, overcome; but that is not half of the work. The life, the life! Oh, my God! shall the life never be sweet?

And this on reading Goethe:

> Of a disposition that requires the most refined, the most exalted tenderness, without charms to inspire it—poor Mignon! fear not the transition through death; no penal fires can have in store worse torments than thou art familiar with already.

And this after meeting George Sand:

> Will there never be a being to combine a man's mind and woman's heart, and who yet finds life too rich to weep over? Never?

And now appear her *Love-Letters*. From the moment of their whispered announcement—the world a bit aghast—I have asked myself, now will the world understand? It did not seem possible that a woman's love-letters once in print, her emotional nature could be totally misunderstood. And yet, the *Love-Letters* have encountered very largely the same mental attitude that has been maintained in the face of the *Memoirs*.*

To be sure, they are entitled *Love-Letters,* but everything has been done, save the title—for which we are probably indebted to the publishers—to intellectualise them, to attenuate the note of passion. One reviewer dares write of them that they "fairly pulsate with womanly tenderness," an admission immediately tempered by a sedate reference to the "purity of thought" and "refinement of style." Another critic gleans from the letters that the writer's relation toward her correspondent was that of "a sort of literary patroness!" Is it the custom of "literary patronesses" to touch the lips to the pages of a book that has been handled by their protégés? And do they mention their action quite casually to them?

Ten months after her parting with her lover she writes:

> But, alas! we shall meet here no more. I have felt these last four days a desire for you that amounted almost to anguish.

*Yet why be astonished, for the self-revelation is far greater in the earlier book!

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Is this the language of the "literary patroness?" Or this?

You come not, dear friend. The day was full of golden sunlight, for the thought of you stood at the end, but you come not.

In the Introduction the reader is informed that the series of letters is inspired by "a very fervent friendship." Let us see.

What good does it do for you to stay away, when, absent or present, every hour you grow upon me and the root strikes to my inmost life?

Is this the language even of "very fervent friendship?" Or this?

You say "be embraced," but this letter is not an embrace, and that was what I needed, to feel the warmth of your heart and soul.

The "spiritual sympathy" of the two is insisted upon at every point. Even the recipient of the letters has done his best. "Her high intellectuality, purity of sentiment and winning conversation," he says, "soon attracted me." This is disingenuous. We take more comfort in Friend Delf, who writes: "How stands your friendship with her—which, by the way, may be too cold a name for her feeling"—he does not seem to be lacking either in discernment or common sense.

One must admit that Margaret Fuller herself is somewhat to blame for this peculiar attitude. She possessed a strong reluctance to face facts—certain facts—as they were. She loved to think there was something mystic in their affinity; she speaks of being born under the same constellation, she often speaks of him as her "loved brother," of herself as his "chosen sister," now and then she is his "Muse"; she delights in contemplating "the mysterious tie that binds us." She could not bear to regard herself as just a woman in love with a man. The instant she touches the earth she bounds off again. She always had a strong distaste for what was coarse or gross; she has a delightfully feminine way of shutting her eyes to what she did not care to see. She could spiritualise the most difficult position. Something of this is personal temperament and something is to be attributed to the influences of transcendentalism. Throughout the literary expression of the book there is the note of an inspiration that rings strangely to-day.

One instance of her peculiar cult of love is shown in her observation on Dante, Petrarch and Michel Angelo:

Michel Angelo alone was true to his idea of love, even when he could not hope the possession of its object. His love always soars; it is a stairway to the heavens.

And again:

Dante has made a record which corresponds in some degree with my intuitions, . . . for he loved from afar and never entered into the most intimate relations.

Another instance is found in her *Memoirs* on having interviewed George Sand. Here her peculiar myopic vision is revealed, together with a somewhat surprising insight:

She has bravely acted out her nature, and always with good intentions. She might have loved one man permanently if she could have found one contemporary with her who could interest and command her throughout her range; but there was hardly a possibility of that for such a person. . . . Also, there may have been something of the Bacchante in her life. . . . But she was never coarse, never gross, and I am sure her generous heart has not failed to draw some rich drops from every kind of wine-press.

There is also a peculiar dual strain, an ostrich-like burying of the head in the sand, in a woman who could write those love-letters, and the stirring revelations of the *Memoirs,* and yet after her marriage pen this:

As to marriage, I think the intercourse of heart and mind may be fully enjoyed without entering into this partnership of daily life.

It is inevitable in the face of the publication of the *Love-Letters* that the question will be asked, Is it worth while? I am convinced that the writer would never have given her permission. There is in her *Memoirs* a criticism of Goethe's Bettina that is significant:

I do not like Bettina for publishing her heart. . . . I think these veins of gold should pass in secret through the earth, inaccessible to all who will not take the trouble to mine for them.

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There is also a touching bit of confidence in one of her letters:

> You will understand my song, but you will not translate it into language too human.

In another letter there is a confession which, in the light of its publication, bears distinct pathos:

> And forgive, should my letters be somewhat reserved. I am afraid it will make me timid that my letters must go so far and through so many hands. When they only went by the little foot page, a street or two, and I could presently add with lips and eyes all that was wanting to explain them, I had more courage than I can have this way.

Now that lips and eyes are forever stilled, does there not seem almost a sacrilege in letting these outpourings of her full heart pass through the hands of the public? Indeed, in one of her letters she specifically commanded that all should be burned:

> "They have been like manna," she continues, "possible to use for food in their day, but they are not immortal. Let them perish."

Yet one may be consoled by the thought that this reserve, this dislike of revealing her emotional life, was characteristic of an unmarried woman; and that after attaining wifehood and motherhood a great deal of this reluctance would disappear. In any case, the *Love-Letters* will turn people to the real treasure-house—*The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller;* and thus, in leading to a more sympathetic understanding of the woman, they will be justified, even if somewhat vicariously.

And if the woman, Margaret Fuller, comes at last to a sympathetic understanding?

After the birth of her son she wrote this to her mother:

> In earlier days I dreamed of doing and being much, but now am content with the Magdalen to rest my plea hereon, *"She has loved much."*

How many thus sum her up, "She has *loved* much?" Has she not thus far been remembered rather as one who *thought* much? But to me she has long stood for the Tragedy of Womanhood which lies in the enforced choice of either emotional or intellectual expression. To few women comes the full, free expression of both. There are women to whom this is indeed no tragedy; there are women to whom the intellectual life means all; there are women to whom the emotional life means all; there are women to whom both the intellectual and the emotional life are alike necessary. In such are planted the seeds of tragedy—and of the queendom of such were Sonya Kovalefska and Margaret Fuller.

And since all came finally to Margaret Fuller, abandonment, motherhood, supreme sacrifice, why should one hesitate to unveil the suffering of her early life? To me her letter to James Freeman Clarke, written in her twentieth year, is one of the saddest letters ever penned by hand of woman. Remember, she was surrounded to an exceptional degree by admiring friends of both sexes; her power of understanding others, of helping them assert their better selves, of awakening and preserving confidences was by all acclaimed as little short of miraculous. Emerson, Clarke, Channing, her biographers, one and all have spoken of her supreme perfectness as a friend. They tell of confidences suddenly poured out alike by friend and stranger, by cultured and ignorant, and of the never-failing response. Clarke has evidently surprised her into self-revelation by a request for *her* confidence in exchange for his. Cannot one read between the lines the depth of pain that has caused this cry to well forth?

> Ten minutes before I received your note I scarcely thought that anything again would make my stifled heart throb so warm a pulse of pleasure. Excuse my cold doubts—you will when I tell you that this experiment has before had such uniform results; those who professed to seek my friendship . . . have always contented themselves with that inequality in the connection which I have never striven to veil. Indeed, I have thought myself more valued and better beloved because the sympathy, the interest, were all on my side. True! such regard could never gratify my affections, since it was paid, not to myself, but to the need they had of me; still, it was dear and pleasing . . . and I cannot see that there is anything else for me to do on earth. And I should re-

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joice to cultivate generosity, since (see that *since*) affections gentler and more sympathetic are denied me.

That Clarke did not sound the emotional depths of her complex nature is shown by his annotation that "she needed a friend to whom to speak of her studies, to whom to express the ideas which were dawning and taking shape in her mind."

To one who rightly reads, surely her need was something other than "a friend to whom to speak of her studies." Alas!

Here she is, ten years later, sitting with friends about her who cherished her deeply, and who doubtless thought her a woman completely enriched by their affection, yet she writes in her journal:

There was no warmth for me on all those altars. Their natures seemed deep, yet there was not one from whom I could draw the living fountain. I could only cheat the hour with them, prize, admire or pity. It was sad; yet who would have seen sadness in me?

And here she mourns—of course, this is all before her marriage:

. . . that I never should have a thorough experience of life, never know the full riches of my being . . . that I was always to return to myself, to be my own priest, parent, child, husband and wife.

And this wish, drawn from the bitterness of her heart:

Could but love, like knowledge, be its own reward!

Again and again throughout the pages of the *Memoirs* we find the consciousness that, save in full emotional experience, she cannot, even as to her intellect, come fully into her own. In one of her weirdly passionate apostrophes to Beethoven, her "only friend," she permits herself an outcry:

Why is it not thus with me? Is it because, as a woman, I am bound by a physical law which prevents the soul from manifesting itself? Sometimes the moon seems mockingly to say so—to say that I, too, shall not shine unless I can find a sun. Oh, cold and barren moon, tell a different tale!

This likening of herself to the moon is a comparison often on her pen. We find it again in her poem "To the Moon," which appears in full in the *Love-Letters* (with the significant change of a pronoun):

But if I steadfast gaze upon thy face,
A human secret, like my own, I trace;
For through the woman's smile looks the male eye.

In the *Love-Letters* also comes this significant passage:

Psyche was but a mortal woman, yet as the bride of Love she became a daughter of the gods, too."

So it makes us content—those that cherish her memory—that she, too, should have become a daughter of the gods—the bride of Love. It all came to her in the end, let us never forget that. And although the happiness came to her together with deepest anguish of mind, yet for a brief respite at least it came with peace. And the end had more in it than the fact that she died, as she always wished to die, together with her loved ones. We have the blessed certain knowledge that she would not have had it otherwise. Even had she been offered the vision of Cassandra, she would have lifted bravely to her lips both the cup of joy and the hemlock-dealing chalice.

Did she not write to her lover when suffering in their secret relation:

The violet cannot wish to be again imprisoned in the sod, because she may be trampled on by some rude foot.

And in the *Memoirs* there appears a poem that meant much to her. May we not regard it as an irrefutable acceptance of her fate?

For once let me press firm my lips upon the moment's brow,
For once let me distinctly feel I am all happy now.
* * * * *
. . . and to its latest breath
My own shall answer. Having lived, I shrink not now from death.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

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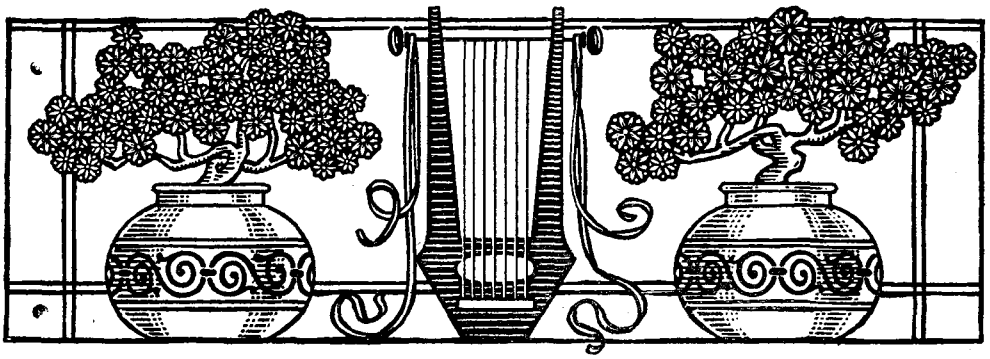

NINE BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

Mr Chesterton's "Browning."*

Before his essay on Browning appeared certain of Mr. Chesterton's readers (and they were those who liked him the most) had become a little anxious about him. Those energetic paragraphs of his, largely quoted in the newspapers, were beginning to seem a little too athletic for the thought behind them, and sometimes insisted on matters that might as well be taken for granted. He had formed habits of emphasis which he could not break, and every now and then would thrust on you some old familiar truth with an air of discovery. It is the danger of the literary temperament, especially in the thumping days of youth, that it makes such a virtue of egregiousness, and performs all manner of acrobatic feats where walking would better serve its turn. Tell a young writer he is astonishing, and the chances are that he will aim to electrify in every line and count that day lost when the gentle reader does not jump at him. Call him brilliant and he will set his teeth and hew an epigram, no matter how foolish he feels at the time. Authors are forever getting out of order in their effort to do by sheer force of will what they have hitherto done spontaneously, and Mr. Chesterton's essays when they lost their pleasant, impulsive air lost the main source of their attractiveness. For his is a personal kind of writing, wherein a man pleases others in proportion as he pleases himself, and if his own appetite falls off, so does that of his readers. Essay-writing is something more than the coining of smart phrases in cold blood, and in literary matters it is never worth while to seem any wiser than you really feel. There have been signs of late that Mr. Chesterton's literary style was living beyond its income.

But for a man in that state the study of Browning is the best remedy in the world, and it has cured Mr. Chesterton. The more one reads of Browning, the more certain it is that he wrote mainly for his personal relief, without regard to other people's feelings or processes of thought.

> Well, British Public, ye who like me not
> (God love you!)——

Some say he so disliked the usual man that he tried to hide from him. Mr. Chesterton's theory is that he thought the usual man was like himself—that "his sagacious destiny, while giving him knowledge of everything else, left him in ignorance of the ignorance of the world."

"A man who is intellectually vain," he adds, "*does not make himself incomprehensible*, because he is so enormously impressed with the difference between his readers' intelligence and his own that he talks down to them with elaborate repetition and lucidity. . . . But a young man of genius who has a genuine humility in his heart does not elaborately explain his discoveries, because he does not think they are discoveries. He thinks that the whole street is humming with his ideas, and that the postman and the tailor are poets like himself.

*Robert Browning, in English Men of Letters Series. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1903.

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Browning's impenetrable poetry was the natural expression of this beautiful optimism. *Sordello* was the most glorious compliment that has ever been paid to the average man."

It is more likely that he never thought of the matter at all. He was vastly pleased with what was going on in his head, and he said to himself, "Out with it," and very often, as Mr. Chesterton elsewhere says, it came out tail foremost. He was quite careless of the average mind; he would as lief wreck it. He was careless of anybody else's mind, so bent was he on indulging his own. His question was not, What will you have? but What do I feel like doing? and readers had to take their chances, some to give him up as too deep, and others to beat their brains for inner meanings where there were none. He liked life so well that he prized its most vapid moments and expressed his mind at its best and at its worst, wrote sometimes as other men drum on window-panes, catalogued a lot of objects he liked the look of, relaxed in verse, ate in it, sometimes slept in it, used it, in short, for so many strange little personal purposes, that reading it sometimes seems an intrusion. Hence, he is quite as much a puzzle to the too thoughtful as he is to those who prefer not to think, for a great man's nonsense is sure to drive his commentators mad looking for a message. Browning differed from others not so much in the greatness of his mind as in the fact that he showed more of it. He seems obscure sometimes because people are unprepared for that degree of confidence. Then, there are certain preconceived notions as to the limits of literature, an expectation of large, plain things, of truth with a door-knob, of smooth, symmetrical thoughts, not at all in the shape they come to the mind, but neatly trimmed for others to see when they leave it. No living man understands Browning; but for that matter, few men understand their wives. It is not fatal to enjoyment. People who are perfectly clear to each other are simply keeping things back. Any man would be a mystery if you could see him from the inside, and Browning puzzles us chiefly because we are not accustomed to seeing a mind exposed to view. It is the man's presence, not his message, that we care for in these books; his zest for everything, his best foot and his worst foot, his deepest feelings and his foolishness, and the tag-ends of his dreams. They are not the greatest poems in the world, but there was the greatest pleasure in the making of them. It is just the place for a writer to go and forget his minor literary duties, the sense of his demanding public, the obligation of the shining phrase, the need of making editorial cats jump, the standing orders for a *jeu d'esprit;* and Mr. Chesterton, with unfailing instinct, has gone there and been restored.

It is the heartiest and most delightful essay that has appeared these many years. It is the record of his own experience, which most criticism is not, and even when you disagree with him you know he could not have put it differently and told his truth. One may not accept, for instance, this distinction between Browning's and Meredith's respective obscurities, but he will hardly deny the writer's keenness or ingenuousness:

The works of George Meredith are, as it were, obscure even when we know what they mean. They deal with nameless emotions, fugitive sensations, subconscious certainties and uncertainties, and it really requires a somewhat curious and unfamiliar mode of speech to indicate the presence of these. But the great part of Browning's actual sentiments, and almost all the finest and most literary of them, are perfectly plain, popular and eternal sentiments. Meredith is really a singer producing strange notes and cadences difficult to follow because of the delicate rhythm of the song he sings. Browning is simply a great demagogue, with an impediment in his speech. . . . If Browning and George Meredith were each describing the same act, they might both be obscure, but their obscurities would be entirely different. Suppose, for instance, they were describing so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. Meredith's description would refer to something which an ordinary observer would not see, or at least could not describe. It might be a sudden sense of anarchy in the brain of the assaulter, or a stupefaction and stunned serenity in that of the object of the assault. He might write: "Wainwood's 'Men vary in veracity,' brought the baronet's arm up. He felt the doors of his brain burst, and Wainwood a swift rushing of himself through air accompanied with a clarity of the annihilated." Mere-

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dith, in other words, would speak queerly because he was describing queer mental experiences. But Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run:

"What then? 'You lie' and doormat below
stairs
Takes bump from back."

This is not subtlety, but merely a kind of insane swiftness. Browning is not, like Meredith, anxious to pause and examine the sensations of the combatants, nor does he become obscure through this anxiety. He is only so anxious to get his man to the bottom of the stairs quickly that he leaves out about half the story.

And so it goes. There is hardly a

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From a curious painting in possession of the Authors' Club of New York.

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passage in the book that does not show the author's qualities at their best—not a touch of perfunctoriness or of the buck-fever common to those who behold genius—an intimate and cordial piece of work of a mind stimulated to good things on its own account by the qualities of what it feeds on.

F. M. Colby.

II.

Dr. Dwight's "Memories of Yale Life and Men."*

Dr. Dwight has employed his leisure since resigning the presidency of Yale, in calling up before another generation the now almost forgotten worthies of the college faculty during his time, and bestowing upon them most profuse and unlimited panegyric. A man of the most genial nature himself, he has seen the friends of his youth through rose-coloured glasses. A body of commonplace scholars which has left scarcely a trace on the history of its time, and whose methods of teaching were reminiscent of the eighteenth century, were each "the most learned, most gifted, most remarkable men of their day." Robert Bakewell, for example, whose name has long since passed into oblivion, was not only a remarkable scholar, but "a man of cultured manners, of very sweet and kindly disposition, of gentle and charming nature, of transparent purity of character, of the most sincere and simple Christian faith." In giving us *resumés* of the lives of these almost forgotten worthies, Doctor Dwight is unable to point out any noteworthy results of their scholastic work, no book that has shown novelty or originality, no hint that they were even abreast of their own times in science or thought. To read the good doctor's quaint catalogue descriptions of their mental traits, one would suppose these ministerial teachers of youth really lived prior to the Revolution. Theologically, many of them really were as unenlightened, narrow, and dogmatic as Jonathan Edwards. As late as 1872, we remember that they were accustomed to entertain their restless (compulsory) student congregations with two-hour sermons, morning and afternoon, on the relation of the doctrines of St. Paul with the Pentateuch, or some similar topic.

It is curious that the religious bias should have affected the earlier methods of teaching as it did. That it prevented any allusion to Herbert Spencer, to Darwin, to Huxley, or to any progressive spirit, might well be understood; that it looked askance at latitudinarianism, that it prevented the acquisition to the faculty of bright, but irreligious minds, that it frowned on the discussion of vital questions, might also be easily believed; but that it preserved far into the nineteenth century (indeed, up to the last quarter of it) the old schoolmaster idea of discipline and instruction, seems difficult for us to accept. In a way, the history of Yale students is allied to the history of the English people. Slowly, from precedent to precedent, their liberties and opportunities have broadened down. Student life in the forties consisted of real hardships, mental and physical. Dr. Dwight, when a student in '45, rose about 4.30 A.M., attended prayers in a cold chapel at five A.M., then recited for an hour (that is to say, was examined, for all his instructor ever said was, "Proceed" and "Sufficient"). He was then obliged to eat breakfast in commons, where the college provided food not always of an agreeable quality. Any dereliction from duty by a student was punished by a "removal from the precincts of the college." Expulsions were common. There seemed to be no mild punishments. Each student must be in his room at study each evening, and at chapel nearly all of Sunday. Tutors paraded the college campus like policemen. The college was like a barracks. The faculty was all in all, and the student had no choice of study, or religion, or mode of life. By insisting on their inherited doctrine *in loco parentis* and playing the part of police and detective, with little seeming interest in their true calling—instruction—the faculty held themselves aloof, and superior to the students, and were, in consequence, well hated. Slowly and by degrees all this has been changed, electives have come for each year, and the student

*Memories of Yale Life and Men. 1845-1899. By Timothy Dwight. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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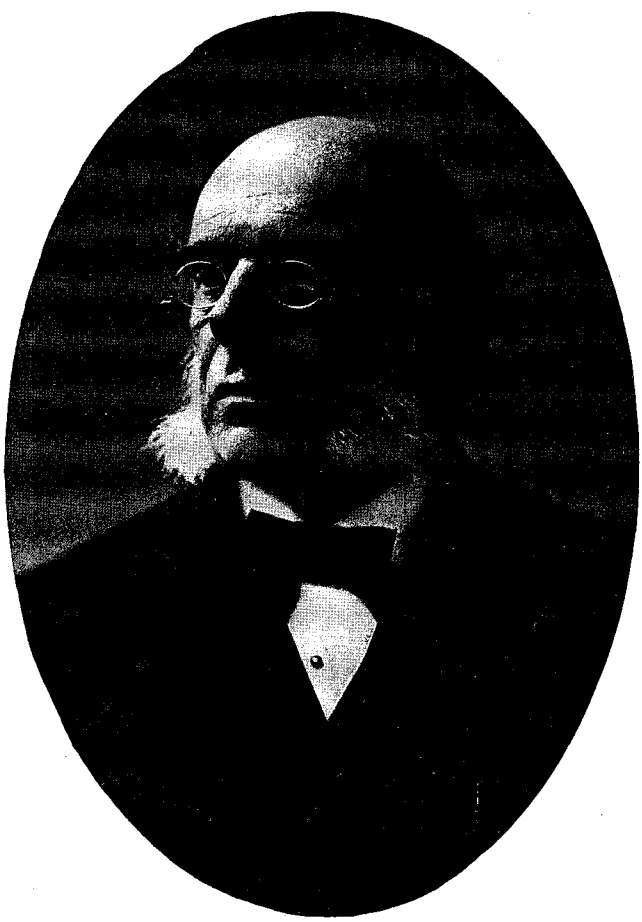
can now choose his own study. The student may live as he pleases, in college or out, and he may believe or disbelieve in the Gospels, as he sees fit. Members of the faculty are not now necessarily ministers or theologians, nor do they police the college as in the old days when Professor Thacher, hearing a disturbance, would rush out of his house breathing threatenings and slaughter, and, armed with a heavy cane, quell the rioting and put the students to flight. The world's freshest thought in science and religion is welcomed where once it was barred out as from a monastery. Again, where once a recitation was not intended for instruction but for examination, now genuine elucidation of the subject or text is sought. The New Yale University is as different, it appears, from the old Yale College as the elder century, with its quaintness and its formalities, is from the one that followed. The age of Woolsey, with his severities of religion and discipline; of quaint old Loomis, with his astronomies and arithmetics; of Packard, with his mysterious reputation for "Greek roots," and his cutting sarcasms at the delinquent student's expense of Porter, with his vague, indefinite religious psychology and moral philosophy; of the fiery Dr. Leonard Bacon, his long sermons and his combative pulpit oratory—has passed into oblivion, and a new and better Yale, with its young and ambitious president, presents a new order, and a better and larger ideal.



DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Here and there among the almost for-

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gotten worthies were men who, by their genius, seemed to be in advance of their time and penetrated by a truer ideal of teaching. Professor Hadley and Professor Whitney were of these. They were Yale's greatest scholars and greatest instructors. Some of the older members of the present faculty still living, and hence not remembered in Dr. Dwight's book, may be also mentioned. Professor Sumner was one of these. Professors Wright, Wheeler and Beers are others. It was an inspiring and delightful experience to have sat under one of these in their different departments, but oh! what oases they were, in what a desert of dry examiners! How they shone by contrast! Dr. Dwight may have been, perhaps, just such another—in his classroom, helpful to students, eager to impart knowledge, an enthusiast in his specialty. In his book, he usually has the dry wit and humor of a man not taking himself too seriously—and all the old worthies took themselves so very seriously!

To-day it is the subject to be taught, not the man who teaches. Yesterday it was the man, not the subject. Old Dr. Taylor, of Andover, pounded and roared Greek grammar into his Seniors by day, and chased "wanton youths" (as he called the mischievous Juniors) over the campus at night. The great "Uncle Sam" was deemed a safe guide and pattern for the youth of those days. Parents sent their sons to this scholastic celebrity, or to that famous disciplinarian, or to this remarkably meek and lowly Christian, to get the benefit of his personal influence. Study was of little consequence. We can remember when President Woolsey was known as the Great Disciplinarian of students of his day. His rigid moral and Christian example was in the eyes of our parents far more important than study or learning. Dr. Dwight tells a story of his meeting the Senior class one time. "I understand," said President Woolsey, " that a plan has been formed by the Senior class for a ball to-morrow evening, and that much contention has arisen in the class respecting certain matters connected with it. There will be no ball."

Imagine young President Hadley adopting the tone of that laconic decision! "There will be no ball!" The fiat pronounced, the Seniors slunk away abashed. The great man had, with cutting coldness, annihilated not only their especial ball, but all ideas of a ball forever!

To all the elder generation of Yale men Dr. Dwight's book will be a treat—even if we cannot always agree with his rose-coloured estimates of our teachers in the days of our youth. Good men they were, the almost forgotten worthies —filled with spiritual grace, if not always especially gifted, carrying the burden of the great University on to the close of the century to the best of their narrow Puritan light, true to its interests as they saw them, honest, fearless and unselfish. Dr. Dwight explains why he became early emancipated from the old "rigour and vigour." He spent the years 1856-58 in Berlin and Bonn, and received impressions from Von Ranke, Michelet, Ritter, Nitzsch and others which lasted him all his life. The old, narrow, provincial spirit which had never appealed to him, never grew to dominate his views—as appeared when, later, he was called to fill the Presidential chair. Dr. Porter ended the old, Dr. Dwight began the new University. Probably no one man had been or ever will be Yale's President at so important a time. Dr. Dwight really helped to save Yale at a threatening period. Harvard, Columbia and the new universities were making rapid strides ahead. President Porter, of the old school, was dreamily hesitating over the new and startling reforms, even combatting some of them when proposed. William Walter Phelps would go on to alumni dinners and inveigh against the old methods of the provincial ministers in faculty and corporation, to deaf ears. Almost every one was indifferent. In 1883-85 came a stagnant period, then suddenly everything changed — without their hardly knowing it, the old school of pædagogy had died. The new Yale was born. Dr. Dwight was its gentle and intelligent *accoucheur*. And from then on Yale has made the fine headway of a healthy child.

At the end of his book the author makes a noble appeal for further aid to Yale in its splendid progress to full development. It is well seen that he, like some of his forgotten worthies, has Yale's best interests unselfishly at heart. When the Oxford delegate to Yale's bicenten-

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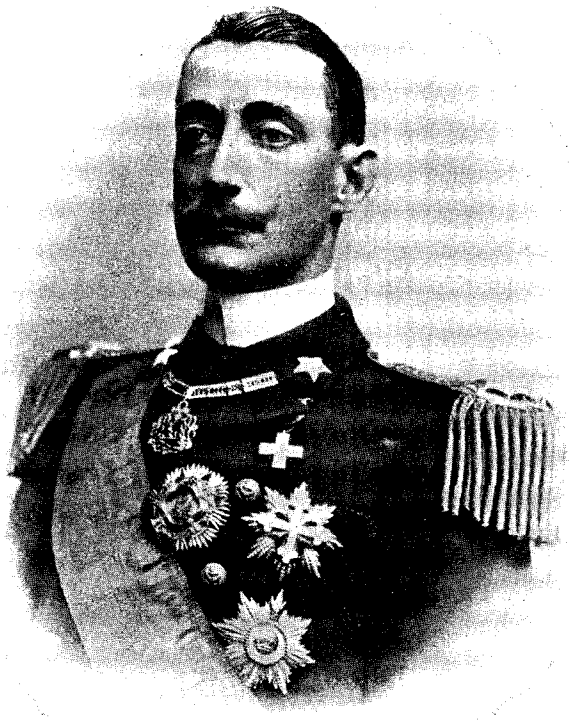
nial sighed as he said that Yale "was full of future glory, and that Oxford's glories were of the past," he meant not only rich endowments, but that he saw far ahead to the time when America, not England or Germany, would be the one to complete the education of the young men of the world. That time, we believe, will be here sooner than many expect. "Ah," the Oxford delegate also said, "America, when it gets aroused, does things so grandly!"

John Seymour Wood.



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI.

III.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI'S "ON THE POLAR STAR."*

It is plain that the Duke of the Abruzzi is not a degenerate scion of the house of Savoy. He is a prince of the royal blood, who is not content with opening fairs or posing as a figurehead in charge of a fleet, or perhaps representing his august relative in foreign countries, holding himself amiable in uncomfortable surroundings and persuading his nation that he has won the sympathies of a difficult people. The prince who does those things plays his part in world politics, and we admire him for it. But, after all, the qualities required for such a career are a certain evenness of temper and a certain knowledge of the gossip of nations; and at present in this country what we admire more is a man's ability to cut out a career for himself. The Duke of the Abruzzi has made a personal career, and it will be remembered by historians long after the career of our royal guest from Germany has disappeared in libraries. The Duke of the Abruzzi came to America and climbed Mount St. Elias. Several persons had tried to do that, including an eminent American arctic explorer whose name is honoured among the searchers for the remains of

*On the Polar Star. By the Duke of the Abruzzi. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Sir John Franklin. He turned back on the lower slopes of the mountain, but the Duke of the Abruzzi and his party won easily to the top, and it was not good luck, but the good judgment of the leader, that brought them there.

Good judgment is not so remarkable in a leader. It might not be noticeable in the case of a commander who was not a prince; but on the one hand, it is an interesting characteristic to note, because in America we do not expect much of princes, and on the other because such a display of energy, and especially of forethought, shows that the Duke of the Abruzzi is worthy of a place beside the best of explorers, and that means a good deal. Perhaps there is only one other arctic explorer living to-day who combines the qualities of foresight and energy in such a degree as to deserve a place in the first rank, and that man is Dr. Nansen. In his arctic work the Duke of the Abruzzi has shown the same characteristics that he showed in his ascent of Mount St. Elias—foresight, system and energy; and this seems somehow unexpected in an Italian arctic explorer, for it has been something like three centuries since Italians had any concern with the arctic regions at all. To be sure, it was in rivalry with Italians that the modern desire for arctic exploration had its foundation. Familiarity with the arctic regions grew directly from the commercial necessity of the English and the Dutch to find a passage to the far East which should supersede the trade route that was dominated, so far as Europe was concerned, by Venice and Naples. In the sixteenth century the English and Dutch caught the North Pole fever, and the northern nations, including the Americans, have inherited the disease. It has passed through the phases of desire to make trade and desire for glory combined, and desire for information in branches of science and desire for glory disguised under the pretext of a search for scientific information, and desire for glory not disguised at all, the latest manifestation.

The Duke of the Abruzzi went to the North with the undisguised motive of reaching the North Pole. There is probably no value that can be counted in dollars and cents to be derived from reaching the North Pole. Except for the purposes of geographers, there is to be obtained by the leader who shall push to the most northern spot in the world very little information which cannot be gathered further south; but he who shall attain that spot will win plenty of glory. And the man who makes the nearest approach to the pole achieves a minor glory which lasts until some one surpasses him. This glory the Duke of the Abruzzi may call his own. He has entered the race for the pole and has come out more than thirty minutes of latitude ahead of any competitor. He has also shown courage in entering the field of arctic literature, and as a matter of fact, to gain honourable footing in that is in its way almost as difficult to to be distinguished in the field of arctic exploration, for perhaps no quarter of the globe, not even Africa, has been so admirably and exhaustively described as have been the arctic regions. The Duke of the Abruzzi has told his tale in a simple and straightforward way. He is not half a poet, as Nansen is, nor has he the literary tendencies which inspired Kane and Hayes to write attractive descriptions of scenery. Apparently he is not a sportsman as Jackson is. It is interesting, by the way, to compare his book with the work of Jackson, who was one of his predecessors in Franz Josef Land. In Jackson's book there is a very good description of the birds and the flowers and the animals that are to be found in the Franz Josef archipelago. In *On the Polar Star* there is nothing of this; the Duke of the Abruzzi meant to get to the North Pole if he could, and his thoughts were occupied with measures to reach his goal and at the same time to keep his party safe. He did not succeed in doing either. He had the courage not to join the sledge party himself. He had lost some fingers by frostbite, and his hand was in a condition which might have hampered the party dangerously. His expedition did not reach the pole. But it made a record which is thus far the best which has been achieved. Although three men were lost, apparently that was due to no lack of caution on the leader's part. His story of his expedition is told partly in the form of his own diary, partly in the form of the narratives by Captain Cagni, who commanded the party which reached the farthest north, and Dr. Molinelli, the

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leader of the second detachment of the supporting party. All these stories inspire the thrill that stories of imminent peril and courage in surmounting it always inspire, and they have the strength that comes of a simple manner of narration. The writers are more reserved than one expects Italians to be; nevertheless the anxiety of the leader during the absence of the sledge parties is so evident that it keeps the readers in suspense from page to page. The experiences of leaders of the sledge parties suggest the experiences of Dr. Nansen in the same region. The only scientific reports are that of the doctor, which throws no new light on arctic practice, and those dealing with equipment, which are very elaborately worked out and cannot fail to be of the utmost value to explorers. It is interesting to note that among the articles of equipment for the sledge trip was butter, which previously had not been reckoned of service in arctic sledge trips, but apparently proved valuable to the Italians. There is a queer atmosphere of *naïveté* in the book; the fact that this is the first Italian expedition to the North, that Italians are not used to arctic exploration, is clearly discernible between the lines. The leader has prefaced his work with a short summary of arctic history, and it is a curious fact that he seems to have but little knowledge of American achievements in the Arctic with the exception of those accomplished by the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition. His equipment, too, does not include the devices of recent American explorers, but mainly those of the Nares expedition, of Greeley and of Nansen. The story is translated into excellent English by William Le Queux, and is admirably bound and printed. The illustrations, many of which are photogravures, are excellent.

Albert White Vorse.

IV.

Octave Mirbeau's "Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires."*

Since Balzac died there have been a number of notable types of the financier, the *brasseur d'affaire,* in French fiction and in French drama. For example, the pathetic Nabob of Daudet's novel, the infamous Saccard of Zola's *L'Argent,* Feuillet's Montjoye and M. Poirier of Augier's delightful comedy. But the French critics in their estimates of Octave Mirbeau's *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires,* which was presented for the first time at the Comédie Française on the evening of the 20th of April, and of which all literary and artistic Paris has since been talking, have overlooked these later financiers, and for prototypes of Isidore Lechat have gone back to Mercadat and Crevel of *La Cousine Bette* and the Baron de Nucingen, the son-in-law of Père Goriot. This is not difficult to understand, because Lechat, despite his distinctly modern environment, is a type essentially Balzacian. He was such a man as Balzac described in his novels and would like to have shown on the stage. Lechat is a man who has sprung up from nothing, and who by force of his relentless energy and industrial genius has become a dominant power in the financial world. The means employed have been far from scrupulous: he has cheated his creditors once or twice, he has driven business associates to suicide, but to those who reproach him he replies that in business, as in politics, the end justifies the means, and great things cannot be accomplished if one is over-squeamish about soiling one's hands. To him, as to Balzac's financiers, great enterprises represent not only a means to augment his fortune, they furnish him also with the excitement for which he craves and which gives an outlet to his infinite and noisy energies. In one respect he resembles Augier's M. Poirier. Like Poirier, the one weak point in Lechat's armour, the point by which he is often made ridiculous, is his innate snobbery. He goes about loudly protesting his allegiance to the people, but each protestation is quickly contradicted by some act, and in the manner in which M. Mirbeau has handled these contrasts one might trace a distinct resemblance to certain passages in *Le Gendre de M. Poirier.*

Throughout the play Lechat occupies the centre of the stage, but grouped about him are a number of very clearly drawn characters. Of his immediate family there are his wife, his son and his daughter. The wife is a colourless, rather ill-natured woman, who has been dulled and cowed by her husband's great wealth and who clings avariciously to the

*Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires. Comédie en Trois Actes. Par Octave Mirbeau. Paris: Charpentier et Fasquelle.

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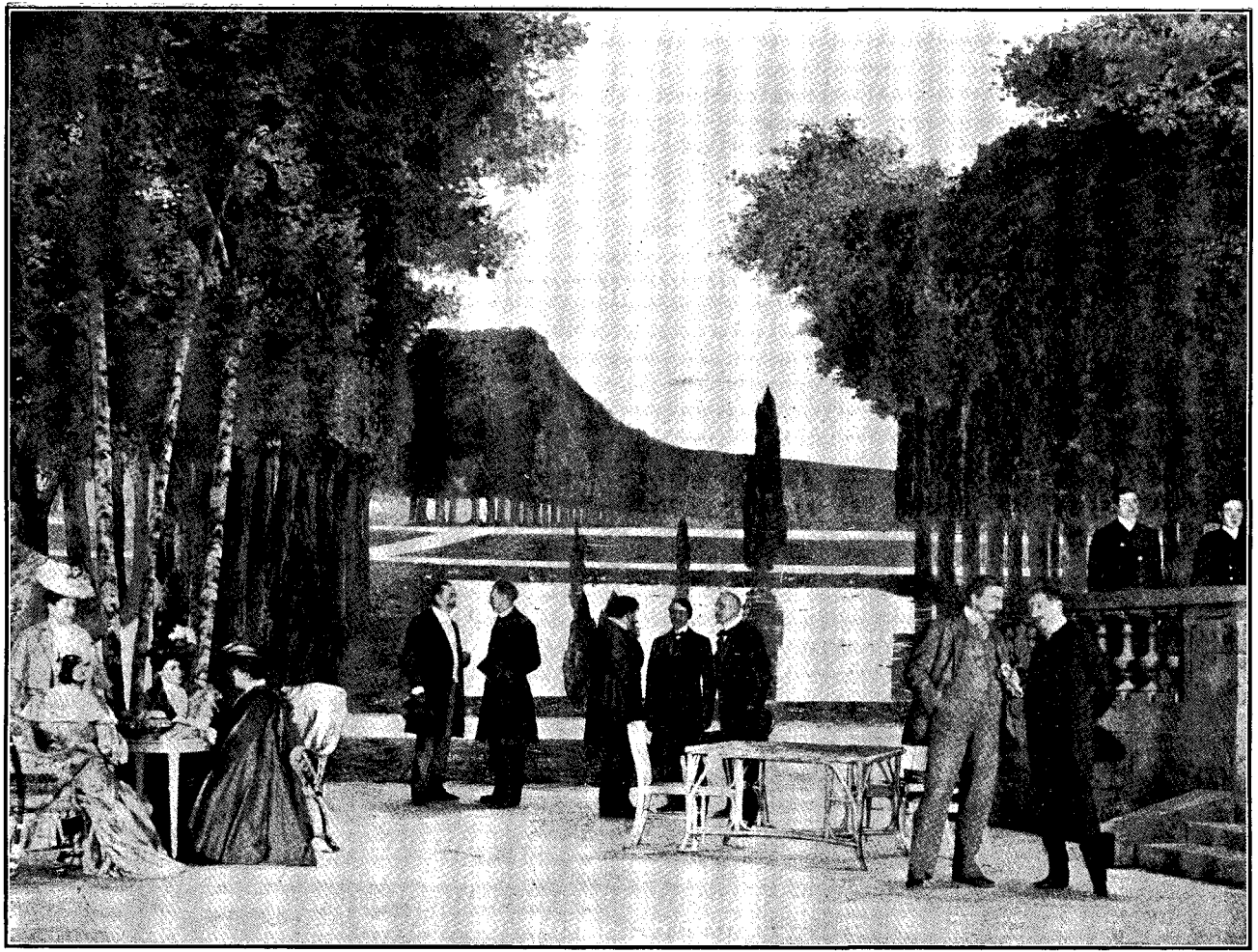

"LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES." THE DRAMATIC SUCCESS OF THE YEAR AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE. ACT I.

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economical ideas of her bourgeois early life. The daughter, Germaine, by no means an amiable character, represents the revolt of a stubborn and imperious mind against another equally stubborn and imperious. She has never loved her father as a child; as a woman she has come almost to hate him. All her life the idea of business has been constantly before her, until she has learned to loathe and despise the word. The son, Xavier, is not only intensely Parisian, he is a type which belongs distinctively to the Paris of the last ten or twelve years. "He is *de l'épatant,*" says his father, describing him, and this word, which is so hard to translate and which is such an addition to the French language, sums him up exactly. Xavier owns a yacht, a racing stable and a fifty thousand-franc automobile, which he drives along at an insane speed. He loses money to dukes at the gaming table. He plunges into all sorts of excesses, all of which his father not only condones but regards with positive admiration, since it is such a splendid advertisement for his own wealth and business.

The first act shows the gardens of the château de Vauperdu, a princely domain which Lechat has acquired bit by bit and of which he is immensely proud. In the first few minutes we listen to the conversation between Madame Lechat and Germaine, learn something of their dispositions and realise how strong is the spirit of discontent in the family. An old gardener enters. He has been discharged and has come to say good-bye, and his distress gives us an insight into the cruel and unfeeling use to which Lechat likes to put his power. The next person to come upon the stage is Lucien Garraud, a young chemist whom Lechat has employed for the purpose of assisting him in some utterly ridiculous agricultural discovery. Garraud is Germaine's lover, the one in whose arms she has flung herself, partly through affection and partly through her revulsion against her father and her surroundings. Then voices are heard in the distance, there are loud shouts of "Vive Isidore Lechat! Vive le Citoyen Isidore Lechat!" and the financier, throwing copper and silver right and left to his noisy acclaimers, appears upon the stage accompanied by Phinck and Gruggh, two scamps who have come with him from Paris for the purpose of outwitting him in a business deal. From the instant of his appearance on the stage Lechat, with his volubility, his gesticulation, his energy, sweeps everything before him. He talks about his campaign and his newspaper, the *Petit Tricolore.* Although he hardly knows their names, he begins to *"tutover"* Phinck and Gruggh, for an assumption of jovial informality is a phase of his cunning. He introduces his wife, "Madame Lechat," and "my daughter, Mademoiselle Germaine Isidore Lechat. . . . A fine match. Ah! ah! Hot-headed sometimes—but good-hearted, like her father—and an intellectuelle, if you please—the disease of the day. Ask for the disease of the day—broken-down marquises and penniless princes need not risk seasickness to find a great dot (pointing toward his daughter)—America at home. "Ah! ah!" From his daughter Lechat turns to the subject of his son. "What, you don't know him? But he is very well known—they speak only of him in the sporting newspapers—he has a racing stable—a yacht—a fifty-thousand-franc automobile—friends in the highest society—the prettiest actresses of Paris—he is only twenty-one and he has already figured in two or three extremely chic scandals—he is *de l'épatant.*" Then he rushes on to the subject of his trotters, "twenty-eight thousand francs, *Mon Dieu!*" and with them he has just crushed two sheep and overturned a cow and her calf. Then it is of his fifty million francs that he talks and of his estate. With the same breath in which he expresses his republican sentiments he asks his guests whether they would prefer the Louis XV. room or the Henry II. room or the Louis XIII. room or the Louis XVI. room. "There are in my château as many rooms as there are kings in the history of France. An idea, is it not?" In this first appearance Mirbeau puts before you every phase of his hero's colossal egotism and vanity. That he is also cruel you see in his demeanour toward his steward, a broken-down nobleman, whom he delights in humiliating upon every opportunity. The purpose of this first act is simply to bring before you the people of the play. When the curtain falls after all these buffooneries Phinck and Gruggh are convinced that they have a ninny to deal with.

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That they have figured without their host is shown late in the second act. Meanwhile, Germaine and Lucien have had a meeting in which she has bared to him her soul and urged an elopement. Lucien agrees, urging only that the elopement be postponed for a little time. The three-cornered game between Lechat, Gruggh and Phinck shows admirably the resources of the cunning old financier. Isidore shows them his portrait, calls for wine and cigars, throws himself into an arm-chair and bids them begin the account of their scheme. No literature, no oratory, he says, simply facts. In vain they try to gull him by dwelling eloquently on the great industrial movements of Europe, on patriotism, on the immensity of their plan. Lechat, by his brutality, his force, brings them back always to the point, baffles them at every turn, and when the interview is at an end has wrung from them information which not only they had no intention of divulging, but which places them absolutely in his power. The act ends with a conversation between Isidore and Xavier, who has come in dressed in the costume of an automobilist and coldly presented two fingers to his father's handshake. Xavier wants two hundred thousand francs with which to pay a debt of honour. He has been at Ostend, gambling with a duke, and on hearing this Lechat is instantly appeased and makes out the cheque. As the curtain goes down father and son are playfully twitting each other about exploits in the *coulisses* of the Paris theatres.

Act III. opens with the same characters on the stage. The father, in return for his generosity, demands that his son shall through social means exact certain information and obtain certain influences. There is an ominous note in their parting words:

ISIDORE. A la bonne heure. . . . Embrasse-moi. . . . (Ils s'embrassent.) . . . Et ta machine? . . . Toujours content?

XAVIER. Épatante. . . .

ISIDORE. Sois prudent . . . mon garçon. . . . Pas trop de vitesse. . . .

XAVIER. Peuh! Du cinquante-cinq à l'heure.

ISIDORE. C'est trop. . . . Ah! je n'aime pas ces mécaniques-là. . . . Pense à embrasser tout de même ta mère et ta sœur, avant de partir. . . .

Adjoining the estate of Lechat is that of the Marquis de Porcellet, who is already indebted to the financier to the extent of 130,000 francs. The Marquis comes to ask for an additional loan, and Isidore, who has always coveted the adjoining property, suggests a marriage between his visitor's son and Germaine. With rough force and insidious logic Lechat overrules all the other's objections. Madame Lechat and her daughter are called, and formally, with the accents of a tortured man, the Marquis demands the hand of Germaine. To the frenzied astonishment of Lechat, his daughter refuses. "I am not free," and, finally, "I have a lover." The scene which ensues is terrible. Lechat rushes about bullying, cursing, threatening, but to no avail. The Marquis withdraws furious, thinking that he has been a dupe. Lechat, half-mad, would strike his daughter did not the mother intervene. Lucien appears, is driven away, and after bidding farewell to her mother, Germaine follows him. But Lechat's misfortunes are by no means at an end. The steward rushes in announcing the death of Xavier, who, while driving his automobile at a frightful speed, has been dashed to pieces against the wall of a café. At first Isidore does not comprehend, but when the truth dawns on him he springs upon the steward until the man calls out in terror. Even now they are bringing Xavier's body in, and this is the moment that Phinck and Gruggh have seized to force their scheme upon him. With hypocritical expressions of condolence they thrust the papers into his hands to sign, thinking that in his great affliction he will fall an easy victim. But *les affaires sont les affaires* and the marvellous animal power of Lechat asserts itself. "You are canaille, you are villains! Write!" And standing over them, he bends them to his will, forcing them to place everything in the absolute control of Isidore Lechat and abandoning to him all rights and power. Then, when their signatures have been affixed he reads the papers carefully, places them in his pocket and goes out of the room.

It has been hinted by some that the character of Isidore Lechat was drawn from Lebaudy, the father of the unfortunate Max Lebaudy, the Little Sugarman, whose muddled affairs were so thor-

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oughly aired a few years ago in the French court. Others have claimed that the name Isidore had a racial significance, and that for Lechat one should read Katzenstein. But whether there is a key or not to the play is of no great importance. M. Mirbeau has produced a work which, by its realism, has not only held Paris audiences spellbound when interpreted on the stage of the Comédie Française, but which, when read over calmly in book form, impresses us as being a very important piece of contemporary literature. Time alone will tell whether *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires* is to take its place in the repertory of great French plays. But it is unquestionably one of the great plays of a decade.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V.

Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four."*

There are many worthy people who cherish the delusion that the figures marked upon examination books are a fair estimate of the practical good which a student is obtaining from his college course, and that his precise standing in the graduating class is a reliable gauge of his future chances of success or failure. They are not aware that they are judging life from the standpoint of that venerable, but somewhat misleading, fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise;" and because some of the human hares have loitered by the wayside, and some of the human tortoises, dull, plodding and industrious, have come in ahead, they take the result as a measure of relative speed throughout life. The undergraduate world makes no such blunders. In every class there are certain students who are recognised as born leaders. In class politics, in athletics, in college journalism, in all that gives undergraduate life cohesion and unity, they come to the front. In the older New England universities they belong largely to that number whose fathers and grandfathers before them were prominent in the social life of their class, and whose family names figure prominently in the pages of early American history. To such as these, a four-years' course at Yale or Harvard is enveloped in a maze of traditions undreamed of by the stranger and the alien. The University is not only a seat of learning from which the maximum of knowledge must be extracted at a definite rate per day; it is a miniature world in which they are to find their level, just as they will find it later in the bigger world; and they are quite as much interested in finding out what their fellow-classmates think of them as they are in winning the approval of the dean and faculty. And in the long run, the verdict of the undergraduate world is not greatly at variance with that of the world at large.

In view of the joyously irresponsible mood of Mr. Wister's little sketch of college life, the foregoing rather ponderous digression seems absurdly out of place. And yet it was a necessary digression, in order to make the average reader recognise that *Philosophy Four* really does point a moral—although a rather topsy-turvy moral, after all—as well as reflect undergraduate life with such fidelity that no Harvard graduate of twenty years' standing can read it without experiencing successive waves of nostalgia. He projects us at once into the sultry atmosphere of examination week, with all its unforgotten sights and sounds and odours—the fragrance of early June flowers wafted in at the windows, the lazy droning of ponderous beetles, blundering into the student lamps, the distant singing of the Glee Club borne in from the steps of a dormitory across the yard. Within the room two anxious, perspiring students, Bertie and Billy, are being prepared for an imminent examination in Philosophy Four by a fellow classmate, Oscar Maironi, at the exorbitant sum of five dollars an hour. Bertie and Billy are of the type of the grasshopper in La Fontaine's familiar fable; throughout the season of plenty they have played and sung, oblivious of fate approaching in the form of the Greek philosopher; but suddenly the very names of Aristotle and Plato and Epicharmos of Cos send cold chills down their backs, and they hastily seek out Maironi, the human ant, and pre-empt a share of his stored-up knowledge.

Now Maironi is a type of student that will be readily recognised. He is the type of the human tortoise, patient, plodding,

*Philosophy Four. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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bound ultimately to attain his goal, because a certain number of forward steps make a foot, and a definite number of feet make a mile. His retentive memory absorbs the words of professorial wisdom after the fashion of a sponge; and when examination day comes, sponge-like he will squeeze it back again, somewhat muddier and somewhat more scanty than when he received it, yet essentially the same and without an added drop of originality. Over the two irresponsible spirits, Billy and Bertie, Oscar labours faithfully, sadly bewildered and somewhat pained by their lack of reverence for the sages of antiquity, understanding only vaguely the rapid fire of their chaff and their slang, but allowing himself no protest beyond a mildly sarcastic reference to their "orriginal rresearch." By seven on Monday evening they have "salted down the early Greek bucks;" by midnight they have "called the turn on Plato;" Tuesday night brings them down to the multiplicity of the ego. The examination is set for Thursday. Accordingly, Wednesday is dedicated to a general survey of the whole subject. As it happens, Wednesday morning dawns bright and clear, a most alluring morning for a wild and irresponsible break for liberty. The open country beyond the Charles calls to them irresistibly. There is, besides, a sort of tradition, that somewhere in the direction of Quincy there is a wonderful old tavern, a mysterious, illusive, will-o'-the-wisp sort of place called the Bird-in-Hand, where marvellous dinners and still more fabulous wines could be obtained if only one could find the place. "Have you any sand?" Bertie inquires of Billy. "Sand!" Billy yells in response, and within twenty minutes they are driving rapidly in the direction of Quincy, leaving Oscar in the lurch. "You see," explains Mr. Wister, "it was Oscar that had made them run so, or rather it was Duty and Fate walking in Oscar's displeasing likeness. Nothing easier, nothing more reasonable than to see the tutor and tell him that they should not need him to-day. But that would have spoiled everything. They did not know it, but deep in their child-like hearts was a delicious sense that in thus unaccountably disappearing they had won a great gain, had got away ahead of Duty and Fate."

It was a wild and exhilarating day that Bertie and Billy spent in pursuit of the illusive Bird-in-Hand. They cooled themselves with a swim in the Charles; they lay on the bank and shouted questions from the Greek philosophers at each other, turning it into a game by each crediting himself with twenty-five cents when the other failed to answer correctly; and finally, when daylight was turning into dusk they stumbled unexpectedly upon the long-sought tavern, thanks to the timely shying of their horse; enjoyed a gorgeous repast in which "silver fizz" played a most conspicuous part; lost all conception of time and place and drove homeward by the waning light of the moon in such an exhilarated state that when Billy tumbled out over the wheel he had only energy enough left to inquire who fell out, and when told, to add with plaintive cadence: "Did Billy fall out? Poor Billy!"

Now by all the laws of probability a night like this should have paved the way for a first-class failure in Philosophy Four, but it did nothing of the sort. Oscar, who had spent the previous day in calling with business-like punctuality once an hour at their room and leaving memoranda that his services have been duly tendered, received a modest seventy-five per cent. in return for answering the Professor's questions in the Professor's own language; but Billy's mark was eighty-six and Bertie's ninety, and they were both highly complimented by the Professor, Bertie for his discussion of the double personality and his apt illustration of the intoxicated hack driver who had fallen from his hack and inquired who it was that had fallen, and then had pitied himself; and Billy for his striking and independent suggestions concerning the distortions of time and space which hashish and other drugs produced. But perhaps the most delicious touch of all is found in Oscar's unbounded astonishment:

> He hastened to the Professor with his tale. "There is no mistake," said the Professor. Oscar smiled with increased deference. "But," he urged, "I assure you, sir, those young men knew absolutely nothing. I was their tutor and they knew nothing at all. I taught them all their information myself." "In that case," replied the Professor, not pleased with Oscar's

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tale-bearing, "you must have given them more than you could spare. Good-morning."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

VI.—VII.

Mr. Townsend's "A Summer in New York" and "Fort Birkett."*

Mr. Edward W. Townsend has produced this spring two entertaining stories, neither of which lays claim to more than the passing piazza popularity both are quite certain to enjoy.

A Summer in New York is the attractive title upon an attractive cover, containing, in the familiar form of letters to a confidential friend, a record of the experiences and impressions of one Miss Alice Wonderly—a name too openly suggestive of Lewis Carroll's famous heroine to leave great doubt as to the author's depth of purpose. This latter Alice comes from the Western town of Ironville to find her Wonderland in the metropolis, under the guidance of Mr. Townsend, who may be said to know his ground as Baedeker knows his Bremen. Alice is as breezy as her own vocabulary, and even though she seeks to summon a Pullman porter by means of the signal cord, distinctly clever; and the situation affords an opportunity for some of Mr. Townsend's characteristic writing. The little book is brimming over with high spirits and good-natured fun, but its snapshots at social life are not always in perfect focus, and its comedy at times degenerates to rough-and-tumble farce.

Alice is introduced at Claremont to "such a breakfast as we used to have in Paris" and—shades of Le Grand Vatel!—the repast begins with Petite Marmite!

She, with her Cousin Will, visits a "place called Long Acre Square. . . . It's a part of Broadway that looks as if it had been struck by a volcano, an earthquake, a landslide and a blizzard all at once. We climbed a pile of rocks so high that the automobiles which tried to run us down had to give it up, and then Cousin Will, smiling and bowing on all sides, began like the man who explains the views in a panorama:

"'Here you see what in the span of a few brief moons'—two hundred people instantly surrounded us—'is destined to be to the known world and Canada what the Place de la Concorde, Paris, now is to Europe—its centre!'

"A newsboy shrieked, 'Go it, boss!' the crowd cheered, and Cousin Will continued: 'Aye, the centre of gayety, of art, literature, drama, of occidental civilisation in all its cheerful moods. In the near future here we shall find transportation unequalled, views unsurpassed, climate glorious, society various, fresh eggs and milk in abundance, theatres, hotels, policy shops, cab stands, wrextras in red and yellow, fresh every hour. Could fond heart wish more?'

"The crowd, which now blocked the cars, naturally yelled 'Wow!' and 'Good boy!' and 'Hi! hi!'"

And thus encouraged, Cousin Will—who, by the way, is not a maniac—continues in his merry vein till a workman waving a red flag appears.

"'Was the man with the red flag an Anarchist?' I panted when we'd run half a block. 'No,' said Will, 'he was flagging that subway blast you just felt.'

Oh, well, it's summer, and—as Chimmie Fadden has made it possible to inquire—"Wot d'ell?"

In *Fort Birkett* Mr. Townsend abandons city life for the California ranges, and the result is a very readable story of adventure. Two Eastern men, De Witt Pelham and Vanderlyn Lennox, set out with guide and outfit from the St. Joaquin valley to inspect a mineral deposit across the mountains in Nevada. On the way they meet with bears and bandits, dare-devil desperadoes and enchanting mountain maids. Incidentally they come upon a gravel bed where nuggets large as thimbles may be gathered by the shovelful. Such matters have been the woof and warp of stirring tales before and so will be again, but Mr. Townsend has employed the familiar material with gratifying success. His style is direct and clear, his action rapid and his local colour laid on, one might guess, from first-hand observation. And this without attempt to trespass on the author of *The Virginian's* pre-empted and recorded claim. *Fort Birkett* preserves no pass-

*A Summer in New York. By Edward W. Townsend. New York: Messrs. Henry Holt and Company.

*Fort Birkett. By Edward W. Townsend. New York: W. J. Ritchie.

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ing phase of civilisation, and its characters, whether mountaineer or tenderfoot, are one and all refreshingly preposterous. From the able jurist who jetsams ammunition to make room for tea to the faithful Piute Indian, in whom the best qualities of Uncas and the excellent Uncle Tom unite, we follow them with interest, though without undue concern.

The Piute is the fair heroine's trusted vassal, and once when in the forest depths Miss Connie Hammatt recognises him by a song:

". . . it was the song the old Indian had crooned to lull her panic over childish mishaps —a fall from a bareback horse, her first sight of a bear." . . .

But Constance by the time the story opens has got bravely past such infantile emotions. Under the tutelage of Piute Sam she had acquired the lore of woods and mountains, and when it came to outwitting bandits she was never more at home. No wonder Vanderlyn Lennox, fresh from his studies in the science of mining, fell in love with her and disguised himself as a grizzly bear to rescue her from the outlaws' camp. No wonder the wicked Rawlins, "with his aquiline eyes alight with a long-latent fire," desired to win her hand, and vowed: "I will have her, and the gold, too, with or without agreement."

Fort Birkett is a book for folks who "can read nothing very deep in summer," and such will find in it a source of entertainment, returning to their winter J. S. Mill with minds refreshed. And latent in the breast of most men does there not lurk a taste for gore? Which, happily, may usually be assuaged by proxy; a strong desire to hurl some undeserving person from a precipice, or at least to read about its being done?

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

VIII.

Mrs. Steele's "In the Guardianship of God."*

In Mrs. Steele's latest book, the initial story of which is "In the Guardianship of God," there is rather more of "Things as They Are" than of "The sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells." It treats tersely of the grave and never-to-be-solved problem of sad humanity in the world of unconquerable superstition which lies between the banks of Mai Gunga.

These stories have not all the lavish and splendid colour of those in "In the Permanent Way," of Kabootchi and her pigeons, or "The Blue-Throated God" which is a stirring short story; but there is no falling off in strength and perception. The author's profound knowledge of the native is always mingled with respect where respect is due and great forbearance with his ignorance. Unlike little Jerry in "Voices in the Night," who wanted to paint the whole map of India red, she yields the Hindu his just portion, and so often forces the flower of beauty to spring from ignorance and crime that the reader finds himself still "a-wastin' Christian kisses on a 'eathen idol's foot."

She shows a vast sympathy for the Hindu and his suffering, and an almost impassioned feeling for his country; therefore the point of view in all Mrs. Steele's books is that of the "inner circle" of *Hind* rather than that of the oft-threshed-out Anglo-Indian society, which takes the native as lightly as it takes in fiction its own morality.

Two most sympathetic stories in this collection are "A Bad Character Suit" and "Surabi," the former showing the Hindu at his best in the loyalty of old Peroo, with his unconscious tendency to intrigue.

. . . Peroo, on this point, would have been a match for a whole college of Jesuits, as he laid on the pipeclay with a lavish hand and burnished buttons. . . . "Huzoor! The first bugle has gone. The Huzoor will find his uniform—a corporal's, with three good-conduct stripes—is ready. The absence of a rifle is to be regretted. . . ."

Poor drunken George Afford, who had never won three good-conduct stripes in his life, yet who could not break his word to an inferior. This story is exceedingly tender in its simplicity, as is the character of old Gopi in "Surabi." Gentle old Gopi, one of the mysteries of Indian life,

*In the Guardianship of God. By Flora Annie Steele. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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yet like many a more complex mystery, to be interpreted only by the heart. Gopi, whose mind was a confusion of piety and mystic meanings, leading, however, in their circuitous way, to the old and tremendous crucifixion of Self.

In "The Squaring of the Gods" there is some of the most impassioned description that Mrs. Steele has ever done, especially that of Benares.

> . . . The strangest, saddest city on God's earth. . . . The only city in the world whose every stone tells of that search after righteousness which lies so close to the heart of humanity. . . . Benares, with its sunless alleys full of the perfume of dead flowers and spent incense—alleys which thread their way past shrine after shrine. . . . Niches in stone, or only the bare imprint of a bloody hand on the tall, blank walls. . . . It lay this night along the outward curve of the Ganges, dreamful exceedingly, dimly paler than the sky. . . . A face or two, patient, dark, turned to the bridge, and another voice came, calm and impassive. . . . "'Tis easier for folk to find salvation with rails and bridges than, as of old, with blistered feet and boats."

Mrs. Steele's novels might be called Novels of Place, for at times the overwhelming feeling for the country and the tendency to describe at length subordinates the story she is telling. Therefore, in her longer books there is often a total lack of sequence in development of plot, or the interweaving of her incident. The habit of breaking off at the close of a chapter to take up a wholly different thread in the next becomes maddening to the reader's mind, and leaves a sensation of progress made by climbing three steps to fall back two. But the author possesses that which is lacking in many novelists who have a more scientific grasp upon construction—a rich and abundant store of exciting incident and imaginative action. No one can read *The Hosts of the Lord* without perceiving that the author's strength lies first in description, which is full of poetic colour, and, secondly, that her grasp in story telling is on the immediate scene. It is when the subject is lengthily sustained that the constructive faculty weakens.

The gift of short-story telling—which was in its primeval day nothing less than minstrelsy—is based upon one of the most vital attributes which concern the human mind, namely, "grasp" or proportion, that which many term "a knowledge of values." The mind with a fine sense of proportion will instinctively unify time, place and action in a narrative, and this very unification of the essentials of dramatic construction will tell the story tersely and immediately.

This, Mrs. Steele shows in her handling of incident, and reveals wherein her true strength lies; it is in the short story. Those of *In the Guardianship of God* are by no means tales of "Edens newly made," for the subjects are tragic in their hard facts, and some of them neutral-hued with dull sadness; but—just as in the author's preceding books—one may perceive through the medium of an enlightened vision the world of strange meanings which lies behind that wall of materialism with which the modern mind is prone to surround the one-fifth of the human race whose records date for three thousand years. True, it is a race which expresses itself in a confusion of tongues, a periodic plague, a mass of unintelligibility to the Anglo-Saxon sense, and which bears the national hall-mark of a wholly illogical mind; but happily Mrs. Steele has seen the "other side" through the lens of sympathy, which "liveth, learning whence woe springs."

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

IX.

Meredith Nicholson's "The Main Chance."*

It is rather a representative group of people that Mr. Nicholson has brought together in this story of a Western city. And the city itself, as he paints it, a growing railroad centre in the valley of the Missouri, is very typical of its class—very crude, very unbeautiful, very pretentious, but a pretty good place to live in, after all. No one who has mixed in that life could fail to recognise William Porter, the president of the Clarkson National Bank; a cautious, shrewd man, but with all his shrewdness full of those

*The Main Chance. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

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curious little personal vanities and narrownesses which so often characterise the provincial financier—and spoil him for a wider orbit. Porter's daughter, Evelyn, is the heroine of the book, but not, to tell the truth, a very effective one. Evelyn has been to college, a fact which distinguishes her from the majority of the Clarkson girls, and finding on her return home that her old friends are disposed to regard her with a good deal of awe, she sets herself to convince them that she is nothing but an ordinary girl, after all—a thing of which she amply convinces the reader of *The Main Chance!* Neither is the hero of the tale a character one is likely to remember long. John Saxton is a Boston man, who has failed conspicuously at ranching in Wyoming and has been sent to Clarkson by some Eastern friends—more because they were sorry for him than anything else—to take charge of some properties they supposed to be worthless. He is a lovable fellow, this modest, quiet man who "received kindnesses so shyly, as if, of course, they could not be meant for him, but it was all right, anyway, and he would move on just as soon as the other fellow came;" one likes him and is glad when his industry brings him success; but simple goodness is not a quality that makes for interest in novels.

Mr. Nicholson has shown more skill in his portrayal of James Wheaton, cashier of the Clarkson bank, and the villain of the book. He is a villain of mild quality, whose ill-doing has its root in the purely negative trait of cowardice, but such subtlety as the book displays is centred in the study of his character. One can understand the shrinking with which the reserved, ambitious man who has attained with such difficulty a foothold in the business and social life of Clarkson looks back on the sordid little home in the obscure Ohio village, from which he and his brother had run away as lads to commence a tramping career through the West. Even at that early stage James Wheaton's cowardice had manifested itself; he had permitted his brother to take the blame and to "do time" for a small theft in which the two were concerned. The brother had emerged from jail a confirmed ne'er-do-weel, and it became the chief object of James, who meantime secured a place in the Bank of Clarkson, whither he had drifted, and began his fight for success with that desperate regard for respectability which really dominated his small nature to conceal the existence of his disreputable relative from his world. It is by means of his knowledge of this brother that Timothy Margrave, Porter's enemy in financial matters, makes Wheaton his tool, though Wheaton loves Porter's daughter and is anxious to keep faith with his chief. And it is Wheaton's silence concerning a crime his brother commits later that indirectly causes the tragedy of the tale, the murder of Warrick Raridon, most lovable and beloved of Clarkson's young people. The climax is well managed, but it seems, somehow, to lack effectiveness; and, indeed, that is the defect throughout the book. Hough and a few other writers have taught us to expect a certain largeness, an epic quality, and also unlimited picturesqueness in all stories of the West; it is precisely these things one misses in *The Main Chance*—in the manner rather than in the matter. Clarkson and its people are representative enough, so much so that one cannot quite understand when one has finished reading its history why said history is as tame as the annals of a New Jersey village.

But one family in *The Main Chance* is a joy, and most readers, we fancy, will regret that the author has not given more space to the Margraves. Tim Margrave, the street-car potentate, plethoric in purse and in person, vulgar and ignorant, but possessed of the qualities that make unerringly for success, is drawn with no little spirit, and what humour the book possesses shows in his conversation. And the one glimpse we have into his home, with its job-lot "library" and its other evidences of the advance of culture in the West, makes us wish for more. The aspiring Miss Mabel Margrave is much more interesting than the retiring Evelyn Porter, and altogether, as not infrequently happens in novels, these minor characters furnish more entertainment than those who occupy chief place.

Eleanor Booth Simmons.

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Tangle-Town

By Grace Denio Litchfield

"How much farther to Tangle-Town now, Mr. Hurd?"

"The matter of a half mile or so," the farmer replied, flicking the loose reins on the horses' backs. "Get up there! Are you tired? You're none too strong yet, I reckon."

"I will not admit that I am tired," the younger man said, taking off his straw hat to pass his hand slowly over his head. "This air is champagne. Still, it is a good-ish pull up from Millbrook at the end of a day's journey. Shall we come in sight of Tangle-Town soon?"

"Well, no. You don't see the town from the road. In fact, there ain't any road there—leastways none that counts. There's a new road now."

"No road there, and a new road?" queried Thorpe Merrick. "How is that? Don't you live in Tangle-Town?"

"I do to be sure, though not just to say so. Truth is, there ain't anybody lived in Tangle-Town this forty year," answered the old man with slow emphasis. "Dr. Braunlich didn't tell you about it, eh?"

"What should he have told me? He said if I wanted unparalleled air, country food, absolute quiet—in short, everything to brace me up again, I would better write to see if you could take me in. Seems to me he said he spent a day or so here once. Came up to attend your wife—wasn't that it?"

"So he did," said Mr. Hurd, stroking his lean chin in a reminiscent way. "Martha was right down sick, and by luck I heard there was a swell city doctor stopping at Millbrook. So I fetched him up, and he straightened her out less than no time. He wouldn't take a fee, neither—said he never physicked for pay in his holidays. I've sent him a tub of our best butter every year regular since. 'Twas all along of his sending you we took you in. We ain't no boarding-house keepers, Martha and I. We ain't got no call to be. To be sure we've Miss Ingram. But that's different."

"Miss Ingram? I thought I was to be the only boarder."

"Well, she's a young woman come up to us once out of Millbrook, when a fever broke out in the summer houses there. My wife and I we just took to her like she was our own, and she says she never forgot us, nor the place neither. Her brother's folks have gone travelling this year, and nothing would do her but she must come to us, and her little niece along of her. Mighty lucky for you you're a married man. Martha she wouldn't have had you on no account if you weren't—not while Miss Ingram's here."

Thorpe's brown eyes twinkled.

"Best set me down somewhere else. I wouldn't interfere with Miss Ingram for worlds."

"Oh, dear no!" responded Mr. Hurd heartily. "You can come right along now. The man who's got a wife already is safe not to go a-courting, and you two will just be fit company for each other. You see there ain't anybody up here but ourselves and the farm hands, except Johnson's and Briggs's folks, and their farms is a good bit away."

"Don't the villagers count?"

"Laws, there's no villagers. There's nothing but the town."

"And where are the town's people?"

"Lord knows."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you see it's this way with Tangle-Town. There was a lawsuit come up some forty odd years ago about the land the town is in, and the courts shut up everything, so nothing could be touched

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nor sold. And it went on and on till the folks couldn't bear it longer. So they up in a body, and left the houses standing and went plumb out of the town. I don't know where the most of them is, but it's as well they went. That suit ain't decided yet."

"How came you to stay on, then?"

"Oh, our farm was outside of the boundary, all but a few acres. So our folks they let that go and kep' the rest. Martha and me was just married then."

"And what has become of the town?"

"Well, it's a poor enough place now," replied the farmer contemptuously. "Nothing's been touched in it since, and it's all run to seed and knocking down fast. It's the deadest place you ever see —the houses all there and nobody in 'em. Miss Ingram says it's an astral town. She do say queer things sometimes."

"It must be a curious place," mused the young man.

"Curious? I don't know. It ain't no sort of use, Tangle-Town ain't. Nor that ain't its rightful name. 'Twas Woodville in old times. That's the fancy name folks give it after 'twas grown over. They used to come way up from Millbrook as if 'twas a sight worth climbing this mountain for. But I guess they've pretty much forgot it by now. Nobody comes up any more except it's to the farms. There. We're a coming by the old road this minute."

"Where? I see no road."

The farmer drew up, pointing with his whip to a slight depression in the hillside. The young man sprang impulsively from the buggy.

"Here?"

"You're standing square on it."

Thorpe glanced along the faintly indicated line. It led up the hill into the forest, where the trees stood dense, the sunlight filtering through upon the tangled undergrowth in a sparse trickle of gold. The shade looked cool and restful; pine odours stole out spicily; the grass was soft and enticing. Thorpe moved on a few steps.

"I should like to stretch my legs a bit. Can I find the way from here?"

"Easy enough. Keep on to the town, and go through it to the mill. Then follow up the brook to the farm gate."

Thorpe turned. A brier-rose behind him barred the way, stretching a slender branch from tree to tree. He was about to break through it when the farmer called to him.

"Hold on, Mr. Merrick. Don't harm that there bush. Miss Ingram sets a heap by it. She says there ain't any other place she knows of where everything is shut out by a rose. Queer notions she has sometimes."

"All right," laughed Thorpe. "This is evidently the forest-bound city of the fairy tales. I will be the prince. The gate shall unclose for me."

Detaching the branch he passed behind it, and securing it carefully in its place again, went on with an amused farewell nod.

The thick-growing trees soon shut out the roadway, enveloping him in a restful sense of isolation. He drew in long intoxicating draughts of the resinous air. It flooded his veins with new life. His fatigue fell from him like a mantle. The slope here was more gradual, and now he distinguished the gurgling of a brook in the distance. As he listened, a sudden breeze blew past, and he heard the sharp, high twang of a small bell. Peering through the trees, he discovered to his surprise a dozen or more dilapidated little houses on each side, leading up toward a picturesque mossy old mill with a broken wheel and the glint of idle water beneath it.

Thorpe gave a sigh of æsthetic satisfaction. No fabled sleeping-city could have outrivalled this for beauty. The forest had taken the deserted village to its heart, and made it as indissolubly one with it as if Nature had created them together. The grassy street was a nursery for trees, and the houses were gardens of wild luxuriance. Moss clung to whatever was left of wall and roof, and flowering vines grew everywhere, creeping in at the open doors or clambering out at the sashless windows in rich profusion. Wherever Time had taken anything, a blossom had been left in payment. In a shanty marked by an anvil as the blacksmith's, a tree stood boldly up in the centre, spreading out protecting branches in lieu of the roof that some storm had stolen. Farther on was the framework of a house barely completed when the exodus occurred. This was now a grey wooden cage, enclosing a maze of ferns and daisies, while creepers had utilised the beams

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as a trellis about which their delicate tendrils waved or clung at will. In the village shop, by some curious freak of fate, a pair of rusty hinges had held their own against all odds, and the latchless door swung out and in at the lightest gust, striking a stout little bell within, and thus causing the intermittent tinkle that had caught Thorpe's ear. It seemed the only live thing left of mortal make, though here and there a remnant of fence vainly protested against that lawlessness of nature that respects no human boundaries, or some one house, more strongly built than the rest, stood defiant still, with shut blinds and barred doors, sullenly keeping the universal conqueror at bay.

Thorpe stood looking about him with fascinated eyes. This was a paradise in which to dream away the summer hours, such as poet had never had before. If peace were not to be found here, then was there no peace under all God's heaven. He was moving slowly on, when, with a sort of shock, he saw a book lying on the turf—a small daintily bound copy of Marcus Aurelius. He stooped for it with a feeling akin to vexation. This was not the perfect solitude he had dreamed. Who was it that wandered in this dead village, sprinkling about pocket editions of dead philosophers? Was it perhaps that carefully guarded maiden who said "queer things" and had "queer notions sometimes?" He opened the book at the fly-leaf with mechanical curiosity. Yes. "Margaret Ingram, New York."

The next instant he caught sight of two advancing figures. One was a little girl of seven or eight. The other was a tall, slender young woman dressed in white, with a broad-brimmed Leghorn hat tied down Quaker-fashion over a loose knot of shining hair and shading a face of grave serenity.

"By George!" Thorpe said to himself as he saw her. "This is the very Spirit of the place."

She moved nearer, slow and graceful, with hanging arms and bent head, searching on the ground as she came, while the little girl hovered about her like a butterfly, fluttering from one side to the other with a gay tossing of short skirts. The child was the first to perceive Thorpe, and stood still in wide-eyed astonishment.

"O Aunt Margaret, there is a man! And he has your book!"

Margaret stopped too, and lifting her head met Thorpe's gaze with large, dark-blue eyes that had in them the depth and calm and light of a sheltered mountain lake—eyes looking out seriously from under full drooping white lids, thickly fringed above and below with straight blonde lashes. Thorpe immediately took off his hat, and going up, proffered the book with a bow. Margaret took it from him with a quiet "Thank you" and a smile, which, slight as it was, brought a surpassing sweetness into her face. As she was turning away Thorpe impulsively drew a companion volume from his pocket and opened it.

"May not Epictetus complete the introduction begun by Antoninus?"

Margaret involuntarily glanced at the written name. A flash of recognition crossed her face.

"Oh, *you!* We were expecting you, of course, only not by this road."

"Don't be alarmed. I have not broken your portcullis," Thorpe returned laughingly. "The rose still shuts out all but me. Or should it exclude me as well?"

"No, indeed," she answered frankly. "Of course I know you already through your poems, so that you do not need Epictetus to stand sponsor for you. Shall I show you the way to the farm? I daresay you are tired. Come, Beth."

"No, no, I am no invalid," Thorpe protested, as Beth came dancing up. "I ceased being one exactly ten minutes ago, when I stepped this side of your enchanted rose. Don't take me to the farm yet. Show me all there is here first."

Margaret looked dreamily away.

"I cannot do that. I can show you only the outside of it. You must find out the rest for yourself."

"What have you found in it?"

"I?" she said thoughtfully. "I can't quite put it into words. But I think one gets near to the truth of things here. One sees realities in what were only dreams. Beautiful things seem more possible. There are fewer problems."

"Of course, as yet I see only the obvious," returned Thorpe. "Somehow, though, beautiful as it is, it reminds one of an arrested life—one that under different auspices might have developed its first promise, but that from some inadequate cause or other has become a hope-

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less ruin." He looked about him with a long, sighing breath. "Yes, it is like a disheartened, wretched life, however dressed up in fineries, fatally conquered by foolish difficulties and ignominious failures."

Margaret detected a personal note behind the words. Could it possibly be his own life that he meant? She looked at him with keen interest. He was a tall, well-built, goodly looking fellow, with an intellectual head, covered with wavy reddish-brown hair, and a close-cropped beard and mustache a shade brighter. The face was one to respect and trust, while the eyes, frank, kindly and true, were an instant passport to favour. No, his poems had not misrepresented him. Margaret was not disappointed.

"Do you think," she began hesitatingly, "that it is always a failure when one seems to fail?"

Thorpe looked down at the girl with an interest equal to her own. He had rarely seen a face like this, which to its undeniable beauty of feature added a singular charm of expression, a look combining nobility, strength, and repose to a remarkable degree. In meeting her it was always that look that one noted first, even her beauty seeming less beautiful compared with it.

"I have discovered more in Tangle-Town than you have had time to," she went on, emboldened by Thorpe's smile. "I see failure turned to success, and ruin made beautiful simply by natural laws. I see how in the end Time brings everything into harmony—*everything*—even trouble, and what might have been despair. It is helpful to me here. It is inspiring. I come here every day."

"And may I come, too?"

Margaret smiled.

"The place is not mine, Mr. Merrick."

"Oh, yes it is," put in Beth, catching at the last words. "It is just Aunt Margaret's and mine. Nobody else comes here. We will let you come, though, if you want to," she added, with gracious, childish patronage.

"Where shall we take Mr. Merrick now, Beth?" Margaret asked. "Shall we show him the grocery shop and make the bell ring, as it does when the ghost-folk pass in to buy spirit bread? Or shall we show him where the dream-horses are shod? Or the church?"

"The church," decided the child. "That is the prettiest. I will show the way."

She ran on, the others following, till they reached a small, wooden chapel so densely overgrown with ivy as to seem fashioned of living green.

"See," Margaret said, "the door is gone. I like it so. There is nothing to bar any one out. All creeds may enter unchallenged."

"How quaint! How ideal!" Thorpe exclaimed, as they crossed the vestibule into the building through a second entrance opposite the first. Like that it was bereft of its door and wreathed with creepers, which had climbed in through every crevice, invading the whole interior and decorating it as for a festival.

"What a unique spot!" he continued. "And what a treasure-house of bloom! How nature everywhere is art's despair. Look at that network of vines across those windows. What mullions could be as delicate? The roof is half gone, I see. I suppose you will say it is that prayers may ascend unhindered. What a rusty old bell! Does it summon all your ghostly faiths to confession every Sunday morning?"

"No. The tongue has fallen out. It swings, if the wind is high, but it never makes a sound. It is like a soul seeking expression. I wonder what your creed is, Mr. Merrick. Your poems do not tell."

"I need not ask yours, Miss Ingram. It is written upon you. You believe unshakenly in all that is beautiful and best. As for me, my creed is like this church, half temple, half ruin. I began as all do, with a cut-and-dried faith. But it has fallen through in places, and has been grown over in others. It stands me in poor stead sometimes."

Margaret studied his face candidly.

"At least you have not let resolve and courage go," she said at last.

"But I have," Thorpe answered, a swift frown gathering on his brow. "Or, rather, they have been wrung from me bit by bit. Fancy losing one's armour in the very morning of the fight! I started out well enough equipped, but—" He broke off with a forced laugh. "How about real failures, Miss Ingram? Is your charity broad enough to discover beauty in human ruins?"

"You are not calling your life that,

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surely!" Margaret said reproachfully. "You, with your future!"

Thorpe's frown deepened.

"I have no future. Any talent that I had has been harried from me. You have read my last poem."

"Your illness has made you despondent," Margaret ventured. "I will not believe you."

"It is the truth, though," he insisted. "Talent can die prematurely, like other things. Being born a poet does not give one a coat of mail, proof against inimical conditions. The poetry in a man can die out of him for lack of proper nutrition as easily as his soul can be starved out of his body—more easily, in fact, being more ethereal. The poet beyond all needs just that touch of human sympathy which is to him a daily re-creation, or his heart fails him, and he goes dumb with his song half sung."

A haggard look came into his face, and Margaret, distinguishing lines of weariness and discouragement that she had missed before, felt a wave of pity surge over her.

"You need rest," she said, in a deep, low voice whose tones were balm. "You are very tired. And when you are rested through and through, you will write again."

Thorpe turned and looked down at her. His mobile face took on a sudden brightness.

"I believe you are going to help me," he exclaimed, with grateful conviction.

"Not I, but Tangle-Town," she returned, smiling, and cast a loving glance about her.

That was the beginning of many intimate talks between these two through the long summer days that followed. There was little to interest them in the immediate surroundings of the farm, and they gravitated naturally to Tangle-Town with the child, who found it an unrivalled playground. Mrs. Hurd beamed, as morning after morning the three started off for the woods, Thorpe swinging half a dozen books in a strap, and chatting as gaily as a magpie, his clear laugh ringing out long after the trees hid him.

"What a thing it is to have that young man here!" she observed to her husband. "'Twould be lonesome for her with nobody but us that are too old for her, or the child that is too young. 'Tis only the same ages understand each other rightly. It does seem as if Providence was in it, sending him here to go about with her and look at things in fancy ways same as she does, and him a safe married man. But for that they'd a-been falling head and heels in love, and we held responsible."

"I feel as if we had always known each other," Thorpe was saying, as he lay on a bank of moss near the mill, idly assisting Beth to trim her hat with wild-flowers.

"So do I," Margaret rejoined. "Yet our meeting was pure chance. We might never have met."

"Oh, we simply *had* to meet," Thorpe asserted brightly. "Crystalline atoms find each other without guide-post or magnet. Is the soul's instinct less true? I found you because I needed you."

"How do you need Aunt Margaret?" inquired Beth soberly. "I think it is Aunt Margaret who needs you. You carry all the books."

"But it is she who chooses the reading," Thorpe explained, patting the child's hand. "Our joint stock is small enough, but it is certainly good, Beth, and doubly good read aloud. Your aunt knows all the finest bits, and makes the best better by something that she puts in. They all mean more to me than they did. So you see I do need her, since it is she who leads and I who follow."

"Neither leads and neither follows," corrected Margaret. "We go together."

Thorpe looked at her with inexpressible content as he lay back upon the moss, noting the gleams in her knotted hair when the light flecked it, and the lovely curve of her lips.

"That is the good of holding by a friend's hand," he responded. "Going together we reach higher levels than going alone."

"You talk as if you were climbing a tree," Beth observed pettishly, "and you aren't even walking. You are both just sitting still."

Thorpe laughed gaily. Laughter came easily in these light-hearted hours.

"What a matter-of-fact puss you are!" he said, drawing the child up to him. "You are like my Lottie, only she is not quite so old."

Beth roused instantly to interrogatory interest.

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"Have you a little girl?"

"Assuredly. Two of them for that matter."

"Where are they?"

"At Newport."

"Are they there all alone? Aren't they with anybody?"

Thorpe's features suddenly altered. His face grew hard and his voice dry and cold.

"They are with their mother."

"Are they nice little girls?" Beth went on.

"Oh, *very.*"

"Tell me what they look like. Does Lottie look like me?"

Thorpe fumbled in his pockets and tossed a photograph to the child.

"There. That is my entire family."

"Oh, the pretty lady! Look, Aunt Margaret, see the pretty lady!" cried Beth delightedly. "Who is the pretty lady with the two little girls?"

"My wife," Thorpe answered shortly.

He got up and walked off a few steps, then turned and came back, stooping over Margaret's shoulder to look at the picture.

"It *is* a pretty face, isn't it?" he said. "An exceedingly pretty face."

"Will she not be here this summer?" Margaret asked, feeling unaccountably awkward and constrained.

"She prefers Newport," he answered stiffly, then added hastily: "That is as it should be, of course. That is where pretty faces belong. She adores Newport. I despise it. Oh, how I blessed that fever and the doctor who sanctioned —no, who ordered me away from it all—ordered me freedom from everything belittling and soul-destroying—freedom to be myself, really to live for a few heavenly weeks!"

Margaret made no answer, but looked steadily down at the photograph, while Beth, her temporary curiosity allayed, moved away to search for more bluebells. Thorpe presently threw himself again on the bank.

"You need not say it," he began moodily. "I understand you well enough by now to interpret your silences. I know perfectly what you think. You condemn me. But wait—let me tell you. My wife—pshaw! What is there to tell? Any fault there may be is mine. It is a man's business to make his surroundings—to reach his ideals through all hindrances. Still I had not bargained that she should unexpectedly inherit money—any amount of it—afterward. That was fate's awful blunder. Imagine her—imagine *any* woman with Fortunatus' purse dropped out of the skies into her hands, and an untiring zest for every foolish—" he broke off, biting his lip. "I seem to be blaming her. I don't mean to. It is her life. She must live her life. Why shouldn't she? But what a life for a literary man—for a student! bound to society's wheel and forced for decency's sake to go its deadly rounds till his very life-blood dries up in its dust! I *had* to break loose from it this summer. I had to, or die. Do you blame me for that?"

"No," said Margaret. "But—"

Thorpe reached out a long, slender hand and gently took hers.

"Dear friend," he said, in tones that moved her strangely, "it is no light thing I rebel at. It is all my own abominable weakness. Yet perhaps you would not blame me if you understood."

A soft colour swept over Margaret's face.

"I think I do understand. I know it is hard. Still—"

Thorpe dropped her hand.

"Hard?" he repeated, frowning. "It is cruel. It is killing the best in me. Yet how can I alter it? From year's end to year's end I am in the thick of an aimless, uncongenial, detestably fashionable crowd. I cannot escape them, I dine with them, sup with them, go to the opera and theatre with them, play host to them, follow them about from place to place—live with them, day in, day out. Oh, it is no one's fault. It is all that cursed money. It is not *my* money. I cannot dictate how it shall or shall not be spent. Yet life has become one prolonged, hideous antagonism between my ambitions and my surroundings. It sounds trivial and absurd, but you can't realise the hopelessness behind the ridiculous pettiness of it all!"

He flung away a handful of moss he had torn up; then as he caught the expression of her face a light came into his eyes, and the tension about his mouth lessened.

"You do know," he said quietly. "You do understand."

The two did not speak again for a long time, save to the child, when she called

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out from where she sat swinging merrily in the loop of a wild grapevine. They were in a favourite haunt of theirs by the mill-pond, under some giant oaks that kept the spot cool and dark even at midday. The Hurd farm was so near that they could hear the men's talk in the fields, and catch an occasional glimpse of a red shirt and the flash of a scythe in the sun. Yet they felt worlds removed in this fragrant, green seclusion, with sweet summer sounds floating all about, and drops of light spattering noiselessly down, seeming to set the leaves athrill as they fell through.

Finally Margaret spoke.

"If we are so placed that we cannot reach to our best, is that an excuse for not becoming all that we may be? How many of us are set to grow in the full sunshine? I am sorry for you. Do believe that. But show yourself stronger than fate. Compel yourself to be yourself in defiance of everything. Take up your work. Fight for your talent's life—fight till death, if you must. Only never give in! Be the greater because of what there is to overcome!"

Her voice vibrated. There was another long silence between them when she finished.

"I thank you again," Thorpe said at last, slowly rising to his feet and drawing a deep breath. "Yes, I have been weak. Well—I must bear it, that is all. God bless you. You can never guess what I owe you."

"Do you think I owe you nothing?" rejoined Margaret, with one of her rare smiles. "This summer has been an intellectual revelation; you have opened so many new doors of thought—of appreciation—to me. I realise that I was brain-starved before."

Thorpe's face brightened as he met her clear, untroubled gaze.

"It simply comes back to the one thing, then," he said. "Friendship is always a mutual help. Hurrah!" With one of the quick changes of mood which lent him such interest, he turned and tossed Beth to his shoulder. "How the sun shines! This is just the finest possible world, Beth, isn't it?"

About this time Beth fell ill, and the wonted routine came to an abrupt end. Margaret left the child's room only for her meals, and to his surprise Thorpe no longer knew how to pass the hours that hitherto had flown on wings. He hung aimlessly about the farmhouse, or wandered dejectedly off to Tangle-Town, and dragged through the long, dull evenings as best he could. His restlessness returned. He felt himself growing causelessly irritable. His head began to ache again, and he could neither read nor think to any purpose. Beth's illness was nothing serious and lasted only five days, but they seemed an eternity. Then suddenly she recovered, and lo, life swung cheerily back into the old grooves.

There was a magnificent full moon the first evening that Margaret and the child were downstairs again. They sat out on the porch, and as they watched it mounting the heavens a silence fell between them. At last Thorpe bent toward Margaret.

"We have never seen Tangle-Town by moonlight. It must be glorious there tonight. Let us go."

Margaret hesitated, not knowing why.

"Come. Do come," he murmured.

"But—but it will be late for Beth," Margaret faltered, catching at an excuse. "There is a dew. She might take cold."

"Leave her behind, then. There will never be such another night. Won't you come?" His voice sank lower still.

An uneasiness took possession of Margaret. She did not know what she feared, but she was afraid. Thorpe saw it.

"Are you unwilling to go with me?" he asked, in a hurt undertone.

Margaret found no answer ready. Her eyes dropped.

"Oh, never mind," he said quickly. "I will take Beth. Don't worry. She shall not wet her feet."

He crossed the porch to where Mrs. Hurd sat rocking to and fro, the child nestled in her lap.

"Come, Beth. Come with me to see how Tangle-Town looks when the ghosts are out."

He caught her up almost roughly as he spoke and ran down the steps with her, she clinging tightly round his neck, frightened rather than pleased at the novel expedition.

Mr. Hurd removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Dear, dear. There should be ghosts there sure enough. It's an out-and-out

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cemetery of a place—a lot of graves with no bodies in 'em, and that lonesome bell always ringing for the dead to be brought back. It passes me what you two find there to please you. But I'm not poet-folk. I don't know how to see things different from the way they look."

His wife nodded cheerily to Margaret, who stood by the steps feeling oddly repulsed.

"Why don't you go along, dearie? If you're so fond of cemeteries, the night's the time for them by all odds."

Margaret wavered, and looked toward the retreating pair. Neither of them glanced back. Yielding to an uncontrollable impulse she wound a lacy white shawl about her head and open throat, and catching her skirts together, followed after. Her footsteps made no noise on the grass-grown path. There was no sound anywhere except the voices of the two ahead and the ripple of the stream beside which the way led.

It was a superb night. The meadows lay bathed in such a flood of light that it was like entering Egyptian darkness when they reached the forest and turned down from the mill into Tangle-Town's one street. Seen at this hour, it might have been a place they had never known. The trees reached up to apparently immeasurable heights, defined here and there with bold silver lines, while beneath them, alternating with patches of dazzling white, strewn about on the ground like things that one might lift up and bear away, was an overwhelming blackness, in which the fireflies' feeble flash seemed to drown. All around were the faint, weird night-noises of the woods, and occasionally there was the whir of a heavy wing, and something dim and shapeless went blindly by.

"Oh, how bright and how black it is!" Beth cried, tightening her clasp around Thorpe's neck. "I wish Aunt Margaret had come. Let's go back!"

"No, we must see the ghosts first. It is an evil night, Beth. The place is alive with them."

"Where? I don't see any."

"Why, there, under those trees. Don't you see the blackness stirring?"

"I'm not sure. Oh, I think I do. I don't like ghosts!"

"You needn't mind these, Beth. There is no worse spirit here than myself."

"Are you a bad spirit?"

"The very devil of a bad spirit, it seems. That is why I am here now, away from all that is beautiful and good."

"Oh, Mr. Merrick, what's that? There—against that door?"

"Your aunt would say it was a soul crying to be let in out of the dark. Don't be afraid, child. It is only a fallen branch."

"Oh, dear! What's that noise in the blacksmith's shop? Are they really shoeing the dream horses?"

"Frogs, Beth."

"I don't like it here, Mr. Merrick! Oh, I don't like it!"

"No, it is all disappointing and commonplace, my dear, isn't it? The moonlight is a fraud. We will go home."

Wheeling about abruptly he came face to face with Margaret. The moonlight fell full upon her. In her loveliness and calm she seemed the embodiment of a holy, summer night. The child gave a cry of joy.

"Oh, Aunt Margaret!"

Thorpe looked at Margaret, and an electric flash went over him, striking light into his soul. He could not speak at first. When he did, his voice was singularly gentle.

"Beth," he said, "I was mistaken. There are no ghosts here. The night is heavenly, and angels are about. But I had my back to the moonlight until now."

Margaret said nothing. She laid her hand for an instant upon Beth's, and then they went slowly home. But the marvellous beauty of the night, and something besides the beauty—something indefinable and irresistible—flooded both their hearts alike, crushing down speech and thought, and leaving them conscious only of a vague exquisiteness of sensation that might be joy, or might be pain.

The morning after proved dull and heavy. Farmer Hurd anxiously consulted the lowering sky, and decided that the hay must be hurried in. Beth plead for a ride on the hay-carts, and they all went out to the fields together.

But the spell of the previous evening still lay over Margaret. She moved as in a sleep, watching the child with unseeing eyes, and when Thorpe suggested leaving the sultry meadows for the shadowed coolness of Tangle-Town, she went with him passively.

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"How quiet you are!" he said, stopping mechanically, as they came to the mill-pond. "You are not yourself."

She roused slightly, and for the first time noted his nervous, restless manner.

"Nor are you. What is it?"

"I did not sleep—that is all," Thorpe answered quickly. "Last night's moonlight bewitched me. I thought of the poem I am to write, but I could not make it go. Other thoughts kept ringing through my head till I had to run them into metre to be rid of them."

Margaret awoke instantly from her lethargy.

"You have written a poem? Oh, I must hear it!"

"It is not a poem. It is but a few insignificant lines. One does not what one would, but what one must."

"Yes, yes. Say them."

Something stronger than himself seized upon Thorpe, as he looked at her.

"I had not meant to say them. But—if you wish. Sit here, won't you? Here, where you always sit."

Margaret sat down, folding her hands in her lap and looking eagerly up at him as he leaned against a stalwart oak. The stillness was oppressive. The little bell was silent. Not a bird twittered. Not a leaf stirred. There was a hush, as if the earth swooned. The water betrayed that it moved only by the sluggish drifting of a twig upon its leaden surface.

"Now!" Margaret said breathlessly. "Now!"

"No. Wait a moment. Take off your hat. I cannot see your face. There. That is better. What hair you have! It is like spun sunbeams. It lights up the place. Don't look away from me. Look up. To look into your eyes is seeing my thoughts sung as I speak."

He leaned down toward her with eyes that held hers riveted, and began:

Into my life she came
  One golden day,
Softly, as blossoms come
  Into the May.
I only knew that she was there
By the fragrance in the air.

Into my heart she came,
  One day of days,
Stilly, as on Night's dark
  God's stars out-blaze.
I only knew that she was there
By the glory everywhere.

He bent nearer as he ended. All his soul was in his face. All its answer was in hers. A veil had been suddenly rent between their hearts, and each read the other's to its profoundest depth.

Margaret first realised what had happened. The stinging colour flew from neck to brow. She started up, trembling violently, and covered her face with her hands.

"O God! O God!" broke from her.

Thorpe seemed scarcely to breathe.

"Margaret!" he whispered.

"How dare you call me that!" she exclaimed, lifting a pair of blazing eyes. "How dare you look at me so!"

"Because I love you!" Thorpe said fiercely, though still beneath his breath. "Heart and soul I love you. You know it. And you love me. You cannot deny it. We cannot help ourselves. God made us for each other. Confess it, Margaret. Let us be true in that, at least!"

Margaret gasped.

"*True!*"

"You love me, Margaret. Confess it."

Her lips moved to disown it, but instead came a helpless, frightened cry.

"Thorpe! Thorpe!"

He made a sound of inarticulate exultation, and hearing it, her face whitened. She sprang back from him, extending both hands, palm-outward, in terrified entreaty.

"Don't be afraid of me!" he begged. "I am not mad. I am not lost to honour. Do you suppose I do not see my wife standing between us this moment, separating us forever? Do not shrink from me. I would not touch so much as the finger-tips of those beautiful hands of yours. How can my love harm you?"

"Oh, the sin of it!" Margaret moaned.

"It is not sin. It is fate. It is no fault of ours."

"Oh, how could this hideous thing have come to us!—to *us!*"

"It is *not* hideous, Margaret. It is hopeless, but it has sprung out of the very best that is in us."

Margaret was shaking like an aspen leaf. Sinking to her knees she bowed her head with a gesture of unutterable humiliation.

"Is it this that our best has brought us to? The shame—the shame of it!"

"What shame is there in the inevitable? Margaret, listen to me this once!"

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"There is nothing left to listen to. You have said already what you should have died rather than say."

"I *had* to say it, Margaret. I could have forced back an ocean-tide sooner. Be brave. Face the truth. It is not in our power to love or not as we choose. We love because we must. What pain it brings us we will bear together."

"Oh, I had such hopes!" the poor girl said, lifting her head and looking at him with great tears dropping down her cheeks. "I thought our friendship would be an influence for good to each of us, raising us above ourselves, inspiring us with higher aims, worthier ideals—that you would be a better man, I a better woman, always, because of it. And now everything is at an end."

A breeze had sprung up. The air was a furnace breath against their faces. The little bell rang fretfully, and the rustle of the leaves was one continuous, agitated whisper.

"Why is everything at an end?" Thorpe cried hotly. "I refuse to give up what I may have because I may not have more. What is left us but our friendship? Are we not strong enough to know the truth, and still dare to meet?"

Margaret wrung her hands.

"Everything must be at an end!"

It was darkening fast. The wind was a long wail.

"But why, Margaret?" Thorpe went on impetuously. "Why not keep the little that fate leaves us? Let us be to each other our lives through what we have been to each other this summer. Let our friendship still bring us the good that you had hoped from it. Margaret—think of the dreadful years before us both!"

"I do. I do."

"Then why not lighten them as far as we may? Margaret, I need you. Don't let me fall back to where I was. Oh, I cannot—I will not give you up!"

"If—if it were only right!" stammered Margaret, shaken by his vehemence.

Faint flashes of light were playing on every side. Thunder muttered sullenly in the distance.

"How can it not be right?" insisted Thorpe. "What do I ask that is wrong? I ask only your beautiful, blessed friendship in exchange for mine, in place of the love that we must deny ourselves. Margaret! Margaret! By what law are we compelled to starve because we may not feast?"

"Could we ever again be merely friends?" Margaret asked, holding back the hair from her forehead with both hands, as the wind blew the bright locks across it. "Will it be easy, knowing—what we do—" a burning blush crimsoned her face, but she forced herself to finish. "Will it be easy to be again—only friends, never—never again—lovers?"

"Is *any* duty easy in this horrible muddle of a world? No, it will not be easy. It would be easier to die this minute. But we will be strong. Only say that all shall go on as if this hour had been blotted out. Cannot you promise me so little as that?"

As he spoke, the lightning cut like a sabre stroke through the branches above them, accompanied by a clap of thunder so deep, so prolonged and awful that Margaret sprang to her feet in terror.

"The storm! The storm!"

It was grown dark as night under the oaks. The wind tore by in angry gusts. There was the splash of heavy drops, now thrown singly, now in handfuls, against the leaves.

"The church!" cried Thorpe. "Come!"

It was the nearest point of shelter. They had barely reached it when the heavens were smitten asunder and the storm descended like a living Fury. The wind lashed itself into a hurricane, sweeping the rain in an opaque, slanting sheet before it. The trees bent and writhed, clashing together with groans as of human agony. All through Tangle-Town were sounds of fresh destruction, a board ripped off here, bricks loosened there, and here again a shutter pried open and twisted from its hinges, to be flung splintering to the earth, while in every lull of the tempest the little bell rang ceaselessly, like an unavailing signal of distress. The church was flooded, the rain pouring in torrents through the broken roof and defenceless windows. The only dry spot was the chancel. Here Margaret and Thorpe had taken refuge, standing close to the altar, pale with a suppressed storm of passion, of which this outward manifestation seemed but the shadow. The building shook, as peal on peal of thunder crashed above it. Flash after flash swept blinding by. The wind was like maniac

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laughter. But the two beside the altar neither spoke nor moved. Finally there came a blast that caught the steeple and wrestled with it furiously. There was the sound of a wrench, a giving way, a headlong, heavy fall, and the wind, abandoning its prey, went screaming past. The belfry, though shaken and tottering, still held, but the bell lay buried deep in the rotten boards of the vestibule.

Then Margaret looked at Thorpe with a wan smile.

"It is gone. I thought it like a soul seeking expression—do you remember? It can never find it now."

"My soul has found its voice," Thorpe said quickly. "It is for you to answer it. Margaret, even here in this holy place I dare ask it. Promise me your friendship!"

Margaret looked searchingly in his face for a long moment. Then she reached out her trembling hand.

"I promise it," she said steadily, looking at him with beautiful, solemn eyes. "All that one friend may be to another I will be to you till I die."

"Amen," Thorpe said.

He held her hand for a second's space with a pressure that was pain, then released it, and they stood silently side by side again, waiting for the storm to pass, and the face of each wore the look of one newly consecrated.

The days that followed were of mingled light and cloud. The storm had swept the summer away, and the early autumn brought capricious skies and frosty nights. A change came over Thorpe and Margaret with the altering days. They were constantly on guard, lest some chance word or look should betray them as it had before, and their manner toward each other assumed a formality singularly at variance with the unembarrassed frankness of their earlier intercourse.

"They ain't near so friendly as they were," Mrs. Hurd remarked regretfully to her husband, as she watched them off for Tangle-Town one bright morning. "Maybe they're getting some talked out."

"Talked out? Land sakes, Martha, here you've been talking steady to me these forty year, and seems as you might just have begun on it each morning, you're that fresh at it every day!"

Mrs. Hurd chuckled good-humouredly.

"'Tain't like as they were man and wife, you know, Joseph. You've always got something to say to a husband, if it's only to rate him. But you do get put to it for talk sometimes with folks as don't belong to you. It's a real strain to have to keep having ideas."

To the two walking away it was like escaping from Purgatory to get beyond the reach of this friendly scrutiny.

"How I hate being spied upon!" Thorpe muttered. "When I see you in the city will there always be some one on the watch to criticise and misconstrue? I wonder how I shall stand it when I cannot escape with you to Tangle-Town?"

Margaret glanced at him in rebuke, when suddenly he seized her by the arm and drew her backward.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he exclaimed. "Take care!"

"Oh, the pretty snake!" cried Beth, darting forward. "Where did it go? You were just going to step on it, Aunt Margaret. Your foot was ever so close. And Mr. Merrick called you 'Margaret.' He always called you 'Miss Ingram' before. He said: 'Margaret, Margaret, take care!' just like that, didn't you, Mr. Merrick?"

Thorpe flushed with annoyance.

"I can't stop to think of my manners with your aunt's foot on a viper," he replied sharply; then, as the child danced unceremoniously away, he turned, half amused, half provoked, to Margaret.

Her face, usually so striking in its repose, had lost its calm of late. Her eyes were full of trouble, and there was a constrained, anxious look about her mouth. Thorpe noticed it particularly now, and attributed it to her probable alarm.

"There was no real danger," he said reassuringly. "After all it was a harmless thing—not a viper, by any means. Were you frightened, Margaret?"

"Don't please!" she exclaimed, with contracting brows. "Don't call me that ever again."

"But why not? Any friend may take so small a liberty as that upon occasion, and for *us*—. I love your name," he went on dreamily, a musical cadence coming into his voice. "It suits you as nothing else could, it is so full of dignity and womanliness. Margaret, pearl of great price."

"Hush! Hush!" she entreated.

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"Why hush?" Thorpe broke out. "What am I saying? Is it anything wicked? I must be myself sometimes. You are so cold, so distant—one would think we had quarrelled. I am sick of this eternal self-repression. To see you—to be near you, and not— Oh, don't look at me like that! Forgive me!"

Yet the second offence was not far off.

They were sauntering through Tangle-Town the next day, deep in a discussion of books. Thorpe was at his best, and Margaret replied or listened to his delightful rambling, brilliant talk, for the moment completely herself again.

"But you are a poet, too," she exclaimed at last. "You are to be one of the world's great poets. And I have such dreams for you! There is so much I expect of you!"

"It helps to know that there is some one whose ideals one is to live up to," Thorpe rejoined. "What is it that you expect?"

"First of all you are to be a good man," Margaret said earnestly, clasping her hands. "Your fame is to be secondary to that—is to grow out of that. It is my desire of desires for you. I want your life and your life's talent to be so interwoven—so one—that men will say of you afterward as they said of Lanier's poet:

> 'His song was only living aloud,
> His work, a singing with his hand!'"

"You set me no light task," Thorpe replied. "Is it not enough if I manage to keep free of the grosser vices—if I am honourable, upright, honest as the world goes? Do you demand that I shall be a Sir Galahad?"

"Yes," she answered spiritedly, "I do! Other men may stop short of that point, and still be good men. But not you, because it is given you to see more clearly than they, and it is right to exact much of one to whom much is intrusted. Goodness is measured, not by comparing one's self with others, but with one's own possibilities. You must pay royally for your soul's royal birthright. Other men may be content only to keep their armour bright and their swords unsheathed. But you—you must see the Holy Grail!"

"And if I see it?"

For answer Margaret looked at him with a smile so confident, so radiant, so transfiguring, that Thorpe was carried by it out of himself. His heart gave a bound. He forgot everything.

"*Darling!*" he exclaimed.

Margaret recoiled from the word as from a blow. The light went instantly out of her face. She turned from him with a despairing gesture.

"Beth," she called, "come back to me. I do not like you to run off." And but for Beth, there was not a word spoken for a long time.

The next afternoon they were again in their old haunt, the child busy thrusting autumn leaves and wild asters into the moss for a flower bed. Margaret sat near, looking preoccupied and grave. Suddenly she turned to Thorpe.

"Write something," she said impatiently. "Why do you not work? I thought you were to do so much, and that I was to be your critic. Give me something to criticise."

"I have written something," Thorpe confessed reluctantly.

Margaret's face cleared.

"You are at work, then? Ah! What have you done?"

"Oh, I have not begun on a poem yet. This is a mere rhyme. You will not care for it."

"Try me!"

She was charming with enthusiastic interest and expectation. Thorpe hesitated, looking at her doubtfully, while a dozen conflicting expressions crossed his face.

"Remember that you asked for it," he said at last. "This is it:

> 'Like a garden of marvellous midsummer blooms
> In a tangle of twilights, and sunfloods, and glooms,—
> A riot of raptures in scarlet and blue
> With blisses of purple and gold breaking through,—
> A temple to Passion, with moss-banks for stairs,
> And colours for anthems, and perfumes for prayers,
> Where all longings, all dreams, all desires that be
> Exhale in the breath of each blossoming tree,—
> Such, O Love, is my heart's love—my heart's love for thee!

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'Like a mist, fallen soft as a sleep o'er the land,
A Peace all-compelling, too vast to withstand,
Wherein dreams lie undreamed and all prayers rest unspoken,—
An impalpable Hush, from man's own soul evoken,
Holding passion and sense in divinest control
By the touch of God's finger laid white on the soul,—
A holiest Calm, a supreme Ecstasy
Where Heaven begins, and Earth ceases to be,—
Such, O Love, is my soul's love—my soul's love for thee!' "

There was a silence when he finished. Margaret sat with downcast eyes and half-averted face, but he could see her thick lashes trembling against her cheek and her lip quivering. The quiver was in her voice, too, when she spoke, though she tried to steady it.

"Can you write nothing but love-songs?"

She said the words with slow, distinct scorn, and there was a bitter indignation in her face as she turned toward him. Yet struggling with the scorn was a rush of indomitable love, and it was that only that Thorpe saw.

"I have not tried. I can write only of what is in me."

He spoke very quietly, but his whole heart leaped out to hers with the words.

Margaret rose to her feet and flung back her head, raising both arms above it like one suffocating. Thorpe sprang up also and stood confronting her with glowing face and burning eyes. It was a moment fraught with intense possibilities to them both. Only an instant and the crisis passed, but they stood looking at each other still, pale and haggard, as if some devastating breath had swept over them. Then Margaret dropped her arms and moved back.

"Stay where you are," she said imperiously. "Do not come with me. No, I will not have it. Stay with Mr. Merrick, Beth. I am going off. I must be alone."

The last words were a cry of intolerable pain, as she turned and hurried out of sight. Heart and brain were on fire. Was this persistent battle with self never to cease? Was victory's flag always to flaunt itself on the side of wrong? A dry sob broke in her throat. Oh, the shameful, exquisite pity of it all!

For a long time she went blindly on through the splendour of the autumnal woods. The day was grey and cheerless, but the maples and sumachs were blazing fires, and the goldenrod made spots of sunlight all about. The wind blew fitfully, and the leaves fell like bright hopes. The ground was thick with them where Margaret passed. The little bell rang out sharply as in alarm, but the clamour in her soul deafened her to outside sounds. Then something like a gentle arm arrested her. She pushed on disregarding, and the next moment saw that she had broken down the brier-rose of her barricade. She stooped and lifted the branch. But there was no rose there now. What did it matter? She dropped it and went on. Let enter who would. Her fairy world was spoiled.

Late that afternoon Thorpe Merrick went in search of her. He turned instinctively to the church, and there he found her. She was kneeling on the chancel steps, both hands pressed against her breast. Her hat lay on the floor, and her head was thrown back, showing the exquisite round of her firm, white throat, from which the lace of her gown fell away softly. Her eyes were nearly closed. There was just a line of dark blue between her lashes. The perfect lids looked as if moulded in marble. There was not a trace of colour in cheek or lip, and the curve of her mouth was sadder than anything Thorpe had ever seen. Yet the whole expression of the noble, upturned face was one of ineffable calm. A saint might have looked so, he thought, in the hour of martyrdom.

She rose as Thorpe advanced.

"I am glad you have come," she said quietly. "I have much to say to you. I have thought it all out, and now I see our way clear. There is but one way that is right. Wait. I must speak first," she insisted gently, as he would have interrupted her. "It was not your fault that I was so easily persuaded into our compact that other day. I would not let myself realise the wrong of it then. But I do now. Now I *know*." She drew a long breath that was like a sob. "We must never meet again."

"*Margaret!*"

"No, no—listen to me. I listened to

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you before. Listen to me now. Listen to your own conscience. You know this cannot go on."

"What cannot go on? Our friendship?"

"It is not friendship, Thorpe. Let us be honest. It is love still. It is a love that we have no right to, a love that would blast us did we let it. Our friendship is a lie. It is love masquerading, and in our souls we are neither of us deceived."

"Supposing it is, Margaret," Thorpe cried passionately. "Good God, how can I deny it, when every moment of every day I crucify it afresh! Yes, I admit it. I admit that I love you—that I always shall love you with every fibre of my being. Even so I deny that there is the shadow of wrong in what we call our friendship. We must dissemble to that extent."

Margaret lifted her clear, steadfast eyes to his.

"As you recited your poem this afternoon, your face—your voice—but I knew without that. I felt that you meant it for me. It was as if you were pouring hot poison into my veins. When I left you I was beside myself. I could not reason. I could not think. I was one unendurable emotion. Was it in our bargain of friendship that you should write love-songs to me, and have me listen to them—criticise them—discuss them with you in cold blood?"

"How can you be so cruel, Margaret?"

"It is you who were cruel," she replied, with a sudden softening of her voice, and a sad, tender little smile. "But I forgive you, for it made the truth clear to me. At first, as I tell you, I could not think. I could only feel. But gradually I grew calmer, and the thought of your wife came to me, and then I saw it all."

"What has Charlotte to do with our friendship?" cried Thorpe harshly. "Leave her out of the question. We do her no wrong. She could have no right to complain."

"No right? O Thorpe, think! Without one syllable of love between us, your change of tone when you speak to me—every look you give me—the allusions that only I can understand—the fact that we are so constrained—impatient—when any one is by—that we breathe freely, act naturally, only when we are alone—oh, do you not see? Our cloak of friendship is no cloak. We try to make it an excuse, but it is no excuse. You wrong your wife, I wrong her, every time that we meet under its name."

Thorpe was grown very pale.

"Margaret, forgive me," he said humbly. "I have been terribly to blame. But try me again. Trust me. I will tear my tongue out by the roots rather than let it betray me by a tremor. I will crush all else down, and be truly your friend—your friend only."

Margaret shook her head.

"We are not so strong as we thought," she answered sadly. "We have failed miserably. In spite of our high ideals we are not able to kill an unlawful love and put friendship in its place. Had we not confessed it—had I not known—it might perhaps have been different. I cannot say. But now there is no choice. We cannot play at friendship. All must end."

"Merely for the shadowy rights of a woman who claims no smallest part—desires no smallest part—of what I give to you, who would but trample it under foot if I offered it to her!"

"That is not the point. It is solely a question of your duty and of my duty. You may not fail of yours because she fails of hers. Even if she no longer cares, she is your wife, and no other living woman has the right to usurp any of her duties or privileges, though you suffer by their loss. All that you give to me is hers by rights. It is the same as if you took her unused jewels to give me. I rob her when I permit it."

"How little you realise the facts, Margaret! Her least pleasure is more to her than my life's entire sacrifice could be. She would not care even though she knew all."

"That alters nothing. The wrong we do is the same. Right is not a matter of other people's knowing or not knowing, or of their caring or not caring."

"But our lives, Margaret—yours and mine?"

"We must endure them."

"And must we throw away all that we might lawfully still be to each other?"

"How can we lawfully be anything to each other, knowing that behind every legitimate impulse of attraction there is always that lawless one lurking?"

"But, Margaret, think of the good, the

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intellectual, and spiritual help our friendship was to bring us!"

Margaret's pale face flushed.

"What amount of intellectual gain could compensate us for a moral loss? Where would be our spiritual help? There is no half-way measure possible. We must part."

"And stand each on a lower level for ever simply for lack of the other's aid?"

"Would any height be a real gain, Thorpe, won through wrong-doing? If sin is accounted to each in proportion to his standards, then, judged by ours, we have greatly fallen already. We *must* part."

"Surely it need not come to this, Margaret! I cannot think our friendship sin."

"Ah, were it only friendship as at first, then it need never have come to this. Then it might have been the joy of both our lives for ever. But not now. Love has spoiled our friendship, and no inspiration could come of it any more into either of our lives. Your friend I shall be while I live—unalterably. But I can no more be the friend by your side. You must go your way, and I mine, alone."

"But how can anything change it now, Margaret? Do you not know that my love is fixed—unchangeable? that neither separation, nor time, nor even death can touch it?"

She sighed heavily.

"Yes, I know. It is for always with both of us. It is our lot. That we must accept—must bear. But it shall be as if death had already parted us. Our love shall be a memory to sanctify—not stain—our future. We will never meet again."

"But we shall meet, Margaret. We live in the same city, not far apart. We must meet again."

"We shall not meet. I will not tempt fate. I have a brother in another city—a sister—other homes. I have made up my mind. I shall not be near you when you go back. There will be no danger of our meeting—ever."

Thorpe smote his hands together and ground his teeth.

"Great God! am I driving you to this!"

"No, no. It is my choice, my punishment. I was weak, shamefully weak. But I am strong now—strong enough to bid you good-bye. Yes, good-bye for ever. Surely you will not be less strong than I?" She smiled wistfully up at him through the tears that were raining over her cheeks.

Thorpe did not answer. He turned brusquely away, smothering a groan, and walking off to the doorway, stood there some long moments, framed in by the creepers festooned on either side. The wind blew them to and fro. A few red leaves fluttered down and lay like spattered blood at his feet. When he returned to Margaret, his lips were twitching and his eyes wet.

"You are right," he said, in a choked voice. "It shall be as you wish. I will leave to-morrow—to-night."

He knelt down, and taking her hands placed them on his forehead and pressed them close.

"God forgive me," he said brokenly. "It is tearing my soul out to leave you."

"God help us," she whispered back, and as she bent over him, scalding tears fell over his hands. Then she lifted herself up with a sudden passionate cry of pain.

"O my love, my love! God help us both to become apart all that in these mad days I have dreamed we might become together! Promise me—promise me—if you have truly cared—that you will—because I have cared so much—that you will be—you will try—"

"I promise," he said hoarsely. "I will."

Still holding her hands fast, he rose to his feet and stood gazing down at her with devouring eyes.

"Good-bye," he said at last. "Dearest! Dearest! Good-bye."

And dropping his head upon his breast, he went away.

Margaret stood absolutely still till she could see him no more—could see nothing for all her straining gaze but the swaying blood-red creepers framing in a stretch of emptiness. Then she staggered back up the chancel steps, and threw herself down by the altar, and laid her locked hands upon it, looking up to heaven with a wild, blind prayer on her white face.

There she knelt, till in the end peace came to her again, and the late sunlight, breaking through the clouds, streamed in through the crimson doorway, crowning her with a sunset crown of glory.

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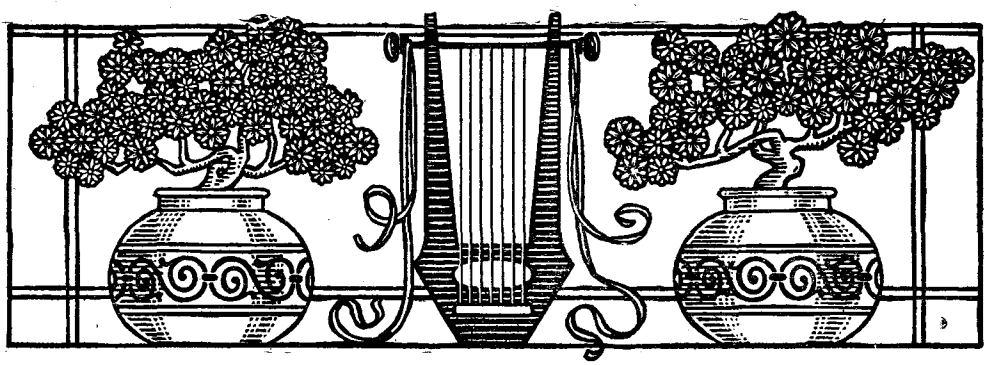

THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XIV.

"MY TRUEST COMRADE."

He looked forward to the meeting with Miss Wood as if it were to be one of the epochs in his life. An odd fear took possession of him—cowardice, inspired by the knowledge that he was not of her world. Once again he felt like the crude, ignorant country boy, and he trembled at the thought of meeting this beautiful "society girl" in her own realm. In the old days he had interested her, as if he were a curiosity; now he was to see her on different grounds. He was to submit to an inspection which he knew he was not yet able to endure. As the night drew near for the visit to her home, as arranged by the glowing Converse, self-consciousness overpowered him. What would she think of him?

Converse rushed in one day and told him that he had just seen Miss Wood on the street—in fact, had ridden several blocks in her carriage—and that a strange coincidence was to be related. She was driving to the Art Institute with his drawing of Proctor's Falls. She had, through some influence of her own, obtained permission to hang it for a few weeks. No sooner had his visitor departed than Jud, throwing aside his work, dashed from the building and off to the Institute. He hoped that he might see her there; at least, he might again look upon that humble sketch as it hung among his aristocratic lordlings of art. She was not there, but he managed to find his picture. A man was placing it in a rather conspicuous place on the wall.

"New picture, eh?" Jud asked, assuming indifference.

"Yes. It beats the devil how the management lets cranks, just because they're pretty, come in here and hang chromos. Look at that. Wouldn't that jar you? Lead pencil and crayon, and as cheap as mud. Next thing we know, they'll be hanging patent-medicine 'ads' in here."

Jud walked away. He never forgot that half-minute of impersonal criticism. As he was hurrying from the building he saw a carriage drive swiftly from the curb below. For one brief instant he had a glimpse of a face inside—one that he had never forgotten.

She drove toward State Street, in the direction of the big stores to the north. Hoping for another glimpse of her, he followed. From afar he saw her enter her carriage and whirl away toward the river and her north side home. Then he went back to work and to the letter he was writing to Justine. It teemed with references to the fairy of Proctor's Falls.

The next evening but one found him ready for the call, but very nervous. He felt that he was taking a step into a world in which he might not be fit to hold a place; a world which would, perhaps, stare curiously at him as a gifted plebeian, and shut its doors upon him when the novelty had died.

He dressed himself laboriously for the event. It was to be his introduction into select society, and he must not let that

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be the occasion for the faintest twinkle of mirth in the eyes of those to the manner born. At the Athletic Club he met Converse, who looked him over admiringly. If Converse had purposed exhibiting him to Miss Wood as a matter of entertainment for one night, the plan was not feasible. Instead of the careless artist or the unsophisticated youth, there appeared a straight, strong figure, a clean-cut face, keen and handsome. Indeed, Converse found himself envying Jud's dignity and ease of manner. He did not know that the apathy of the person who rode beside him in the cab that whirled up the Lake Shore Drive was the composure of extreme dread. Almost before Jud was aware of it he was inside the Wood drawing-room, awaiting the appearance of its mistress. Through the maze he could barely remember passing an august personage who opened the doors to them, and who said that Miss Wood was expecting Mr. Converse. Then he found himself sitting in a gorgeous apartment, blankly listening to the undertones of his friend, and responding with mechanical calmness, so that Converse marvelled again at his conventional bearing. That young man was delighted with the surprise he had in store for the girl he loved.

She came into the room suddenly and unexpectedly, and the two men arose—one with a laugh, the other with serious, questioning eyes. Miss Wood gave Converse her hand, and turned to Jud with the smile which precedes an introduction. He detected the instantaneous gleam of inquiry, strengthened presently into perplexity and wonder.

"Let me present—" began Converse, but she restrained him quickly. There was now an intentness in her gaze that brought the blood to Jud's face.

"I know your face—don't speak, Douglass. Will you let me guess—let me think? Pardon my extraordinary behaviour, but I am so sure I know you. I have seen you often, very often, I know. You are—oh, dear, how embarrassing! Yes, yes, I know now!" Her eyes fairly danced with the joy of discovery, and she impulsively came to him with hand outstretched. "You are the artist—the boy who drew the picture!"

"Yes, you have guessed," said Jud.

"I knew your face. I am so glad to see you. And you are living out my prophecy, too. Where is the country boy now? What did I tell you?" She stood before him, her eyes looking squarely up into his, her face bright with smiles.

"I am trying to merit the recommendation you gave me, but I am afraid I'll fail," said he.

"Fail?" cried Converse. "You've made a sensational hit, Sherrod, and you owe it to this prophet in petticoats. She made you. If it hadn't been for her you'd be down there in the woods ploughing hay and digging cucumbers, and nobody'd know you were on earth. If I were you I'd jump up and crack my heels together and yell like a cannibal. That's how happy I'd feel."

The boy's excitement was contagious, and Jud began to lose some of his embarrassment.

"I am happy, and I'd like to shout my gratification to Miss Wood," he said. "She fairly drove me to some sort of action. Without her encouragement, I'm sure nothing could have induced me to try my luck here."

"Oh, you would have discovered yourself some day. Genius like yours would, sooner or later, have become a master and compelled you to obey. I merely poked you until you awoke from the dreams and began to see things as they are. And you are really living in Chicago?"

Then she compelled him to tell her all about himself, his work and his plans. She was so deeply interested that his heart glowed. As he sat and talked with her, forgetting that Converse was present, he felt himself gradually lulled into security like that of a traveller who has crept along the edge of a precipice for miles and has reached a haven from which he can look back and laugh at the terrors.

For an hour they conversed, seriously, merrily, about his experiences in the city. He was a true gentleman, therefore modest; the pronoun "I" was used as sparingly as possible, and there was an absence of egotism that charmed his newfound friend. He was beginning to realise the success he had achieved in the city, but one look into his honest grey eyes proved that he was no braggadocio. She saw that she could safely compliment

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him on his progress; she compared him as he sat before her with the country boy she had first known, when she told him that she knew then that he was a great diamond that needed little polishing. The magnificence of his surroundings, the beauty of his hostess, the subtle influence of splendour softened his first rough feelings of apprehension into the mellow confidence of ease and urbanity. It was all so strange and sweet that he lived it over and over again in the days that followed, before he could convince himself that he—poor Jud Sherrod—had not really been in fairyland.

There was no questioning the sincerity of her admiration. Converse sat back and jealously watched the light in her eyes, and listened to the new fervour in her voice, as she talked to the man whose demeanour plainly indicated that he considered her his guiding star in the journey from obscurity to light.

"Oh, yes," she cried suddenly, a taunting gleam coming to her eyes, "I have forgotten something quite important. What has become of the beautiful sweetheart? I never saw a prettier girl. Is she still down there?"

For a moment the spell was broken. He caught his breath. He had forgotten Justine—his own Justine! His composure fled, his eyes wavered before the laughing eyes of his inquisitor. His lips parted with the impulse to blurt out that she was his wife, when he remembered Converse. He had led Converse, with the others, to consider him unmarried, unintentionally and innocently he knew down in his heart. His helpless looks from one to the other showed such unmistakable signs of embarrassment that Miss Wood hastily sought to relieve the situation, fearing she had committed a painful blunder.

"I beg your pardon. It is not my affair, and I—" she began, but Converse, obtuse and rejoicing in Jud's discomfiture, interrupted:

"Oh, she's still there, all right, all right. Look at his blushes! I wish I had the luck he has."

"Douglass Converse, I'll send you to the library if you don't keep quiet. I hope you will pardon my natural curiosity, Mr. Sherrod," she said gravely.

Sherrod caught his breath again and battled for an instant with something in his throat, then allowed a deeper flush to follow the first—the flush that comes with criminal bravery.

"I don't mind telling you about her. She still lives down at my old home and often writes to me about you, wondering whether I have seen you," he said in a hard voice, fully resolved to deceive for the time being.

"Don't forget to let me know what she says when you tell her you have really seen me. I am so interested in her. What is her name?"

Without a moment's hesitation he took the plunge.

"Justine Van."

"What an odd name. Yet she was an odd-looking girl. Her beauty was so different, so fresh, so pure. I hope the gay life of the city is not turning you away from that jewel down there. Oh, I know what the city does for young men who come from the country. It usually spoils them. They forget the best, the truest part of their lives, and they let new faces drive out the old and loving ones.

"I—I don't think you quite understand the situation," floundered Jud, moved to contrition. Had she not interrupted at that instant, he would have told the truth.

"It is easier to understand than you think," she said. "You are up here, she is there. You are a new man with new ideas, new possibilities, new hopes; she is the same sweet, innocent country girl, no farther advanced than she was the day you left her. You have gone forward; she stands still. You are Dudley Sherrod, the most promising of young artists, with popularity ready to leap at you; she is the common lass of the fields, honest and true, unknown except to the people who live near by. You are up here, thrown with bright men, and perhaps with clever women, while she is back there with the farmers and the farmers' wives. You have every opportunity to be somebody; she will always be nobody, unless she is lifted from that mire of inactivity. Don't you see how well I understand the situation? You have every advantage; she has none. Yes, Mr. Sherrod, you are living out the promise I made for you months ago, and you are winning only what is yours by right. But you must not forget that there are few such jewels here as the one you

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left behind when you sought treasures in the world."

"That's the neatest lecture I ever heard, Celeste," cried Converse admiringly. "You mustn't forget to go back and polish up the jewel, Sherrod. That's what she means, in few words."

Jud feared that both were laughing at him and resented it.

"I am sure Miss Wood has said nothing that is untrue concerning Justine Van. She is the noblest girl I ever knew," he said deliberately. "She is far above me in every way. She has more reason to stoop to me than I to her. She is my best friend."

"Friend?" echoed Miss Wood.

"My truest comrade," said he. The perspiration started on his forehead.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE HEART FOR TWO.

The passing of two months saw Sherrod a constant, even a privileged, visitor at the Wood home. In that time he visited the cottage in Indiana but once, and on that occasion glowingly related to Justine the story of his first visit to the goddess and of her subsequent interest in his affairs.

Just now he was beginning to realise the consequences of his deception. Affairs had reached the stage where it seemed next to impossible to acknowledge his marriage to Justine, and he certainly could not tell that honest, trusting wife of his unfortunate duplicity. He loved her too deeply to inflict the wound that such a confession would make, and yet he could see that delay would only increase the violence of the shock should she learn of his mistake, innocently conceived but unwisely fostered.

Justine also had a secret. When he was ready to take her to the city she would confess to him that 'Gene Crawley was to farm the place for her that spring and summer, working on the shares. He was to use his own team, for her horses had died of influenza. So little did Jud know of the old home place now that he did not recognise Crawley's horses in the stable, nor could he see that a man's hand had performed wonders in the field. He was thinking of Chicago and the miserable broil in which his affairs were involved. Justine induced Crawley to remain away from the farm during Jud's stay, an undertaking which required some force of persuasion. Crawley wanted to make peace with Jud and to assure him of his good faith; he begged her to let him apologise to his old adversary and ask him to shake hands and say quits. But she knew that Jud would not understand, and that there could be no forgiveness. Never in her life had she loved Jud as in these days when she was disobeying and deceiving him. While she knew that 'Gene was no longer the brute and the blackguard of old, she saw that her husband could look upon him only as he had known him.

The farm was bound to do well this year, and she was happy to give Jud that assurance. Once he caught her looking wistfully at him when he was telling of expected triumphs in the city. He knew that she was hoping he would say that she could soon go with him to the city, leaving the farm to care for itself. But how could he take her there now? He groaned with the shame of it.

A week of sleepless nights followed this visit to Clay Township. The young artist's work on the paper suffered and his fellows advised him to take a rest. He had had no vacation since taking the position many months before. But it was not overwork that told on him. It was the lying awake of nights striving to find a way out of his predicament without losing the respect of all these friends, especially that of one whom he admired so deeply. He had permitted her to believe him free, and had behaved as a free man behaves to such an extent that explanations were impossible. To tell her the truth concerning the man she had gone to the theatre with, had lunched with in downtown restaurants, had entertained in her own home almost to the exclusion of others, could bring but one end—the scorn and detestation he deserved.

Poor Converse had given up the conflict in despair, but, good fellow that he was, held no grudge against Sherrod, for whom he had genuine admiration. They were lunching together a week or two after his trying trip to Clay Township, and Jud was so moody that Converse took note of it. As they sat at the table Converse mentally observed that his friend

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was growing handsomer every day; the moods improved him. After a long silence the artist said:

"I had an offer to-day to do some book illustrating for a publishing house."

"Good! That's the stuff! Book pictures will be your line, old man. Will you accept?"

"I'm afraid I'd be a failure," said Jud gloomily.

"Is that what's the matter with you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the other quickly.

"Oh, your grumpiness. You've been all out of sorts for a couple of weeks, you know—or maybe you don't. But you have, anyway. I never saw a fellow change as you have in—in, well, ten days."

"I don't understand why you think so. Everything is all right with me," said Jud shortly.

"Maybe you're off your feed a bit."

"Never was better in my life."

"Well, it's darned queer. You act like a man whose liver is turning mongrel. Lord, you ought to be satisfied! You've made a big hit here, and you'll soon be getting the biggest salary of any newspaper artist in town. You have been elected to the Athletic Club, you have been invited to lecture before some of the clubs, you've got plenty of coin to throw at birds, so why don't you rub those wrinkles from between your eyes?"

Jud laughed rather mirthlessly, without taking his eyes from the coffee which he was stirring.

"Wrinkles don't come because you want them, but because you don't."

"Well, old chap, I'm sure something is worrying you. Can I help you in any way?" went on his generous friend.

"Thanks, Doug; you can help me to another lump of sugar."

"The devil take you!" cried Converse, handing him the bowl. "Say," he said a moment later, watching Jud as he calmly buttered his bread, "I believe there's a woman in it."

"A woman!" exclaimed the other, almost dropping his knife. For an instant his grey eyes seemed to look through the other's brain. "What are you driving at, Doug?" he went on, controlling himself.

"I'm next to you at last," old man. You're in a deuce of a boat. You're in love."

"And if I were, I can't see why I should have to hire a boat."

"It's all right to talk that way, but you are in the boat, just the same. Maybe it's a raft, though, and maybe you're shipwrecked. You are one of these unlucky dogs who find out that they love the second girl after having promised to marry the first one. The size of it is, you've about forgotten the little Indiana girl you were telling me about." For a whole minute Jud stared at him, white to the lips.

"You have no right to talk like that, Converse," he said hoarsely.

"I beg pardon, Jud; I didn't mean to offend. Honestly now, I was talking to hear myself talk," cried the other.

"I have not promised to marry any one in Indiana," said Jud slowly, cruelly, deliberately.

"Then you are free as air?" asked Converse, a chill in his heart.

"Or as foul," said Sherrod.

"Sherrod, is this girl down in the country in love with you?"

"You mean the one I spoke of?" asked Jud, his head swimming.

"Yes, the one you spoke of."

"My dear fellow, the girl I spoke of has been married for three years. I am very sure she loves her husband."

"Thank God for that, Jud! I was afraid you were forgetting her, just as Celeste said you might. It wouldn't be right to break her heart, you know."

"Excellent advice," said Jud.

"Have you seen Celeste since Sunday? I saw you together at St. James's."

Sherrod had already dropped four lumps of sugar into his coffee, and was now adding another.

"I saw her last night. Why?"

"'Gad, you're pretty regular, aren't you?" said Converse, bitter in spite of himself.

"It strikes me you are talking rather queerly."

"I presume I am. You'll forgive me, though, when I remind you that I care a great deal for her. It rather hurts to have her forget me entirely," said the poor fellow.

"Come, come, old man, you're losing your nerve," cried Jud, his eye brighten-

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ing. "I'm sure you can win if you'll only have heart."

"Win! You know better than that. If you don't know it, I'll tell you something. She's desperately in love with another man at this very minute."

"What?" ejaculated Jud. "Miss Wood in love with—with—another man? Why—why—I've not seen her pay any especial attention to any one."

"You must be blind, then. There's only one man in the world she cares to see any more, or cares to have near her."

"Good heavens, no! I never suspected—by George, Doug! Surely you're dreaming!" He could not understand a certain jealousy that came to him.

"Can't you see that she's in love with you—*you!*" cried the boy.

The two looked at each other intently for a moment, despair in the eyes of one, incredulous joy in those of the other. Sherrod could feel the blood rushing swifter and swifter to his heart, to his throat, to his face, to his eyes. Something red and hot floated across his vision, turning the whole world into a ruddy hue; something strong and light seemed striving to lift his whole being in the air.

"Well, why don't you say you don't believe it?" said a voice in front of him.

"I—I can't say a word. You paralyse me. My heavens, Converse, I never dreamed of such a thing, and I know you're mistaken. Why, it cannot be—it shouldn't be!" he almost gasped.

"Bah! What's the use? Women don't ask permission to fall in love, do they? They just fall, that's all. I'm not saying it is absolutely true, but I'm making a pretty fine guess. She is more interested in you than in any man she has ever known. I know that much."

"Interested, perhaps, yes; but that is not love. Hang it, Douglass, she cares for you."

"No, she doesn't, Jud; no, she doesn't. No such luck. I don't appeal to her at all and I never can. I step down and out; you've a clear field, so far as I am concerned. If I can't have her, I'd rather see her go to you than to any one in the world. You're good and honest and a man."

"Impossible! Impossible! It can't be that. You don't understand the real situation," floundered Jud.

"I understand it as well as you do, my boy—better, I think. I know Celeste Wood, and that's all there is to it. You've won something that a hundred men have fought for and lost. You're a damned lucky dog."

Jud Sherrod went to his rooms that night, after a dizzy evening at the theatre and the club, his head whirling with the intoxication coming from a mixture of rejoicing, regret, shame, apprehension, incredulity—a hundred irrepressible thoughts. What if Converse's supposition should be true? Then, good God, what a beast he had been! This night he slept not a wink—in fact, he did not go to bed. He even thought of suicide as he paced the floor or buried his face in the cushions on his couch.

With it all before him, there suddenly came uppermost the thought of his base treatment of Justine. Here he was, earning a handsome salary, living comfortably and cozily, spending his money in the entertainment of another woman, leading that other woman on to what now seemed certain unhappiness, and all the time neglecting the trusting, loving wife even to the point of cruelty. Down there in the bleak, uncouth country she was struggling on, loving him, trusting him, believing in him, and he was keeping himself afar off, looking on with selfish, indifferent eyes. All this grew worse and worse as he realised that of all women he loved none but Justine—loved and revered her deeper and deeper with every hour and day.

As the dawn came, in the eagerness of repentance he seized pen and paper and wrote two letters, one to Justine, one to Celeste. To Justine he poured forth his confession and urged her to save him, to live with him, to go with him to another city where he could begin anew. To Celeste he admitted his shameful behaviour, pleaded for forgiveness and asked her to forget that he had ever come into her sweet, pure life. But he never sent the letters.

His courage failed him. With the temporising weakness of the guilty he destroyed the bits of honesty his heart had inspired and planned anew feverishly, sincerely, almost buoyantly. He would see

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Celeste personally the next day or night, tell her all, and face her scorn as best he could. He would see her once more—once more—and then—Justine for ever!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FALL OF THE WEAK.

He had the firmest intention to lay bare before Miss Wood the miserable facts, without the faintest hope for pardon. He knew this frank, pure girl so well by this time that her reception of the humiliating truth was as plain as day to him. The esteem in which she had held him would vanish with the first recovery from the shock his words would bring; all the honours he had won through her instrumentality would turn to the most despised of memories; all that she had done for him would be regretted; the dear companionship, the cheer, the encouragement, all would go.

He had not intended a wrong in the beginning. In his wretched brain there was the persistent cry: "You did not think! You did not know what you were doing! There was no desire to gain by this deception. You did not intend to be dishonest!"

It had begun with the sly desire to surprise the "boys" some happy day when he could show to them the wife who was his pride. Almost unconsciously he had gone deeper into the mire of circumstances from which he could not now flounder except with sullied honour. Without a thought as to the seriousness of the situation, he had allowed his innocent friend to compromise herself by an almost constant association with him. He had intended telling her the secret when first he met her, exacting a promise to keep it from Converse for a little while, at least. She was to be his confidante, his and Justine's, for he meant to tell her that the brave little woman of Proctor's Falls cherished her as ideal, unknown but loved.

Celeste had unconsciously baffled all these good intentions, building a wall about the truth so strong that it could not break through. It went on, this sweet comradeship, until he—a married man—was looked upon by outsiders as the man to whom this unattainable girl had given her love. Converse's blunt assertion had given him the first inkling of the consequences the intimacy had engendered. Worse than all else, he now realised how dear Celeste Wood had become to him. On one hand, Justine was his ideal; on the other hand, Celeste was an ideal. It seemed to him as he rode in a hansom to the north side the next night after his talk with Converse that he could not bear to lose one more than the other. Both were made for him to adore.

He faltered as he mounted the steps at the Wood home. At the top he turned and looked out over the lake. A wild desire to rush down and throw himself over the sea wall into the dark, splashing waters came upon him. To go inside meant the end of happiness, so far as Celeste Wood was concerned; to turn away would mean the end of his honour and his conscience.

As he stood debating she opened the door and he was trapped. A dazzling light shone in upon his darkness and he staggered forward deeper into its warm radiance, conscious only that a deadly chill had been cast off and that he was in the glow of her smile.

In the dimly lighted hall, red and seductive from the swinging lantern with its antique trappings and scarlet eyes, he removed his overcoat and threw it, with his hat, upon the Flemish chair. Slim, sweet and graceful, she looked up into his sombre face. There was a quizzical smile on hers. And now, for the first time, he saw more than friendship in those violet eyes. Plain, too plain, was the glint that brightened the dark pupils; too plain were the roses in her cheeks.

"I know you appear very distinguished and important when you wear that expression, but I'd much rather see you smile," she said gaily.

"Smiles are too expensive sometimes," he said, without knowing what he uttered.

"I'll buy them at your own price," she laughed, but a shade of anxiety crossed her face.

"No, I'll trade my dull smiles for your bright ones. It will be enough to cheat, without robbing you," he said, pulling himself together and allowing a dead smile to come to life.

Her den was the most seductive of rooms. It was beautiful, quaint, indolent. Before he dropped into his accus-

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tomed chair his muscles were drawn taut; an instant later he was aware of a long sigh and conscious of relaxation. His brain cleared, his courage revived, and he was framing the sentences which were to lead up to that final confession. He had an eager desire to have it over with and to hurry away from her wrath.

She, on the other hand, was all excitement over her report that he was at last to do book illustrating She brought a tingling to his heart by her undisguised gladness. Her face was so bright with joy, so alive with interest, that he could but defer striking the blow.

"But perhaps you'd rather talk about some other subject than yourself," she said finally. "I want to tell you about my brother. He is in Egypt now and he is wild over everything there—perfectly crazy. A letter came to-day, and he gives a wonderful account of a trip to an old town up the Nile. Those boys must be fairly awakening the mummies, if we are to judge by his letters. He has set me wild to go to Egypt. Shall I read his letter to you?"

Patiently he listened to an entertaining letter from the boy who was seeing the world with a party of friends. As she read he watched her face. It was a face to idolise, a face to covet, a face for the memory to subsist upon forever. Stealing into his troubled heart came the realisation that this girl was enthroned there beside that other loved one, both for him to worship and both to worship him. There grew into shape, positive and strong, the delightful certainty that these two women could love each other, and that in so loving could share his honest love; for now he believed that his love was big enough to envelop them both. As she read to him this dream mastered and enslaved him and his heart expanded, letting in the love of this second petitioner, dividing the kingdom fairly that she might reign with the one already there. He convinced himself that he loved two women honestly, purely and with his whole soul. He loved unreservedly and equally Justine, his wife, and Celeste, his friend.

"You're not listening at all," she cried, dropping the letter suddenly. "What are you thinking of?"

"Of—of the very strangest of things," he stammered.

"But not of the letter? I am so sorry I bored you with——"

"Stop! Please stop! Pardon me, I—I—for God's sake, let me think!" he burst out, starting to his feet. He strode to the window and, with his back to her, looked out into the night. The action, sudden and inexplicable, brought flashes of red and white to her face, and then a steady glow—the flush, not of indignation, but of joy. A heart throb sent the blood tingling through her veins and a smile flew to her startled face. Her eyes melted with a sweet, tender joy, and her whole being was suffused with the radiance of understanding. Woman's intuition told her all, and with clasped hands she looked upon the motionless figure. One hand went out toward him, as if to lead him into the light of her love! He loved her!

She went to the piano and gently, with a soft smile on her lips, began to play "La Paloma," the daintiest of waltzes, for her heart was dancing. At last he turned slowly and looked upon the player. Her back was toward him. His eyes took in the picture—the white shoulders and neck, the pretty head, the dark hair and the red rose. All his good resolutions, all his remorse, all his honour fled with the first glance. The dulness left his eyes and in its stead came the flaring spark of passion. He strode impulsively to her side, and when she glanced up in confusion her eyes found the refuge they had sought—the awakened love in his.

"Oh, Jud!" she murmured, faint and happy.

"Celeste!" he whispered hoarsely, his face almost in her hair. "I worship you! I adore you!"

He crushed her in his arms, and she smiled through her tears.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT SEA.

Even at that moment he thought of the wrong he was doing Justine, forgetting that he was blasting the life of the other one. And again, when he asked Celeste to be his wife he thought of the cruel deception he was practising upon Justine. Not till afterward did he fully realise that he had deceived Celeste a thousand-fold more grossly than Justine—for Justine was his lawful wife, Celeste his victim.

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And yet that night he gained her promise to be his wife, calmly, remorselessly leading her to the sacrifice of love. It was enough for the moment that he loved her and that she loved him. As he hurried homeward with her kisses tingling on his lips, he whispered joyously to himself that he loved them both and that he could live for them both—worshipping one no more than the other. And he slept that night with a smile of happiness on his lips.

The day for the wedding was set, and it was not until then that his eyes were opened to the wrong he was doing Celeste. She could not be his wife. All the marriage vows in the land could not bind her to him in law. For the first time he realised that reality. But to his rescue came the assurance that he loved her and that she was his in the holy sight of God, if not in the wretched laws of man. He saw the wrong of it all, but he made his own law, and he made his wrong a right. As he made his arrangements for the marriage he was afraid that something like conscience might overthrow him before his desires could be realised.

Blissfully ignorant and deeply in love, she filled him with joy by naming a day just one month from that on which he told her that he loved her. Acceding again to his wishes, for his eager will urged on by fear carried her with it, she agreed to a very quiet wedding.

The power of his love—the love which shrank and trembled with the fear that it might be thwarted—carried everything before it, sweeping honour and dishonour into a heap, which he called the mountain of happiness, and resolved that it should be strong and enduring.

A week before the wedding day he went to Justine, utterly conscienceless, glorying in his love for her, rejoicing in his capacity to share it with another. Happy were the day and night he spent with her. She gave him the fulness of a love long restrained, long pent up. She had not seen him in more than three months. All the unhappiness, all the joylessness, all the lonesomeness, was swept away by the return of this handsome boy, her husband, her Jud.

It must be confessed that she felt some uneasiness lest he meet 'Gene Crawley on the place and lest the long averted catastrophe might occur. She felt guilty in that she was deceiving Jud in regard to 'Gene. That was her greatest sin! But Crawley went to the village on that day. He had seen Jud enter the gate the evening before while he was doing the work about the barn, and had slunk back to his lodging place in Martin Grimes's barn. An ugly hatred came into the soul Justine had tempered until it was gentler than one could have supposed 'Gene Crawley's soul could be. The little farm looked fairly prosperous. Jud did not know that the season had turned unproductive and that Justine had been forced to observe the utmost frugality in order to make both ends meet.

And so he basked in her love and then went away, loving her more deeply than ever. He told her of his hopes and his desires and of his struggles to go ahead. Some time, he was sure, he could take her to the city and they could be happy for ever.

"Poor Jud," she said, with tears in her eyes. "You are so lonesome, so unhappy! I wish I could be with you. But we are so awfully, awfully poor, aren't we?"

"Cruelly poor, dear, is better. You haven't had a new dress in a year, and look at these clothes of mine."

He was wearing once more the wretched garments in which he was married! Down at the tollgate Jim Hardesty said to the crowd the day after his departure for Chicago:

"He's made a fizzle uv it, boys. Goldinged ef I c'n make it out. 'Peared as though he wuz bound to make it go up yander, an' I'd 'a' bet my last chaw tebaccer 'at he'd 'a' got to be president er somethin' two year' ago. But he's fell down somehow. I never did see sich a wreck as him. He don't look 's if he had money 'nough to git a good squar' meal. No wonder he ain't been to see her. It's too dern' fer to walk."

A week afterward Justine received a letter from Jud. With pale face and crushed heart she read and re-read it. It brought grief and joy, terror and gladness, distress and pride. In her solitude she wept piteously, but whether with joy or sadness she could not have told.

And now I must tell you of the great good

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luck that has befallen me. It means that poor Jud Sherrod is to have the greatest opportunity that ever came to a man. I am going to Europe, across the ocean, dearest. Can you imagine such a thing? Think of me going to Europe, think of me sailing across the sea. I'll believe it when I find that I am not really dreaming. Truly, it is too wonderful to be true. How I wish I could take you with me. But think of the wonderful things I'll have to tell you when I come back. I can tell you of Paris, London, Rome and all the places we have talked and read about so often together. Am I not fortunate to have such a friend as the one who is to give me this unheard-of chance? I must tell you that I don't think I deserve it at all. Some day my benefactor will learn that kindness can be wasted and that barrenness sometimes follows the best of sowing. This friend, of whom I shall write you more fully when I have obtained consent, is so deeply interested in me and my future that the art schools in Europe are to be made accessible to me—poverty-stricken me—because of that interest. There is so much to be gained by a brief tour of Europe and by a short stay in the big art schools that my benefactor says it would be criminal for me to be deprived of the chance because I have no money. We are to go together and we are to stay several months, possibly six. I am to have the best of instruction and am to have the additional lessons acquired only by travel. When I come back to this country I shall be ready to startle the world. We sail next week and I don't know just where we are to go after first reaching England. Of course I shall write to you every day, dearest, and I shall think of you every moment. It is for you that I am building all my future. When I am rich and famous we will go to Europe together, you and I. I am so rushed now for time, getting ready and everything, that I cannot come to see you before I go, but you must pray for me and you must love me more than ever. At the end of this week I give up my place on the paper, and when I come back I expect to open a studio of my own. The only thing I hate about the affair is that I must leave you, but it won't be so hard for you to bear, will it, dear? You know it is for my own and your good.

When all the misery of losing him for months, when all the dread of losing him for ever, perhaps, in that voyage across the awful sea, had been lost in the joy over *his* good fortune, Justine gloried. Though her voice trembled and grew faint and her eyes glistened as she read the news to Mrs. Crane and 'Gene, it was from pride and joy. How proud she was of him!

A week later Dudley Sherrod and wife sailed from New York. As the huge ship left the dock, Celeste, clasping his arm and looking up into his face, sombre with thoughts of the future, exclaimed:

"We are at sea! We are at sea!"

"Yes," he said, slowly. "We are at sea."

"I see in a Chicago paper that a feller named Dudley Sherrod wuz married t'other day," remarked Postmaster Hardesty to Parson Marks while the latter was waiting for his mail at the tollgate a few days later. "Cur'os, how derned big this world is, ain't it, parson?"

"Oh, Chicago is a world in itself," said the parson.

"Kinder startled me when I seen that name," Jim went on, pausing in his perusal of a postal card directed to Martin Grimes. "By ginger, Martin's been buyin' hogs up in Grant Township—I mean—er—I sh'd say that this is a derned big world," he stammered, guiltily dropping the card behind the counter. "I reckon there's a hunderd Sherrods in Chicago, though."

"Oh, I dare say you'd find three or four Dudley Sherrods there if you looked through the directory."

"Our Jud has just gone to the old country, Harve Crose tells me."

"Is it possible?"

"Goin' to take some drawin' lessons, I believe."

"I am very glad to hear that he has such a remarkable opportunity. But I was under the impression that he had little or no money." Mr. Marks was now deeply interested.

"Harve said somethin' about a friend payin' all the expenses because he took a likin' to Jud."

"And what provision has he made for Justine?"

"Well, now you're askin' somethin' I cain't answer. Harve's such a derned careless fool he didn't ast anythin' about that part of it."

Later in the afternoon Mr. Marks drove back to the tollgate and asked Hardesty if he had kept the paper containing the notice of the wedding in

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Chicago. He could not account for the feeling that inspired this act on his part. Something indefinable had formed itself in his brain and he could not rest until he had settled it within himself.

Few Chicago papers found their way into this section of Indiana. Clay Township was peculiarly isolated. Its people were lowly, and comfortable in the indifference of the lowly to the progress of the world, aside from its politics, its wars and its markets. Farm papers, family story papers, and the *Glenville Weekly Sun* provided the reading for these busy, homely people. Jim Hardesty "took" a Chicago paper, but he was usually too busy whittling and telling stories to read much more than the headlines.

"Dinged if I know what I done with it, parson," said Jim, scratching his head thoughtfully. "'Pears to me I wrapped some bacon up in it fer Mrs. Trimmer yesterday. Anythin' pertickler you wanted to see about the weddin'?"

"Do you remember what it said about the wedding?"

"Lemme see, what did it say? Said the groom wuz from northern Indiana, up about Fort Wayne, I think. The girl's name wuz—hold on a minute—what wuz her name? Wood—that's it. Swell people, I guess. This feller wuz an artist, too. Say, that's kinder queer, ain't it?"

"A co-incidence—a rare co-incidence, I must say."

"Course, it couldn't 'a' been our Jud," said Jim conclusively. "He's already married."

"Oh, no, no! Of course not, Mr. Hardesty. He is devoted to Justine and —and—"

"An' a man 'at's got any sense ain't goin' to load hisself down with two when it's so derned hard to git rid of one," grinned Jim, referring to his own connubial condition.

"And bigamy is a very serious crime. I wonder if any one else in the neighbourhood has noticed the similarity of names?"

"I ain't heerd no one mention it, Mr. Marks. By ginger, you ain't got no—er—suspicions, have ye?" asked Jim, suddenly acute. Mr. Marks stammered confusedly and assured him that no such thought had entered his head.

"Would you mind giving me Dudley's Chicago address?" he asked, at last, that same indefinable something struggling for recognition.

"He's half way to Europe by this time," explained Jim.

"I feel that it would be wise to secure a letter from Jud himself in case rumour confuses him with this other man. It would be just to him and to Justine, Mr. Hardesty. If you'll give me his address I'll write to him and we can have his own word for it in case people got to talking."

"Then you *are* afraid people will think it's Jud?" demanded Jim.

"You cannot tell what people might think and say," said the parson sagely. "And, by the way, did Mrs. Hardesty see that notice in the paper?"

"Naw! She's too busy readin' that continued story in the *Wife's Own Magazine*. Thunder! I wouldn't even hint to her that it might be Jud! She's jest the woman to swear it wuz him anyhow, an' she'd peddle it over the country quicker'n scat. But, course it cain't be Jud, so what's the use worryin' about it? This is a thunderin' big world, as I said before, Mr. Marks, an' they do say that up in Indianapolis there is sixty-four fellers named James Hardesty. Gosh, I hope my wife never gits it into her head that I've got sixty-four other wives, just because the name's the same. She'd never git tired askin' me about that trip I took to Indianapolis six year ago with the rest o' the G. A. R. boys from Glenville."

Nevertheless, Mr. Marks wrote to Jud Sherrod, delicately referring to the strange similarity in names and to the embarrassment he might suffer if the community came to regard him as identical with the Chicago bridegroom. The letter was nothing less than a deliberate command for Dudley Sherrod to say "guilty" or "not guilty."

Weeks afterward, from across the sea, came a reply from Jud, in all the cold dignity of a conscience in defence. He closed with these words:

"I have but one wife—the one whom God and the law has given me. You will greatly oblige me, Mr. Marks, by informing any inquiring person in your community that Justine is my wife and that I am not the Sherrod who was married in Chicago. Thank you for your interest in Justine and me."

(*To be continued.*)

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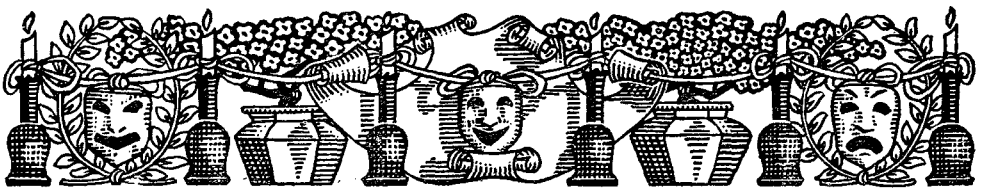

COUNT TOLSTOY AND EDOUARD ROD

Both are moralists, and they think highly of each other. No wonder that the last novel of Tolstoy, *Resurrection,* moved Rod deeply, so much so that the French writer decided to take up the same subject in one of his own books. *L'Inutile Effort,* which appeared serially in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and has just been issued in book form, rests on the same fundamental data as *Resurrection.* As the latter has recently been put on the stage in this country with great success, the discussion of the moral problem involved seems particularly timely. The theme of it is well known. Nekludov finds one day Maslowa, his former mistress, on the bench of infamy of a court of justice, and then decides to expiate the wrong of which he feels himself guilty.

In Rod's novel, Françoise Dessommes, a pretty French modiste, has had a child of Léonard Perreuse, a student of law at the University of Paris. Léonard neglects his duties, but soon becomes a successful lawyer, gets rich, marries, has legitimate children, and is universally considered a very respectable member of society. The deserted Françoise faces her fate courageously; she goes to London, finds remunerative work, and devotes her life to her adored little girl. Everything seems to go fairly well, when, one Sunday evening, passing over a bridge in London, the child falls in the water and is drowned. The mother is arrested and charged with infanticide. Nobody sees any reason for the crime; all the external circumstances are, however, against Françoise. At the trial, a few vague testimonials of witnesses are deemed sufficient to sentence Françoise to death, and she is hanged in the prison of Newgate.

While the trial was following its slow course, a Paris newspaper's "fait-divers" had informed Léonard Perreuse of what was going on; he recognises at once the name of Françoise, and now begins a terrible struggle in his conscience. If he was to testify that he knows the unfortunate girl, her honesty, her lovable character, the courage she has shown in misfortune, his word would be of great weight as showing her to be incapable of the crime imputed to her, and he might save her life. The crisis becomes more acute every day, and when he finally decides to act, it is too late.

The plot imagined by Rod is, as usual, not particularly striking, but the problem is very clearly stated, and that is the important thing.

Two questions are really involved both in *Resurrection* and *L'Inutile Effort:* the fallibility of human justice and the moral responsibility of the man who refuses to assume the consequences of his actions.

The first is secondary in both novels, though more important in Tolstoy's, who wants to show that if social justice is unknown in Russia, the fault is with men; if the members of the jury were only honest, justice might prevail. Rod is far more pessimistic in this respect: he shows us judges who are very much in earnest, very anxious to know the truth, but the purely external circumstances upon which human justice depends do not reach the heart of the question. Even when pains is taken to find the truth and men are trying to be fair, human efforts may fail. The only tribunal absolutely reliable is the conscience of the accused. To use a popular distinction: nobody *knows* whether Françoise is guilty or not, but the reader *feels* that she is innocent.

The other problem, the truly important one, is the struggle in the conscience of Nekludov and in that of Léonard. And here we cannot help regretting deeply a great technical mistake in the composition of Rod's novel: while the action of the drama takes place in London, where Françoise is

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imprisoned, the inner struggle of Léonard, which is the actual *raison d'être* of the novel, takes place in Paris. Tolstoy has been wiser; his heroes are together nearly all the time. But this is, after all, a mere formal matter, and it would be easy enough to detect the motives that induced Rod to adopt his plan.

Another preliminary remark may be in place: both authors accept the harmful deed of Nekludov and of Léonard as *fait accompli,* and do not render themselves ridiculous and mean by a rigid and shallow retrospective morality. It would indeed have been too easy to say: those men ought not to sin and such complications would not arise. Men are weak and must be taken as they are, sinners.

If now we compare the presentation of the problem in the respective books, Rod seems decidedly the more thorough of the two.

In the first place, Tolstoy is a mystic, and he has fashioned his hero accordingly. Nekludov's decision to give an entirely new direction to his life is reached by a sort of moral illumination. He then becomes a fanatic and remains a fanatic, too. A force beyond human forces guides him in all his actions; he is more passive than active; he needs not think any longer; it can hardly be said of him that he faces a problem at all. To us, therefore, he is not a fair representative of the ordinary man.

But even mysticism apart, Nekludov has an altogether too easy task. Tolstoy has reduced his story to a simplicity which pretty nearly causes the moral problem to vanish. Once Nekludov has decided to atone for his sin, the circumstances lay his duty before him as plainly as can be imagined. He is not married, he has no children, he has not started yet definitely on his path of life. He will have to fight some prejudices, it is true, but if he throws them aside nobody will suffer for it; there are no practical consequences to speak of involved in his actions. He will give away his riches, also, and this may be hard; but he alone is affected by it, and moreover this decision is only loosely connected with the subject of the novel; his struggle with the peasants who do not wish to accept his sacrifice because they distrust any nobleman is a striking *tableau de mœurs,* but it is plainly a *hors d'œuvre.* The great merit of the French writer is that he has discriminated the weak point in Tolstoy's work, and that he has changed the circumstances of the story in such a manner as to force the reader to realise that a complete solution of the problem was not reached in *Resurrection.* Léonard, when the hour of atonement strikes for him, is no longer free. If it were only the question of giving up riches and fame, he might have done it as well as Nekludov; but wife and children would suffer if he did so. His position is therefore much more difficult and by no means less true than that of the Russian gentleman. In sparing wife and children, who are, of course, perfectly innocent, he may cause the death of Françoise; but if he saves Françoise he compromises his family, and in our social organisation the dishonour in a family may be much worse than death.

It is clear, then, that Rod has grasped the problem more fully than the Russian writer. But however meritorious this may be, we remain disappointed because we expected a solution, and none is given. It seems even that the author shrinks before a logical course. When we think of poor Françoise, who dies an infamous death, we rise in indignation against the man who dares not to listen to his conscience's command. But Rod is too honest a writer to allow a merely sentimental disposition to misguide him. Neither does he want his readers to forget that, had Léonard spoken in time, severe consequences might have fallen upon innocent victims. The deferred decision of the hero looks very much like a subterfuge on the part of a hopelessly puzzled writer, who thus avoids the delicate task of declaring that, on account of Léonard's family, it was fortunate if the *effort* was *inutile.*

The conclusion reached by a thoughtful reader on closing the book will be, therefore, that conscience is a very reliable judge as far as the past is concerned, but it leaves us helpless with regard to the future. It tells us that we have done wrong, but it does not tell us how to mend what we have marred.

Rod was brought up in a Protestant milieu—in French Switzerland—and on this account he becomes particularly interesting for us. Like other Protestant writers of the same origin who have lived

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in France, such as Rousseau and Madame de Staël, he advocates the exclusive rights of conscience in ethics. The French were never altogether convinced; they always went back to the old Catholic idea, namely, conscience is not enough; man needs a superhuman guidance in many delicate problems of life. Even lay authors, who do not in the least care about the Church, show a distinct tendency toward ignoring conscience (Rosny's *Nell Horn*). Without attempting to discuss Catholicism and Protestantism, the remark may, however, be made that Rod has, in fact, and very unwillingly, put his finger upon the weak point of Calvinism, which always denied to anything or anybody, Church or priest, the right to stand between man and his conscience. See Léonard Perreuse: his conscience does not help him. There is no doubt, also, that frequently, in actual life, men who have done their best to act conscientiously do not feel relieved. The relatively large number of conversions to Catholicism, about which so much has been said recently, may well be due to this same feeling, namely, that conscience, while prompting to action, very often does not teach us *what* to do. It is natural, in such cases, to look for help from the Church and the representatives of God on earth, the priests.

Albert Schinz.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Twenty years ago a medical student was mustering the patients in the consulting room of Professor Joseph Bell. The doctor—a man with sharp, piercing grey eyes, eagle nose and striking features—sat in his chair with fingers together, and "just worked at the men or women before him," diagnosing not merely their maladies but their lives. "Gentlemen," he would say to the students standing round, "I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight *callus*, or hardening, on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb, and that is a sure sign he is either one or the other." His great faculty of deduction was at times highly dramatic. "Ah!" he would say to another man, "you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now, how did I know that, gentlemen? He came into the room without taking his hat off, as he would go into an orderly's room. He was a soldier. A slight, authoritative air, combined with his age, shows he was a non-commissioned officer. A slight rash on the forehead tells me he was in Bermuda, and subject to a certain rash known only there."

And to-day the eagle eyes of Sherlock Holmes, the "literary embodiment" of Dr. Conan Doyle's memory of the Edinburgh professor, glare down from every hoarding, searching the heart and life of the man in the street, while men even forsake their discussions of "clean slates," "tabernacles" and "lonely furrows" in order to offer their solution of the latest Sherlock Holmes mystery.

Sherlock Holmes has, indeed, entered into the nation's gallery of types; his exploits are familiar as household words. Every one knows that he keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe-end of his Persian slipper, and his letters pinned to the wooden mantelpiece with a jack-knife.

It is given to few authors to see one of the children of their imaginings take his seat among the immortals; of fewer still can it be said that they helped to make history. Whatever may be Dr. Conan Doyle's personal estimate of the great detective, however he may minimise his achievement—and it is said that at times he has expressed a wish that Dr. Watson had never met Sherlock Holmes—it is not a small thing to create a character who will live in the nation's language. And whatever may be said or thought of Dr. Conan Doyle's attitude on the burning questions of the war, it must be admitted by all, independent of party or politics or personal antipathies, that Dr. Conan Doyle has done more than any liv-

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ing man to justify the conduct of his county in the eyes of the world and before the bar of an impartial posterity. As the historian of the war, he has helped to make history.

Arthur Conan Doyle was born at Edinburgh on the 22d of May, 1859. He comes of an artistic family. His grandfather, John Doyle, was the political caricaturist, recognised as Gillray's rightful successor, whose pictorial skits appeared for more than thirty years under the initials "H. B." without the disclosure of his identity. John Doyle's four sons were likewise artists, the author's father, Charles Doyle, holding also an appointment in the Civil Service. The first noteworthy event in the life of Conan Doyle was a literary achievement at the early age of six, a story of adventure, of terrible adventure, written in a bold hand on foolscap paper, four words to the line, and accompanied by original pen-and-ink illustrations. "There was a man in it, and there was a tiger," he writes of this youthful production. "I forget which was the hero; but it didn't matter much, for they became blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man. I was a realist in the age of the romanticists. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially, the untimely end of that wayfarer. But when the tiger had absorbed him, I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. "It is very easy to get people into scrapes, and very hard to get them out again," I remarked; "and I have often had cause to repeat the precocious aphorism of my childhood. On this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book, like my man, was engulfed in my tiger."

In his tenth year Dr. Conan Doyle was sent to Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, where he developed remarkable powers as a *raconteur,* a gift he turned to profitable account among his schoolfellows. Elevated on a desk before an audience of small comrades, he grew grievously hoarse with much description of blood-curdling adventure. He has humorously remarked that he stipulated for "Tarts down and strict business," and paused suddenly at the most thrilling crisis solely that apples or more pastry should be offered as an inducement to continue. This, too, was the scene of early editorial effort, in which, as has already been told, he persevered when he left Stonyhurst for Feldkirch, in Germany. At the age of seventeen Doyle entered Edinburgh University as a medical student, and obtained his diploma five years later. But an intense longing to devote his time to literature remained always with him, and the account of his early struggles toward the desired goal is of real interest. In 1878, two years after the commencement of his medical studies, his first accepted work was published in *Chambers's Journal,* a periodical for which he has always retained a kindly feeling. He received three guineas for this story, which was entitled "The Mystery of Sasassa Valley," and was based on an old Kaffir superstition concerning a "gloomy, boulder-studded passage," notoriously haunted by a demon "with glowing eyes under the shadow of the cliff." In the development, the glowing eyes are found to consist of diamonds embedded in rock-salts, and the youthful searchers after demons are rewarded finally by a capture of far greater intrinsic value.

In 1880, Dr. Doyle quitted the university, and paid a seven months' visit to the Arctic Seas in the capacity of unqualified surgeon on board the whaler *Hope,* then under the command of Captain John Gray. The inducement was "two pounds ten a month and three shillings a ton oil money," inclusive of an Arctic kit. "One of the charms of the work," writes Conan Doyle of whaling, "is the gambling element inherent in it. Every man shares in the profits, and woe betide the harpooner or the boat-steerer who by any clumsiness has missed a fish! He has taken a five-pound note out of the pocket of every meanest hand upon the ship. Black is his welcome when he returns to his fellows." "It is brutal work," he adds, speaking of sealing, "though not more brutal than that which goes on to supply every dinner-table in the country. And yet those glaring crimson pools upon the dazzling white of the ice-fields, under the peaceful silence of a blue Arctic sky, did seem a horrible intrusion." There was no great demand for surgery aboard the *Hope,* and Doyle's chief occupations were keeping the captain in cut tobacco, working in the boats after fish and teaching the crew to box. Four

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whales and four thousand seals were the fruits of the voyage, and the *Hope* reached nearly the 81st degree of north latitude. From the unexpected occurrence of suddenly shooting off a thin sheet of ice and vanishing into the sea between the two ice-blocks, Conan Doyle earned from the genial captain the nickname of "The Great Northern Diver." Some trace of his varied Arctic experiences may be seen in his story, "The Captain of the Polestar." Originally written for *Temple Bar,* it was published later, together with a number of other short stories, and passed through some four editions.

It was on his return to Edinburgh that he became acquainted with Dr. Joseph Bell, and then commenced the final struggle between his inclination toward literature and his dependence upon medicine. In 1882, after a four months' voyage to the West Coast of Africa, he established himself as medical practitioner at Southsea, where he remained until 1890. During these years, however—years in which he found literature too slender a prop upon which to lean for a livelihood—he came to regard the calls of the profession he had adopted as interruptions in the real work of his life. His apprenticeship in letters was a long and trying one. There is a world of encouragement for the struggling young author in Dr. Conan Doyle's account of his early experiences. "Fifty little cylinders of manuscript," he writes, "did I send out during eight years, which described irregular orbits among publishers, and usually came back, like paper boomerangs, to the place that they had started from." Slowly, by dint of untiring perseverance, he won his way into such magazines as the *Cornhill, Temple Bar* and *Belgravia;* but as his contributions to these journals—some fifty or sixty stories in all—were anonymous, he remained as unknown as though he had never penned a line. He has left it on record that, though he worked hard for ten years, he never in any one year earned fifty pounds by his pen.

And yet another literary disappointment lay in store for the much-harassed doctor-author. The long story, entitled "The Narrative of John Smith," was lost in the post, and never afterward discovered. It bore, according to his own assertion, a personal, social-political complexion, and though its disappearance was naturally regarded as a great loss at the time, this was nothing to the horror he would experience if it suddenly appeared again—in print. Dr. Doyle's life at this time was a weary round of clashing interests, medical and literary, of unlucrative patients and of seamed paragraphs; but at length, in 1886, a product from his pen appeared in Beeton's *Christmas Annual* under the title of "A Study in Scarlet," which, published later in book-form, may be described as his first novel. This story he sold outright, receiving for it the small sum of five-and-twenty pounds. To-day it is still one of the most popular of his books, which has appeared in countless editions, and it would be interesting to know how many thousands of pounds the publishers made by their bargain. In this book Sherlock Holmes made his bow to the British public.

And then, under more favourable circumstances, he commenced the writing of *Micah Clarke,* a story of the Monmouth Rebellion. A year's reading and five months' writing completed the book, and the author hoped that here at last he had accomplished something worthy of his ambitions. He despatched it primarily to a friend, a reader for one of the leading publishers, who, having been bitten by the historical novel, naturally distrusted it. "How can you waste your time and your wits writing historical novels?" So ran the letter of rejection. Thence it passed from house to house, refused by all. One asserted that its principal defect was a complete absence of interest; another that people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; while the experiences of a third proved that an historical novel could never achieve a commercial success. "I remember," says the author, "smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some sporting, reckless kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot." But the path was smoothed from the very day on which the book fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, then at Messrs. Longmans, and

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Micah Clarke attained a remarkable success, passing through five editions in less than twelve months. It still, after twelve years, sells more freely than any of Dr. Conan Doyle's longer books, with the exception of *The White Company.*

The publication of *The Sign of the Four,* in 1889, further enhanced Dr. Doyle's rapidly rising reputation, and Sherlock Holmes was beginning to make his problems of compelling interest to the reading public, when their author, determining to test his own powers to their utmost, delayed the production of detective mysteries in order to devote the better part of two years to the study of the fourteenth century in England. His aim was to reconstruct an heroic age, the most splendid joy of a novelist, as he himself confesses, to represent the life of the century from every point of view, that of the soldier, of the monk, of the artisan, to call back to life the typical archer of the days of Edward III., "the first soldier the world has ever seen, rough, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, but full of pluck and animal spirits." This study resulted, in 1890, in the appearance of *The White Company.* One hundred and fifteen volumes, French and English, dealing with the period he had chosen, were mastered before he wrote a single line of manuscript. Dr. Doyle grudges no labour on his work, nor leaves the veriest trifling detail to chance. Whatever he has done bears the stamp of thoroughness from title-page to colophon.

It was about the time of writing *The White Company* that Dr. Doyle abandoned his practice at Southsea and came to London as an eye specialist, a branch of his profession in which he was particularly interested. He studied at Paris and Vienna, and in the latter city wrote *The Doings of Raffles Haw,* a curious study of political economy in the form of a novelette. On his return to England he took rooms in Wimpole Street, and again commenced to practise. He had a waiting-room, but, in his own phrase, "he soon found out who did the waiting." So strong, however, were literary claims upon his time that, three months later, he gave up medicine entirely, and, removing to Norwood, set to work seriously on *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* Of the marvellous success of his stories, of the way in which they inaugurated a new class of fiction as opposed to the old mysteries, in which the detective obtained results without obvious reasons—"which was not fair and was not art"—it is unnecessary to say anything.

If *Micah Clarke* had proved with certainty that Dr. Conan Doyle was capable of painting history in brilliant colouring and with master strokes on a large canvas, *The White Company, The Refugees,* with its striking pictures of the French Court, confirmed his own conviction that in historical romance lay his true power. Dr. Doyle's taste in literature has always inclined toward the romance of history. With his favourite authors he classes Scott, Dumas, Maupassant; but the novel to which he awards the palm of excellence is Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth.* "Some books are great on account of the intellect which is shown in them," he writes, "and some on account of the heart; but I do not know where I can find a book in which the highest qualities of head and of heart go together as they do in this one." *Ivanhoe* he considers the second greatest historical novel ever penned in English. He believes there are many who place *Esmond* first, and though he comprehends their view, it is not his. He recognises fully the beauty of the style, the consistency of the character-drawing, the absolutely perfect Queen Anne atmosphere. Never to his mind was an historical novel written by a man who knew his period so thoroughly. But vital as he holds these virtues, they are not to him the sole essential qualities. The most compelling characteristic of all he sums up in the one word "interest." In his judgment, this is not equally sustained throughout the whole of *Esmond;* to him long passages appear to be heavy reading. His law asserts that, to attain pre-eminence, a novel must advance always, never mark time. *Ivanhoe* marches onward without halt, and on this fact he bases its superiority over *Esmond* as a novel, though as literature he allows the latter is more nearly perfect. But were three votes accorded him, "he would plump them all" for *The Cloister and the Hearth* as being the greatest English historical novel, and, indeed, our greatest novel of any kind.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard, in 1896—a clash of arms and boisterous

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movement—was followed in the same year by *Rodney Stone,* a realistic depiction of various sporting phases of life and character in England at the commencement of the century, for which the author spared no efforts in gathering together reliable information on the subject of the ring; while, in 1898, some thirty short poems by Dr. Doyle were collected under the expressive title of *Songs of Action.*

At the time of the Soudan campaign Dr. Doyle, who happened to be in Egypt, wrote a series of letters to the *Westminster Gazette.* His newspaper work at this period excited comment in the nature of a prophecy. "What a war correspondent he may make," declared an acute observer, "some day when there is *real war.*" Even beneath the shadow of the Pyramids his reputation of detective-story writer had grown to vaster proportions than he himself had ever contemplated. In Egypt he first was made aware that Sherlock Holmes had been translated into Arabic, and issued to the local police in the form of a reliable and handy text-book!

J. E. Hodder Williams.

BOOK AND MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATIONS

There has been some complaint of late in one of our newspapers of the carelessness of illustrators, especial attention being called to an artist who attired the heroine of a story in three different gowns in the same evening when by no possibility could she have worn but one. Considering how important a part of books and magazine articles illustrations are, it seems remarkable that they are so seldom criticised, or even spoken of intelligently. The average reviewer will cut a book to pieces, sentence by sentence, word by word, but will dismiss the illustrations without any comment, unless it is one that is flattering. Knowing that Blank is highly popular, he thinks himself safe in saying: "The superb drawings by Blank," or: "The illustrations, by Blank, are masterpieces," when the truth may be that they really deserve condemnation, or only moderate praise at best.

The artist is not always at fault. It may chance that he is too poor to hire a model and so turns out wooden figures, with which he himself is not satisfied; or he may never have looked upon the scenery he is required to depict and his landscape even after clever "faking," suggests West Podunk rather than Sorrento. Occasionally the error is naïvely committed. "Look at that," said a publisher to me, holding up a black and white drawing of what purported to be a function in the house of a wealthy merchant, "This fellow doesn't know how people in good society act, he has never been in it himself." The drawing-room represented contained a few pieces of furniture of the early Grand Rapids period, and its occupants, stiffly disposed, had the air of figuring in bonbon and camera advertisements.

Often the artist is too lazy to care whether his costumes and other accessories are historically correct; too often, he flies in the face of history, for the sake of making an attractive drawing. Coming across a book entitled *Colonial Ballads of New England,* and finding that the one on *Lovewell's Fight* was embellished with a picture, I examined it with interest, having had an ancestor in that affray. To my surprise the whites were in long trousers, nearly a century ahead of time. The suggestion of a friend that probably these were "Plymouth Rock Pants" seemed to me too flippant to be considered. There has been published recently a novel founded on the persecutions for witchcraft in Salem. It would have been easy for the illustrator to learn that Giles Cory, one of the characters introduced, was pressed to death by weights placed upon his chest; he chose to have the stubborn Puritan meet his end in a cider-press (!),

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which of course made the composition more effective. Coming to later times, there are illustrations of the Lexington fight, in which the farmers are dressed as if for a wedding and have on cocked hats and highly ornamented coats. In Bryant and Gay's *History of the United States* the following sentence occurs: "Sumter was warned of the coming of Tarleton by a countrywoman, who watched the approach of the enemy from the edge of a wood and hastened to give warning." Does not this suggest a poor white, possibly a woodman's wife, and stealthy watching on her part? Rinehart, who "interpreted" the passage, made the woman a patrician and placed her, mounted, in full riding habit, outside the wood and in plain view of the enemy.

To careless reading of the manuscript or text is due the greater number of faulty illustrations one sees. In *The Two Vanrevels,* the hero, Tom, captures and returns a truant kitten to the heroine. We read that he wore a white satin cravat, that "he emerged from the lilacs and presented himself before Miss Betty . . . he met her flashing look." It does not matter that Mr. Hutt put a black stock on Tom, who might have made a change while in the bushes, but why does Tom, his hair unruffled, gaze straight in front of him (showing his profile), and not, unless it is out of the corner of his eye, at Miss Betty, who is nearly two feet away at his left?

"Those were the days before Arabi;" thus one of the paragraphs in *Lady Rose's Daughter* begins; that is to say, the action of the story takes place in the '70's, a dozen years before creased and turned-up trousers came into fashion, though the "swells" of Christy's illustrations wear trousers of that description. This, however, as in the case of Tom Vanrevel's cravat, may be hypercriticism, so let us turn to the story "Harry of England" in *Scribner's* for November, 1902. Miss Magruder gives a very striking portrait of her uncrowned hero: "His black hair parted clean in the middle, making a straight line, which his straight nose, the division of his dark moustache, and the cleft in his square chin carried out severely." Mr. Christy has drawn a man who meets the requirements of the tale admirably in every respect but one and that an important one —there is no cleft in his chin. The same number of the magazine contains a story, "The Princess Pourquoi," most artistically illustrated in colour by Miss Stilwell, but the last picture of the series is bewildering. You read: "Her lord and master glowed like a tropical bird in scarlet;" you turn to the representation of the wedding ceremony and wonder where the bridegroom is. Finally you discover a rather "misty, moisty" individual; there is only a faint suggestion of positive colour in his garments, and that is given by two conventionalised roses on his jacket.

An amusing instance of inconsistency is to be found in *Sentimental Tommy.* Barrie says: "Elspeth flopped down on her knees and put up a babyish prayer for Jean Myles." In the accompanying illustration you find Elspeth irreverently sitting on the floor while she prays. (Hoot mon!) Those of us who remember reading *Little Men,* on its first appearance, are amazed at the transformation Birch, who illustrated the new edition, has wrought in "Dan." We associate that lad with rough-and-tumble sports and with pranks that made parents and school-teachers grieve. Is this spruce, pious, Lord Fauntleroyish youth the Dan we used to know? Impossible. Will Mr. Birch tell us how far into the book he had read when he created this paragon of virtue and neatness?

It is difficult for me to believe that any of Thackeray's heroines were attractive, because I have never been able to get rid of the effect his illustrations produced upon me in the days of my youth. Probably many who read these lines would testify that some books have failed to impress them simply because mediocre or inadequate "pictures," inserted by a misguided publisher, could not be disassociated in the mind. Where mere physical beauty is concerned, it may be requiring too much of an artist to expect him to bring his men and women fully up to the author's standard; but the public has a right to demand that they shall at least be comely, if the text demands more than that. Not very long ago a poster anounced "The Quiberon Touch." A young lady made her début thereon, and you were filled with misgivings as you gazed upon her. You were willing

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to believe that she might be "a superior girl," but you were positive no one ever admired her for her outer qualities, and she so evidently "enjoyed poor health" you fancied the novel would be depressing. The same plain, dyspeptic girl appeared in the full-page illustrations, and you were astonished when the author, Mr. Brady, assured you men were led captive by her beauty. Then you wondered if this could be Mr. Brady's ideal of feminine loveliness; if it could be the artist's; and finally, in case it appeared they were not in co-operation in the matter, which was to be believed?

"Why," asks a friend at my elbow, "do illustrators so commonly pass over really 'pictorial' passages and waste their talent on those that are commonplace?" The same question has been asked, time and again. One is thrilled by an account of the rescue of a woman from drowning, and says: "Here's a fine chance for an illustrator!" The page is turned, and there one beholds a woman in a tailor-made gown, and a man in a golf suit, neither damp nor dishevelled, sitting serenely on the piazza of a summer hotel, and doing nothing in particular. Underneath is some such legend as: "The day was charming." The artist might tell you that he preferred to draw figures in repose, and the folds of a modish gown to the strained muscles of an arm or leg; he might even admit that it took less time to work up a composition of that kind; some of his fellow-artists might tell you—their remarks being interspersed with torrid adjectives—that he was a "pink tea" man, and couldn't draw a wheelbarrow in motion, much less a human being.

Much might be said concerning the great amount of faulty drawing that goes unchallenged even by art editors; so much, indeed, that a young illustrator is almost warranted in saying: "Why should I bother about my drawing? Look at the things X. Y. and Z. do, and look at the prices they get! Dash and go, pretty faces and stylish clothes, are what's wanted." Much might be said, also, in protest against the custom of allowing several illustrators to work on the same book, which has as an almost inevitable result a lack of harmony. Take *In the Fog,* for example. Here in one drawing you have a slender and beardless man, and in another, with no sufficient lapse of time to warrant the change, a stout man with a beard.

Layard's *Tennyson and his Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators* tells us that whereas Dickens was fussy about the illustrations to his works, and remarked that he would cheerfully have given a hundred pounds to have kept a certain one out, Tennyson contented himself with a few mild protests, such as that against one of Holman Hunt's designs for *The Lady of Shalott.* Spake the poet: "But, my dear Hunt, I never said that the young woman's hair was blowing all over the shop." Hunt replied: "No, but you never said it wasn't." Layard expresses surprise that in spite of the line "heavily the low sky raining." Rossetti and Waterhouse, in their illustrations to the same poem, placed burning candles on top of the canopy over the dead body. Of one of Rossetti's illustrations to *St. Cecily,* which has not yet been satisfactorily explained, as has not the artist's reason for making the saint uncomely, the angel unkempt and the perspective faulty, he observes: "This is an illustration for the poem; not of any verse therein."

That very free interpretation of the text of a story or poem is defensible, the writer believes; it may simply, by suggestion, make the author's thought more illuminative; it may carry the reader's thought above and beyond the horizon that bounded the author's vision; surely, it is preferable to a literal rendering, unless the text actually demands that. To say this is not to recede from the ground already taken—that there should be more conscientiousness on the part of illustrators, and more critical examination of illustrators' work. If these reforms could be brought about, there would be fewer figures ten feet high; fewer bodies stuffed with sawdust; fewer tenpins serving as legs and arms; fewer claws and paws where hands should be; fewer anachronisms; less reason to wonder what "art editors" are for; less excuse to publish as a companion to *Books That Have Helped Me* a volume entitled *Illustrators Who Have Exasperated Me;* and less occasion for a remark not seldom heard: "I never buy an illustrated book."

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOK RECEIVED.

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NEW YORK.

Ainslee Publishing Company:

Purple and Fine Women. By Edgar Saltus.

A collection of short stories by Mr. Saltus in paper covers.

American Printing House:

Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park. By Louis Harman Peet.

This book should have been dedicated to Brooklynites. The book is illustrated with maps and diagrams, which serve to identify the trees and shrubs in the park.

Appleton:

Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller. By Julia Ward Howe.

These Letters cover the period from 1845 to 1846, to which are added the reminiscences of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley and Charles T. Congdon. A review of this book appears elsewhere in the present number.

The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Mrs. Hatch has made a novel of her play of this name, and the publishers have brought it out in their Novelettes de Luxe Series. The play, it will be remembered, was presented by Mrs. Fiske over a year ago.

A History of American Literature. By William P. Trent.

A volume belonging to the series of Literatures of the World. The book is divided into four main parts: The Colonial Period (1607-1764); the Revolutionary Period (1765-1788); the Formative Period (1789-1829), and the Sectional Period (1830-1865). In a brief conclusion, Professor Trent sketches the conditions of literature from the close of the Civil War to the present time.

Sir William Johnson. By Augustus C. Buell.

A new volume in Appleton's Series of Historic Lives. The life of Sir William Johnson covers a period from 1715 to 1774. Mr. Buell is also the author of *Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy.*

'Twixt God and Mammon. By William Edwards Tirebuck.

A posthumous novel by the author of *Miss Grace of All Souls.* Mr. Hall Caine has written quite a lengthy memoir, in which he gives an interesting sketch of Mr. Tirebuck's life.

Selections from Homer's Iliad. By Allen Rogers Benner.

The author of this "twentieth-century text-book" is Professor of Greek in Phillips Academy, Andover. The book contains an introduction, notes, a short Homeric grammar and a vocabulary.

A History of Roman Literature. By Harold N. Fowler, Ph.D.

Professor Fowler has intended that this work should be used primarily as a text-books in schools and colleges. The book belongs to the series of Twentieth Century Text-Books.

Broadway Publishing Company:

With the Birds. An Affectionate Study. By Caroline Eliza Hyde.

A small book on birds. There is a frontispiece photograph of the author, and underneath are these words: "Aged 82 Years."

The Country Jake. By Oliver Woodruff Gogin.

In a sub-title the author describes this book as "recollections of a city boy who lived, moved and had his being with the suckers in the backwoods of Illinois in the '40's."

A Girl and the Devil. By Jeannette Llewellyn Edwards.

A story of New York with a sensational title.

Century Company:

The Training of Wild Animals. By Frank C. Bostock.

This is an animal story out of the ordinary. Mr. Bostock writes from a thirty years' experience as a trainer of animals. As a lad, it was his father's hope that he would become a clergyman, but he chose instead the profession of training lions, tigers, elephants and other wild creatures. The volume is illustrated, and is edited by Ellen Velvin.

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Civic Press:

Quo Vaditis? A Call to the Old Moralities. By Bouck White.

A book which might be called a bid for variety. It is dedicated to "Them That Inhabit the Realms of Right and Wrong," and in the chapter entitled "Seen" we quote a few characteristic passages: "I have seen a People crazed with new-got riches, a drunk-headed People, a People giddied with great possessions. . . . I have seen the Land crimeful grown, a spilth of blood in your streets, men-killing in Montana—a frenzy delirium overflooding a continent."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

A Few Remarks. By Simeon Ford.

Mr. Ford is a well-known man about town, and his "few remarks," printed in various periodicals, have been collected and brought out in book form. Some of the chapter headings are: "Boyhood in a New England Hotel," "At a Turkish Bath," "The Landlords in Cuba," "Advice to Beginners in the Hotel Business," "The Troubles of a Hotel Man." A notice of this book is printed elsewhere in the present issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Funk and Wagnalls:

A Reply to Harnack on the Essence of Christianity. By Hermann Cremer, D.D., LL.D. Translated by Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D.

A series of lectures delivered in the summer of 1901 before the students of all faculties in the University of Greifswald by a theological professor in that university. These lectures have attracted considerable attention throughout Germany, and the English translation has been made in response to a demand for it.

Harper and Brothers:

Ethel. By J. J. Bell.

Mr. Bell has sprung into prominence through his Scotch story, *Wee Macgreegor.* The present story, which differs from its predecessor, takes the form of a dialogue (quite free from dialect, by the way) between Ethel and her fiancé.

New Conceptions in Science. By Carl Snyder.

A concise exposition of the newest sciences in various fields, with a foreword on the relations of science and progress. The volume is illustrated with portraits and sketches.

Sinful Peck. By Morgan Robertson.

An amusing story of a sailing voyage to Singapore. "Sinful Peck" is evidently a mischievous person. At a dinner which he gives to a number of his friends everybody gets intoxicated, and, under the influence of liquor, they are taken aboard the sailing ship for Singapore. A further mention of this book will be found under Chronicle and Comment in the present issue.

Rejected of Men. By Howard Pyle.

An editorial opinion of this book will be found under Chronicle and Comment of the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Letters to M. G. and H. G. By John Ruskin. With a Preface by the Right Honourable G. Wyndham.

Ruskin's letters to Mary Gladstone form the most important part of this book. The letters, as a whole, give an intimate view of Ruskin, Gladstone and his family.

The Dowager Countess and the American Girl. By Lilian Bell.

A sequel to *Sir John and the American Girl,* in which is told the story of a family duel between a dowager-countess of England and her American daughter-in-law. It is amusing and in the author's most popular vein.

Lane:

Framley Parsonage. By Anthony Trollope.

An imported volume, pocket edition, of one of Trollope's well-known stories.

The Twilight of the Gods: And Other Tales. By Richard Garnett.

A new and augmented edition, dedicated to Horace Howard Furniss and Georg Brandes.

Cecilia Gonzaga. By R. C. Trevelyan.

A drama in three acts, in blank verse.

Stay-At-Homes. By L. B. Walford.

A new novel by one of England's prolific writers. The story originally appeared in the weekly edition of the London *Times.*

Seria Ludo. By A Dilettante.

A collection of poems and essays, many of which appeared long ago in the *St. James's Gazette.* "If their resurrection requires some apology," says the author in a preface, "I can only say that I believe no midge ever fluttered for an hour in the sunlight but he would dance again if he could."

The Studio Library. Representative Art of Our Time. With Original Etchings and Lithographs; also reproductions of oil and water-colour paintings, pastels, etc. Complete in eight parts. Parts VI. and VII.

The reproductions in these volumes are charming and worth having framed. Part VI. has a chapter on "The Development and Practice of Pastel Painting" by A. L. Baldry, and Part VII. chapters on "The Art and Practice of Monotyping in Colour," by Alfred East, and "The Invention and Development of Herkomer-Gravure," also by A. L. Baldry.

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Longmans, Green and Company:

All on the Irish Shore. By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross.

A collection of Irish sketches by the authors of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* and other books.

Mors et Victoria.

A dramatic poem in three acts, in the sixteenth century. The author's name is not given.

Lovell and Company:

Tales from Wonderland. By Rudolph Baumbach. Translated by Helen B. Dole. Adapted for American Children by William S. M. Silber.

The stories in this little book for children have been taken from a volume in The Camelot Series. Rudolph Baumbach, the German author, is known chiefly in this country through the use of his stories in the original for reading in secondary schools.

Macmillan Company:

Round Anvil Rock. By Nancy Huston Banks.

We refer the readers of this department to a review of this book which appeared in the July BOOKMAN. It will be remembered that Mrs. Banks's first book, *Oldfield,* met with an unusually cordial reception here and in Europe.

The Mettle of the Pasture. By James Lane Allen.

A new novel by Mr. Allen is a literary event of considerable importance. A review of *The Mettle of the Pasture* will be found in a later number of the BOOKMAN.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Illustrated by C. E. Brock.

A new volume in the Dent edition of the Prose Works of Thackeray. The book contains Biographical Notes, "The History of Samuel Titmarsh" and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Men's Wives" and "The Bedford-Row Conspiracy."

Miracles and Supernatural Religion. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D.

A small book of interest to students of theology. In a prefatory note the author says: "While the present subject of discussion tempts to many an excursion into particulars, its treatment is restricted to general outlines, with an aim simply to clarify current ideas of miracle and the supernatural, so as to find firm holding ground for tenable positions in the present 'drift period' of theology."

Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D.

A volume belonging to the Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology. Professor Ely has dedicated his book to "Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Thompson's Progress. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

A story dealing principally with a young man and his dog. The hero is attractive as a lad, and equally so as he grows to manhood. His adventures are many. A photograph of Mr. Hyne, with some notes about him, appear in the Chronicle of this number.

Idyls of the Gass. By Martha Wolfenstein.

A volume of stories of Jewish life in a German town a generation ago. The author gives her readers an opportunity to realise the common life and the innermost feelings of the people of the Judengasse (Jews street).

Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand. By Gertrude Atherton.

The third book in the Little Novel Series. An excellent summer comedy. The scene is at Newport, and the characters are a flirtatious young widow and four men to whom she has become engaged simultaneously.

Anne Carmel. By Gwendolen Overton.

A strong novel by the author of *The Heritage of Unrest.* The book is noticed elsewhere in his number, and a photograph of the author will be found in the Chronicle and Comment.

Marshall, Beek and Gordon:

Ventures into Verse. By Henry Louis Mencken.

Mr. Mencken, who is connected with the Baltimore *Morning Herald,* has graciously sent us a copy of his verses, which include ballades, rondeaux, triolets, quatrains, odes and roundels. Some of these poems have appeared in THE BOOKMAN, and others elsewhere.

Putnam's Sons:

German Ambitions as They Affect Britain and the United States of America. By "Vigilans Sed Æquus."

The material in this book first appeared in the *Spectator.* Mr. J. St. L. Strachey has written an introduction to the volume.

Buddhist India. By T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D., Ph.D.

A new volume in the series entitled The Story of the Nations. Professor Davids describes ancient India during the period of Buddhist ascendancy, from the point of view not so much of the Brahmin as of the Rajput. The author is Professor of Pali and Buddhist Literature in the University College, London.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-Speaking People. By John R. Dos Passos.

In his Introduction, Mr. Dos Passos says that he believes that the only real obstacle to a possible *entente* between the Anglo-Saxon race may rise from the situation in Canada, and he urges that she incorporate herself with the American Republic. In other words, he advocates the union of all English-speaking people.

Revell Company:

The Master of Millions. By George Lorimer.

A dramatic novel written "after years spent in collecting material, and out of a lifetime crowded with experience," to quote from the publishers. The book contains five hundred and eighty-eight pages. Dr. Lorimer is in charge of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

Scribner's Sons:

The Spirit in Man. By Horace Bushnell.

The publishers are bringing out a new and revised edition of Dr. Bushnell's works. The present volume, which is edited by Mary Bushnell Cheney, contains sermons and selections. Dr. Bushnell was born in 1802 and died in 1876.

My Relations with Carlyle. By James Anthony Froude.

A short pamphlet dealing discreetly with an unsavoury subject.

Taylor and Company:

Alton Locke. Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. By Charles Kingsley. With an Introduction by Maurice Kingsley. Two volumes.

Two new volumes in the Library Edition of Charles Kingsley's Novels, Poems and Memories.

Westminster Press:

The Laos of North Siam. By Lilian Johnson Curtis

Mrs. Curtis is especially qualified to write this book, as for some years she was missionary in the Laos states. Mr. Robert E. Speer has written the introduction.

BOSTON, MASS.

Ginn and Company:

Following the Deer. By William J. Long.

The story of a boy's first experience in killing the deer, by the author of a number of animal stories. Mr. Charles Copeland has made the illustrations.

Lothrop Company:

Mara. By "Pansy."

A new pansy book by Mrs. Alden, in which she tells the story of four girl friends at an old-fashioned boarding-school. This book is being classed under "adult fiction."

The Lions of the Lord. By Harry Leon Wilson.

A tale of the old West—of the Mormon settement of Salt Lake City—and the central figures are a religious mystic, his adopted daughter and a cowboy. It is a decided departure from *The Spenders.*

A Japanese Garland. By Florence Peltier.

A story for young people A Japanese lad, adopted by an American, entertains his little friends by telling them stories of Japan, its customs, superstitions, its social life. The book is illustrated by Genjiro Yeto, the Japanese artist.

Sanborn and Company:

Anthology of English Poetry. By Robert N. Whiteford, Ph.D.

An anthology prepared for secondary schools, colleges and general literature classes. The selections have been arranged according to the various historical periods in the development of English literature from "Beowulf" to Kipling.

A Geography of Commerce. By John N. Tilden, M.A., M.D., and Albert Clarke, M.A.

A text-book for use in academies, high schools and business colleges. A number of maps and diagrams are used in this volume.

Turner and Company:

Bubbles We Buy. By Alice Jones.

The scenes of this novel are laid in Nova Scotia, United States, England and the Continent. It is a love story, and it is founded on the law of heredity.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Coates and Company:

A Victim of Conscience. By Milton Goldsmith.

A novel in which crime figures somewhat conspicuously.

Biddle:

Joliffe. By Maxwell Sommerville

A book of incidents of peculiar beliefs in meridional France, and these incidents are the result of the author's own experiences in his travels.

Ferris and Leach:

In Quest of the Quaint. By Eliza B. Chase.

A book of sketches, romances and gleanings of travel, from the author of *Over the Border.* It is attractively bound and illustrated, and should be of particular interest to summer travellers.

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Lippincott Company:

Birds in Their Relation to Man. By Clarence M. Weed and Ned Dearborn.

A manual of economic ornithology for the United States and Canada, which contains numerous illustrations.

An Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy. By Arthur Stone Dewing.

"This work," says the author in his preface, "is intended as an introduction to the subject, and is not the expression of a critical or reconstructive attitude; it makes no attempt to trace the logico-genetic development of modern thought, nor does it pretend to consider every aspect of historical development." As few technical terms as possible have been used in the book.

The First and Second Books of Esdras. Edited by Archibald Duff, D.D.

A new volume in the "Temple Bible," which Dent and Company are bringing out in London and the Lippincotts in this country.

LONDON.

Duckworth and Company:

Caliban's Guide to Letters. By Hilaire Belloc.

The real title of this book is *The Aftermath; or, Gleanings from a Busy Life,* although the other title is used, explains the publisher, "for purposes of sale." There are chapters in "Reviewing," "Political Appeals," "The Short Story," "The Short Lyric," "The Interview" and "Special Prose."

PARIS.

DuMont:

Voltaire. Index to His Works, Genius and Character. With an Appreciation of Voltaire. By Oliver H. G. Leigh.

A brief analysis of each of Voltaire's works, with an alphabetical arrangement of the characters.

LANCASTER, PA.

History of Franklin and Marshall College. By Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., LL.D.

This history has been prepared at the request of the Alumni Association of the College. Franklin College was founded in 1787, Marshall College in 1836, and the two colleges were merged in 1853.

Lange:

The Industrial Crisis; or, Giant Labour and Giant Capital Face to Face. By F. C. Lange.

A book without a publisher's imprint, but which the author explains in very black type as a "story of the toiling masses" and the "thrifty rich." The illustrations are intended to be caricatures; that is, we suppose they are.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cubery and Company:

A Dream of Realms Beyond Us. By Adair Welcker.

This "Dream" is in blank verse, and is in three acts. It is printed in pamphlet form.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Bardeen:

The History of Ancient Education. By Samuel G. Williams, Ph.D.

This book is the result of a course of lectures given by the author in Cornell University, and comprises the first half of his course on the history of education. Professor Williams gives an account of the course of educational opinion and practice from the earliest periods of which we have reliable records to the revival of learning.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Buschart Brothers:

Early Mackinac. By Meade C. Williams.

A cheaply bound and printed book dealing with the legends and characters of Mackinac in the early days.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson:

Flimflam, Society Girl. By Lionel Josaphare and Beatrice Van Slope.

A paper-covered book belonging to the Flame Series.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between June and July, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. People of the Whirlpool. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.00.
6. Children of the Whirlpool. Author of "Garden of a Commuter's Wife." (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) $2.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Various Editions.) 25 cents to $1.00.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.75 net.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) $2.50 net.
5. The Story of My Life. Keller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.
6. The Letters and Diary of John Rowe. Cunningham. (Clark.) $3.00 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Marjorie. McCarthy. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Eternal Woman. Gerard. (Brentanos.) $1.50.
2. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Power of Truth. Jordan. (Brentanos.) 75 cents net.
5. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Grey Cloak. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone & Co.) $1.50.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Better Way. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.00.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Law of Mental Medicine. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.20 net.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Memories of Yale Life and Men. Dwight. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.50 net.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.
5. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Gayarre's History of Louisiana. (Hansell & Bro.) $10.00 net.
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs, Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Shadow of the Czar. Carling. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Barbara: A Woman of the West. Whitson. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. That Printer of Udell's. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Love of Monsieur. Gibbs. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Life of Bret Harte. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $3.50 net.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) $2.50 net.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) $1.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Various editions.)
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole-Stewart Co.) $1.50.
4. A Garden of Lies. Forman. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) $1.00.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

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TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Eternal Woman. Gerard. (Brentanos.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.
6. Walks in New England. Whiting. (Lane.) $1.50 net.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According the the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50	229
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50	117
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	102
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	64
5. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50	61
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00	59

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